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OF
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TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

VOL. 26.

TH. MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. 1.

LEIPZIG: BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ.

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VOL. XXVI.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS MOORE.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE,

COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.

2591

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VOL. I.

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MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.

VOL. I.

OF THE LONDON EDITION.

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TO THE

MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE,

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF

NEARLY FORTY YEARS OF MUTUAL ACQUAINTANCE

AND FRIENDSHIP,

THESE VOLUMES

ARE INSCRIBED,

WITH THE SINCEREST FEELINGS OF AFFECTION

AND RESPECT,

BY

THOMAS MOORE.

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PREFACE.

Finding it to be the wish of my Publishers that at least the earlier volumes of this collection should each be accompanied by some prefatory matter, illustrating, by a few biographical memoranda, the progress of my humble literary career, I have consented, though not, I confess, without some scruple and hesitation, to comply with their request. In no country is there so much curiosity felt respecting the interior of the lives of public men as in England; but, on the other hand, in no country is he who ventures to tell his own story so little safe from the imputation of vanity and self-display.

The whole of the poems contained in the first, as well as in the greater part of the second, volume of this collection were written between the sixteenth and the twenty-third year of the author's age. But I had begun still earlier, not only to rhyme but to publish. A sonnet to my schoolmaster, Mr. Samuel Whyte, written in my fourteenth year, appeared at the time in a Dublin magazine, called the Anthologia, — the first, and, I fear, almost only, creditable attempt in periodical literature of which Ireland has to boast. I had even at an earlier period (1793) sent to this magazine two short pieces of verse, prefaced by a note to the editor, requesting the insertion of the "following attemps of a youthful muse;" and the fear and trembling with which I ventured upon this step were agreeably dispelled, not only by the appearance of the contributions, but still more by my finding myself, a few months after, hailed as "Our esteemed correspondent, T. M."

It was in the pages of this publication, — where the whole of the poem was extracted, — that I first met with the Pleasures of

Memory; and to this day, when I open the volume of the Anthologia which contains it, the very form of the type and colour of the paper brings back vividly to my mind the delight with which I first read that poem.

My schoolmaster, Mr. Whyte, though amusingly vain, was a good and kind-hearted man; and, as a teacher of public reading and elocution, had long enjoyed considerable reputation. Nearly thirty years before I became his pupil, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, then about eight or nine years of age, had been placed by Mrs. Sheridan under his care; * and, strange to say, was, after about a year's trial, pronounced, both by tutor and parent, to be "an incorrigible dunce." Among those who took lessons from him as private pupils were several young ladies of rank, belonging to those great Irish families who still continued to lend to Ireland the enlivening influence of their presence, and made their country-seats, through a great part of the year, the scenes of refined as well as hospitable festivity. The Miss Montgomerys, to whose rare beauty the pencil of Sir Joshua has given immortality, were among those whom my worthy preceptor most boasted of as pupils; and, I remember, his description of them long haunted my boyish imagination, as though they were not earthly women, but some spiritual "creatures of the element."

About thirty or forty years before the period of which I am speaking, an eager taste for private theatrical performances had sprung up among the higher ranks of society in Ireland; and at Carton, the seat of the Duke of Leinster, at Castletown, Marley, and other great houses, private plays were got up, of which, in most instances, the superintendence was entrusted to Mr. Whyte, and in general the prologue, or the epilogue, contributed by his pen. At Marley, the seat of the Latouches, where the masque of Comus was performed in the year 1776, while my old master supplied the prologue, no less distinguished a hand than that of our

* Some confused notion of this fact has led the writer of a Memoir prefixed to the "Pocket Edition" of my Poems, printed at Zwickau, to state that Brinsley Sheridan was my tutor! — "Great attention was paid to his education by his tutor, Sheridan."

"ever-glorious Grattan,*" furnished the epilogue. This relic of his pen, too, is the more memorable, as being, I believe, the only poetical composition he was ever known to produce.

At the time when I first began to attend his school, Mr. Whyte still continued, to the no small alarm of many parents, to encourage a taste for acting among his pupils. In this line I was long his favourite *show*-scholar; and among the play-bills introduced in his volume, to illustrate the occasions of his own prologues and epilogues, there is one of a play got up in the year 1790, at Lady Borrowes's private theatre in Dublin, where, among the items of the evening's entertainment, is "An Epilogue, *A Squeeze to St. Paul's*, Master Moore."

With acting, indeed, is associated the very first attempt at verse-making to which my memory enables me to plead guilty. It was at a period, I think, even earlier than the date last mentioned, that, while passing the summer holidays, with a number of other young people, at one of those bathing-places, in the neighbourhood of Dublin, which afford such fresh and healthful retreats to its inhabitants, it was proposed among us that we should combine together in some theatrical performance; and the Poor Soldier and a Harlequin Pantomime being the entertainments agreed upon, the parts of Patrick and the Motley hero fell to my share. I was also encouraged to write and recite an appropriate epilogue on the occasion; and the following lines, alluding to our speedy return to school, and remarkable only for their having lived so long in my memory, formed part of this juvenile effort: —

> Our Pantaloon, who did so aged look,
> Must now resume his youth, his task, his book:
> Our Harlequin, who skipp'd, laugh'd, danc'd and died
> Must now stand trembling by his master's side.

I have thus been led back, step by step, from an early date to one still earlier, with the view of ascertaining, for those who take any interest in literary biography, at what period I first showed an aptitude for the now common craft of verse-making; and the re-

* Byron.

sult is — so far back in childhood lies the epoch — that I am really unable to say at what age I first began to act, sing, and rhyme.

To these different talents, such as they were, the gay and social habits prevailing in Dublin afforded frequent opportunities of display; while, at home, a most amiable father, and a mother such as in heart and head has rarely been equalled, furnished me with that purest stimulus to exertion — the desire to please those whom we, at once, most love and most respect. It was, I think, a year or two after my entrance into college, that a masque written by myself, and of which I had adapted one of the songs to the air of Haydn's Spirit-Song, was acted, under our own humble roof in Aungier Street, by my elder sister, myself, and one or two other young persons. The little drawing-room over the shop was our grand place of representation, and young —, now an eminent professor of music in Dublin, enacted for us the part of orchestra at the pianoforte.

It will be seen from all this, that, however imprudent and premature was my first appearance in the London world as an author, it is only lucky that I had not much earlier assumed that responsible character; in which case the public would probably have treated my nursery productions in much the same manner in which that sensible critic, my Uncle Toby, would have disposed of the "work which the great Lipsius produced on the day he was born."

While thus the turn I had so early shown for rhyme and song was, by the gay and sociable circle in which I lived, called so encouragingly into play, a far deeper feeling — and, I should hope, power — was at the same time awakened in me by the mighty change then working in the political aspect of Europe, and the stirring influence it had begun to exercise on the spirit and hopes of Ireland. Born of Catholic parents, I had come into the world with the slave's yoke around my neck; and it was all in vain that the fond ambition of a mother looked forward to the Bar as opening a career that might lead her son to affluence and honour. Against the young Papist all such avenues to distinction were closed; and even the University, the professed source of public education, was to him "a fountain sealed." Can any one now

wonder that a people thus trampled upon should have hailed the first dazzling outbreak of the French Revolution as a signal to the slave, wherever suffering, that the day of his deliverance was near at hand. I remember being taken by my father (1792) to one of the dinners given in honour of that great event, and sitting upon the knee of the chairman while the following toast was enthusiastically sent round: — "May the breezes from France fan our Irish Oak into verdure."

In a few months after was passed the memorable Act of 1793, sweeping away some of the most moustrous of the remaining sanctions of the penal code; and I was myself among the first of the young Helots of the land, who hastened to avail themselves of the new privilege of being educated in their country's university, — though still excluded from all share in those college honours and emoluments by which the ambition of the youths of the ascendant class was stimulated and rewarded. As I well knew that, next to my attaining some of these distinctions, my showing that I *deserved* to attain them would most gratify my anxious mother, I entered as candidate for a scholarship, and (as far as the result of the examination went) successfully. But, of course, the mere barren credit of the effort was all I enjoyed for my pains.

It was in this year (1794), or about the beginning of the next, that I remember having, for the first time, tried my hand at political satire. In their very worst times of slavery and suffering, the happy disposition of my countrymen had kept their cheerfulness still unbroken and buoyant; and, at the period of which I am speaking, the hope of a brighter day dawning upon Ireland had given to the society of the middle classes in Dublin a more than usual flow of hilarity and life. Among other gay results of this festive spirit, a club, or society, was instituted by some of our most convivial citizens, one of whose objects was to burlesque, good-humouredly, the forms and pomps of royalty. With this view they established a sort of mock kingdom, of which Dalkey, a small island near Dublin, was made the seat, and an eminent pawnbroker, named Stephen Armitage, much renowned for his agreeable singing, was the chosen and popular monarch

Before public affairs had become too serious for such pastime, it was usual to celebrate, yearly, at Dalkey, the day of this sovereign's accession; and, among the gay scenes that still live in my memory, there are few it recalls with more freshness than the celebration, on a fine Sunday in summer, of one of these anniversaries of King Stephen's coronation. The picturesque sea-views from that spot, the gay crowds along the shores, the innumerable boats, full of life, floating about, and, above all, that true spirit of mirth which the Irish temperament never fails to lend to such meetings, rendered the whole a scene not easily forgotten. The state ceremonies of the day were performed, with all due gravity, within the ruins of an ancient church that stands on the island, where his mock majesty bestowed the order of knighthood upon certain favoured personages, and among others, I recollect, upon Incledon, the celebrated singer, who arose from under the touch of the royal sword with the appropriate title of Sir Charles Melody. There was also selected, for the favours of the crown on that day, a lady of no ordinary poetic talent, Mrs. Battier, who had gained much fame by some spirited satires in the manner of Churchill, and whose kind encouragement of my early attempts in versification were to me a source of much pride. This lady, as was officially announced, in the course of the day, had been appointed his majesty's poetess laureate, under the style and title of Henrietta, Countess of Laurel.

There could hardly be devised a more apt vehicle for lively political satire than this gay travesty of monarchical power, and its showy appurtenances, so temptingly supplied. The very day, indeed, after this commemoration, there appeared, in the usual record of Dalkey state intelligence, an amusing proclamation from the king, offering a large reward in *cronebanes*,* to the finder or finders of his majesty's crown, which, owing to his "having measured both sides of the road" in his pedestrian progress from Dalkey on the preceding night, had unluckily fallen from the royal brow.

It is not to be wondered at, that whatever natural turn I may

* Irish halfpence, so called.

ve possessed for the lighter skirmishing of satire should have en called into play by so pleasant a field for its exercise as the ıte affairs of the Dalkey kingdom afforded; and, accordingly, y first attempt in this line was an Ode to his Majesty, King ephen, contrasting the happy state of security in which he lived ıong his merry lieges, with the "metal coach," and other such ecautions against mob violence, said to have been adopted at at time by his royal brother of England. Some portions of this venile squib still live in my memory; but they fall far too short the lively demands of the subject to be worth preserving, even s juvenilia.

In college, the first circumstance that drew any attention to my ıyming powers was my giving in a theme, in English verse, at ne of the quarterly examinations. As the sort of short essays equired on those occasions were considered, in general, as a ıere matter of form, and were written, at that time, I believe, ıvariably, in Latin prose, the appearance of a theme in English erse could hardly fail to attract some notice. It was, therefore, ith no small anxiety that, when the moment for judging of the ıemes arrived, I saw the examiners of the different divisions asemble, as usual, at the bottom of the hall for that purpose. Still ıore trying was it when I perceived that the reverend inquisitor, n whose hands was my fate, had left the rest of the awful group, nd was bending his steps towards the table where I was seated. eaning across to me, he asked suspiciously, whether the verses which I had just given in were my own; and, on my answering in he affirmative, added these cheering words, "They do you great redit; and I shall not fail to recommend them to the notice of the Board." This result of a step, ventured upon with some little fear ınd scruple, was of course very gratifying to me; and the premium received from the Board was a well-bound copy of the Travels of Anacharsis, together with a certificate, stating, in not very lofty Latin, that this reward had been conferred upon me, "propter audabilem in versibus componendis progressum."

The idea of attempting a version of some of the Songs or Odes of Anacreon had very early occurred to me; and a specimen of my first ventures in this undertaking may be found in the Dublin Ma-

gazine already referred to, where, in the number of that work for February, 1794, appeared a "Paraphrase of Anacreon's Fifth Ode, by T. Moore." As it may not be uninteresting to future and better translators of the poet to compare this schoolboy experiment with my later and more laboured version of the same ode, I shall here extract the specimen found in the Anthologia: —

"Let us, with the clustering vine,
The rose, Love's blushing flower, entwine.
Fancy's hand our chaplets wreathing,
Vernal sweets around us breathing,
We 'll gaily drink, full goblets quaffing,
At frighted Care securely laughing.

"Rose! thou balmy-scented flower,
Rear'd by Spring's most fostering power,
Thy dewy blossoms, opening bright,
To gods themselves can give delight;
And Cypria's child, with roses crown'd,
Trips with each Grace the mazy round,

"Bind my brows, — I 'll tune the lyre,
Love my rapturous strains shall fire.
Near Bacchus' grape-encircled shrine,
While roses fresh my brows entwine.
Led by the winged train of Pleasures,
I 'll dance with nymphs to sportive measures."

In pursuing further this light task, the only object I had for some time in view was to lay before the Board a select number of the odes I had then translated, with a hope, — suggested by the kind encouragement I had already received, — that they might consider them as deserving of some honour or reward. Having experienced much hospitable attention from Doctor Kearney, one of the senior fellows,* a man of most amiable character, as well as of refined scholarship, I submitted to his perusal the manuscript of my translation as far as it had then proceeded, and requested his advice respecting my intention of laying it before the Board. On this latter point his opinion was such as, with a little more thought, I might have anticipated, namely, that he did not see

* Appointed Provost of the University in the year 1799, and made afterwards Bishop of Ossory.

how the Board of the University could lend their sanction, by any public reward, to writings of so convivial and amatory a nature as were almost all those of Anacreon. He very good-naturedly, however, lauded my translation, and advised me to complete and publish it. I was also indebted to him for the use, during my task, of Spaletti's curious publication, giving a facsimile of those pages of a MS. in the Vatican Library which contain the Odes, or "Symposiacs," attributed to Anacreon.* And here I shall venture to add a few passing words on a point which I once should have thought it profanation to question, — the authenticity of these poems. The cry raised against their genuineness by Robertellus and other enemies of Henry Stephen, when that eminent scholar first introduced them to the learned world, may be thought to have long since entirely subsided, leaving their claim to so ancient a paternity safe and unquestioned. But I am forced to confess, however reluctantly, that there appear to me strong grounds for pronouncing these light and beautiful lyrics to be merely modern fabrications. Some of the reasons that incline me to adopt this unwelcome conclusion are thus clearly stated by the same able scholar, to whom I am indebted for the emendations of my own juvenile Greek ode: — "I do not see how it is possible, if Anacreon had written chiefly in Iambic dimeter verse, that Horace should have wholly neglected that metre. I may add that, of those fragments of Anacreon, of whose genuineness, from internal evidence, there can be no doubt, almost all are written in one or other of the lighter Horatian metres, and scarcely one in Iambic

* When the monument to Provost Baldwin, which stands in the hall of the College of Dublin, arrived from Italy, there came in the same packing-case with it two copies of this work of Spaletti, one of which was presented by Dr. Troy, the Roman Catholic archbishop, as a gift from the Pope to the Library of the University, and the other (of which I was subsequently favoured with the use) he presented, in like manner, to my friend, Dr. Kearney. Thus, curiously enough, while Anacreon *in English* was considered — and, I grant, on no unreasonable grounds — as a work to which grave collegiate authorities could not openly lend their sanction, Anacreon *in Greek* was thought no unfitting present to be received by a Protestant bishop, through the medium of a Catholic archbishop, from the hands of his holiness, the Pope.

dimeter verse. This may be seen by looking through the list in Fischer."

The unskillful attempt at Greek verse from my own pen, which is found prefixed to the Translation, was intended originally to illustrate a picture, representing Anacreon conversing with the Goddess of Wisdom, from which the frontispiece to the first edition of the work was taken. Had I been brought up with a due fear of the laws of prosody before my eyes, I certainly should not have dared to submit so untutored a production to the criticism of the trained prosodians of the English schools. At the same time, I cannot help adding that, as far as music, distinct from metre, is concerned, I am much inclined to prefer the ode as originally written to its present corrected shape; and that, at all events, I entertain but very little doubt as to *which* of the two a composer would most willingly set to music.

For the means of collecting the materials of the notes appended to the Translation, I was chiefly indebted to an old library adjoining St. Patrick's Cathedral, called, from the name of the archbishop who founded it, Marsh's Library. Through my acquaintance with the deputy librarian, the Rev. Mr. Cradock, I enjoyed the privilege of constant access to this collection, even at that period of the year when it is always closed to the public. On these occasions I used to be locked in there alone; and to the many solitary hours which, both at the time I am now speaking of and subsequently, I passed in hunting through the dusty tomes of this old library, I owe much of that odd and out-of-the-way sort of reading which may be found scattered through some of my earlier writings.

Early in the year 1799, while yet in my nineteenth year, I left Ireland, for the first time, and proceeded to London, with the two not very congenial objects, of keeping my terms at the Middle Temple, and publishing, by subscription, my Translation of Anacreon. One of those persons to whom, through the active zeal of friends, some part of my manuscript had been submitted before it went to press, was Doctor Laurence, the able friend of Burke; and, as an instance, however slight, of that ready variety of learning, as well the lightest as the most solid, for which Lau-

rence was so remarkable, the following extract from the letter written by him, in returning the manuscript to my friend Dr. Hume, may not be without some interest: —

"Dec. 20. 1799.

"I return you the four odes which you were so kind to communicate for my poor opinion. They are, in many parts, very elegant and poetical; and, in some passages, Mr. Moore has added a pretty turn not to be found in the original. To confess the truth, however, they are, in not a few places, rather more paraphrastical than suits my notion (perhaps an incorrect notion) of translation.

"In the fifty-third ode there is, in my judgment, a no less sound than beautiful emendation suggested — would you suppose it? — by a Dutch lawyer. Mr. M. possibly may not be aware of it. I have endeavoured to express the sense of it in a couplet interlined with pencil. Will you allow me to add, that I am not certain whether the translation has not missed the meaning, too, in the former part of that passage which seems to me to intend a distinction and climax of pleasure: — 'It is sweet even to prove it among the briery paths; it is sweet again, plucking, to cherish with tender hands, and carry to the fair, the flower of love.' This is nearly literal, including the conjectural correction of Mynheer Medenbach. If this be right, instead of

"'T is sweet to dare the tangled fence,'

I would propose something to this effect: —

'T is sweet the rich perfume to prove,
As by the dewy bush you rove;
'T is sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To cull the timid beauty thence,
To wipe with tender hands away
The tears that on its blushes lay;*
Then, to the bosom of the fair,
The flower of love in triumph bear.

* "Query, if it ought not to be *lie?* The line might run,
With tender hand the tears to brush,
That give new softness to its blush (or, its flush).

"I would *drop* altogether the image of the stems '*dropping with gems.*' I believe it is a confused and false metaphor, unless the painter should take the figure of Aurora from Mrs. Hastings.

"There is another emendation of the same critic, in the following line, which Mr. M. may seem, by accident, to have sufficiently expressed in the phrase of 'roses shed their *light.*'

"I scribble this in very great haste, but fear that you and Mr. Moore will find me too long, minute, and impertinent. Believe me to be, very sincerely,

"Your obedient, humble servant,

"F. LAURENCE."

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ODES

OF

ANACREON

TRANSLATED

INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

WITH NOTES

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

In allowing me to dedicate this Work to Your Royal Highness, you have conferred upon me an honour which I feel very sensibly: and I have only to regret, that the pages which you have thus distinguished are not more deserving of such illustrious patronage.

Believe me, SIR,

With every sentiment of respect,

Your Royal Highness's

Very grateful and devoted Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT may be necessary to mention, that, in arranging the Odes, the Translator has adopted the order of the Vatican MS. For those who wish to refer to the original, he has prefixed an Index, which marks the number of each Ode in Barnes and the other editions.

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For the order of the rest, see the Notes.

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AN ODE

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

ΕΠΙ ῥοδινοις ταπησι,
Τηϊος ποτ' ὁ μελιστης
Ἴλαρος γελων εκειτο,
Μεθυων τε και λυριζων·
Αμφι αυτον οἱ δ' ερωτες
Ἁπαλοι συνεχορευσαν·
Ὁ βελη τα της Κυθηρης
Εποιει, ψυχης οϊστους·
Ὁ δε λευκα πορφυροισι
Κρινα συν ῥοδοισι πλεξας,
Εφιλει στεφων γεροντα·
Ἡ δε θεαων ανασσα,
ΣΟΦΙΗ ποτ' εξ Ολυμπου
Εσορωσ' Ανακρεοντα,
Εσορωσα τους ερωτας,
Υπομειδιασσας ειπε·
Σοφε, δ' ὡς Ανακρεοντα
Τον σοφωτατον ἁπαντων,
Καλεουσιν οἱ σοφισται,
Τι, γερων, τεον βιον μεν
Τοις ερωσι, τῳ Λυαιῳ,
Κ' ουκ εμοι κρατειν εδωκας;
Τι φιλημα της Κυθηρης,
Τι κυπελλα του Λυαιου,
Αιει γ' ετρυφησας αδων,
Ουκ εμους νομους διδασκων,
Ουκ εμον λαχων αωτον;
Ὁ δε Τηϊος μελιστης
Μητε δυσχεραινε, φησι,
Ὅτι, θεα, σου γ' ανευ μεν,
Ὁ σοφωτατος ἁπαντων
Παρα των σοφων καλουμαι·
Φιλεω, πιω, λυριζω,

Μετα των καλων γυναικων·
Αφελως δε τερπνα παιζω,
Ὡς λυρη γαρ, εμον ητορ
Αναπνει μονους ερωτας·.
Ὡδε βιοτου γαληνην
Φιλεων μαλιστα παντων
Ου σοφος μελῳδος ειμι;
Τις σοφωτερος μεν εστι;

CORRECTIONS OF THE PRECEDING ODE,

SUGGESTED BY

AN EMINENT GREEK SCHOLAR.

ΕΠΙ πορφυρέοις τάπησι	*Επι ῥοδινοις ταπησι*
Τήϊός ποτ' ῳδοποιὸς	*Τηϊος ποτ' ὁ μελιστης*
ἱλαρὸς γελῶν ἔκειτο,	
μεθύων τε καὶ λυρίζων·	
περὶ δ' αὐτὸν ἀμφ' Ἔρωτες	5 *Αμφι αυτον οἱ δ' Ερωτες*
τρομεροῖς ποσὶν χόρευον.	*Ἁπαλοι συνεχορευσαν*
τὰ βέλεμν' ὁ μὲν Κυθήρης	
ἐποίει καλῆς, ὀϊστοὺς	*Εποιει, ψυχης οϊστους*
πυρόεντας, ἐκ κεραινοῦ·	

1. *πορφυρέοις* vox trisyllabica. Anacr. Fragm. xxix. 3. ed. Fischer. *πορφυρέη τ' Ἀφροδίτη.* Id. Fragm. xxxvi. 1. *σφαίρη δεῦτέ με πορφυρέῃ,* ut legendum plane ex Athenaeo. *Ἁλιπορφύροις τάπησι* dixit Pseud-Anacreon, Od. viii. 2. Theocr. Id. xv. 125. *πορφύρεοι δὲ τάπητες ἄνω, μαλακώτεροι ὕπνω.*

5. Tmesis pro *ἀμφεχόρευσαν.* Theocr. Id. vii. 142. *πωτῶντο ξουθαὶ περὶ πίδακας ἀμφὶ μέλισσαι,* h. e. *ἀμφεπωτωντο.*

6. Pseud-Anacr. Od. lii. 12. *τρομεροῖς ποσὶν χορεύει.*

7, 10. *ὁ μεν, hic — ὁ δὲ, ille.* Bion. Id. i. 82. *χὠ μὲν ὀϊστὼς, | ὃς δ' ἐπὶ τόξον ἔβαιν', κ. τ. λ.* itidem de Amoribus.

8, 9. *ἐποίει — ἐκ κεραινοῦ.* Pseud-Anacr. Od. xxviii. 18. *τὸ δὲ βλέμμα νῦν ἀληθῶς | ἀπὸ τοῦ πυρὸς ποίησον.*

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ὁ δὲ λευκὰ καλλιφύλλοις
κρίνα σὺν ῥόδοισι πλέξας,
ἐφίλει στέφων γέροντα.
κατὰ δ' εὐθὺς ἐξ Ὀλύμπου
Σοφίη θέαινα βᾶσα,
ἐσορῶσ' Ἀνακρέοντα,
ἐσορῶσα τοὺς Ἔρωτας,
ὑπομειδιῶσά φησι·
Σόφ', — ἐπεὶ βροτῶν σε τοῦτο
καλέουσι φῦλα πάντα,
καλέουσιν οἱ σοφισταὶ, —
τί, γέρων, μάτην ὁδεύεις
βιότου τρίβον τεοῦ μὲν
μετὰ τῶν καλῶν Ἐρώτων,
μετὰ τοῦ καλοῦ Λυαίου,
ἐμὲ δ' ὧδε λὰξ ἀτίζεις;
τί φίλημα τῆς Κυθήρης,
τί κύπελλα τοῦ Λυαίου,
ἐσαεὶ τρυφῶν ἀείδεις,
ἐμὰ θέσμι' οὐ διδάσκων,
ἐμὸν οὐ λαχὼν ἄωτον;
ὁ δὲ Τήϊος μελῳδὸς,
Σὺ παρὲκ νόον γε μή μοι
χαλέπαινε, φήσ', ἄνευθε

Ἡ δε θεῶν ανασσα

Υπομειδιασσᾶς ειπε
Τὸν σοφωτάτ' ἀπαντων

Τοῖς Ερωσι, τῳ Λυαιῳ
Κ' οὐκ εμοι κρατειν εδωκας

Αἰεῖ γ' ετρυφησας ᾳδων
Οὐκ εμες νομες διδασκων
Οὐκ εμον λαχων αωτον

Μῆτε δυσχεραινε, φησι

10, 11. καλλιφύλλοις — ῥόδοισι. Pseud-Anacr. Od. v. 3. τὸ ῥόδον τὸ καλλίφυλλον.

13. Tmesis pro καταβᾶσα. Pseud-Anacr. Od. III. 15. ἀνὰ δ' εὐθὺ λύχνον ἅψας, h. e. ἀνάψας.

18. Supple ὄνομα, quo τοῦτο referatur. Eurip. Phoen. 12. τοῦτο γὰρ πατὴρ | ἔθετο h. e. τοῦτο ὄνομα. βροτῶν φῦλα πάντα adumbratum ex Pseud-Anacr. Od. III. 4. μερόπων δὲ φῦλα πάντα.

21. Pseud-Anacr. Od. XXIV. 2. βιότου τρίβον ὁδεύειν.

25. Aesch. Eumen. 538. μηδέ νιν, | κέρδος ἰδὼν, ἀθέῳ ποδὶ λὰξ ἀτί- | σῃς.

32. παρὲκ νόον γε μή μοι χαλέπαινε, ne praeter rationem in me saevi. Il. Y. 133. Ἥρη, μὴ χαλέπαινε παρὲκ νόον. Similem positionem particularum μη μοι exhibet Pseud-Anacr. Od. XXVIII. 13.

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ὅτι σεῦ σοφὸς καλοῦμαι
παρὰ τῶν σοφῶν ἁπάντων.
φιλέω, πίω, λυρίζω,
μετὰ τῶν καλῶν γυναικῶν,
ἀφελῶς δὲ τερπνὰ παίζω·
κιθάρη γάρ, ὡς κέαρ μεῦ,
ἀναπνεῖ μόνους Ἔρωτας.
βιότου δὲ τὴν γαλήνην
φιλέων μάλιστα πάντων,
σοφὸς οὐ μελῳδός εἰμι;
τί σοφώτερον γένοιτ' ἄν;
ἐμέθεν σοφώτερος τίς;

Ὅτι, θεᾶ, σου γ' ανευ μεν
Ὁ σοφωτατος ἁπαντων
Ὡς λυρη γαρ, ἔμον ητορ
Ὧδε βιοτου γαληνην
Οὐ σοφος μελῳδος ειμι
Τις σοφωτερος μεν εστι

REMARKS

ON

ANACREON.

THERE is but little known with certainty of the life of Anacreon. Chamæleon Heracleotes,* who wrote upon the subject, has been lost in the general wreck of ancient literature. The editors of the poet have collected the few trifling anecdotes which are scattered through the extant authors of antiquity, and, supplying the deficiency of materials by fictions of their own imagination, have arranged, what they call, a life of Anacreon. These specious fabrications are intended to indulge that interest which we naturally feel in the biography of illustrious men; but it is rather a dangerous kind of illusion, as it confounds the limits of

* He is quoted by Athenaeus *εν τῳ περι του Ανακρεοντος.*

history and romance,* and is too often supported by unfaithful citation.**

Our poet was born in the city of Téos,*** in the delicious region of Ionia, and the time of his birth appears to have been in the sixth century before Christ. † He flourished at that remarkable period, when, under the polished tyrants Hipparchus and Polycrates, Athens and Samos were become the rival asylums of genius. There is nothing certain known about his family, and those who pretend to discover in Plato that he was a descendant of the monarch Codrus, show much more of zeal than of either accuracy or judgment. ††

The disposition and talents of Anacreon recommended him to the monarch of Samos, and he was formed to be the friend of such a prince as Polycrates. Susceptible only to the pleasures, he felt not the corruptions of the court; and, while Pythagoras fled from the tyrant, Anacreon was celebrating his praises on the lyre. We are told too by Maximus Tyrius, that, by the influence of his ama-

* The History of Anacreon, by Gaçon (le Poëte sans fard, as he styles himself), is professedly a romance; nor does Mademoiselle Scuderi, from whom he borrowed the idea, pretend to historical veracity in her account of Anacreon and Sappho. These, then, are allowable. But how can Barnes be forgiven, who, with all the confidence of a biographer, traces every wandering of the poet, and settles him at last, in his old age, at a country villa near Téos?

** The learned Bayle has detected some infidelities of quotation in Le Fevre. (*Dictionnaire Historique, &c.*) Madame Dacier is not more accurate than her father: they have almost made Anacreon prime minister to the monarch of Samos.

*** The Asiatics were as remarkable for genius as for luxury. "Ingenia Asiatica inclyta per gentes fecêre Poetae, Anacreon, inde Mimnermus et Antimachus, &c." — *Solinus.*

† I have not attempted to define the particular Olympiad, but have adopted the idea of Bayle, who says, "Je n'ai point marqué d'Olympiade; car pour un homme qui a vécu 85 ans, il me semble que l'on ne doit point s'enfermer dans des bornes si étroites."

†† This mistake is founded on a false interpretation of a very obvious passage in Plato's Dialogue on Temperance; it originated with Madame Dacier, and has been received implicitly by many. Gail, a late editor of Anacreon, seems to claim to himself the merit of detecting this error; but Bayle had observed it before him.

tory songs, he softened the mind of Polycrates into a spirit of benevolence towards his subjects.*

The amours of the poet, and the rivalship of the tyrant,** I shall pass over in silence; and there are few, I presume, who will regret the omission of most of those anecdotes, which the industry of some editors has not only promulged, but discussed. Whatever is repugnant to modesty and virtue is considered in ethical science, by a supposition very favourable to humanity, as impossible; and this amiable persuasion should be much more strongly entertained, where the transgression wars with nature as well as virtue. But why are we not allowed to indulge in the presumption? Why are we officiously reminded that there have been really such instances of depravity?

Hipparchus, who now maintained at Athens the power which his father Pisistratus had usurped, was one of those princes who may be said to have polished the fetters of their subjects. He was the first, according to Plato, who edited the poems of Homer, and commanded them to be sung by the rhapsodists at the celebration of the Panathenæa. From his court, which was a sort of galaxy of genius, Anacreon could not long be absent. Hipparchus sent a barge for him; the poet readily embraced the invitation, and the Muses and the Loves were wafted with him to Athens.***

The manner of Anacreon's death was singular. We are told that in the eighty-fifth year of his age he was choked by a grape-stone;† and, however we may smile at their enthusiastic par-

* *Ανακρεων Σαμιοις Πολυκρατην ἠμερωσε.* Maxim. Tyr. § 21. Maximus Tyrius mentions this among other instances of the influence of poetry. If Gail had read Maximus Tyrius, how could he ridicule this idea in Moutonnet, as unauthenticated?

** In the romance of Clelia, the anecdote to which I allude is told of a young girl, with whom Anacreon fell in love while she personated the god Apollo in a mask. But here Mademoiselle Scuderi consulted nature more than truth.

*** There is a very interesting French poem founded upon this anecdote, imputed to Desyvetaux, and called "Anacréon Citoyen."

† Fabricius appears not to trust very implicitly in this story. "Uvae passae acino tandem suffocatus, si credimus Suidae in *οινοποτης*; alii enim hoc mortis genere periisse tradunt Sophoclem." — *Fabricii*

tiality, who see in this easy and characteristic death a peculiar indulgence of Heaven, we cannot help admiring that his fate should have been so emblematic of his disposition. Cælius Calcagninus alludes to this catastrophe in the following epitaph on our poet: — *

Those lips, then, hallow'd sage, which pour'd along
A music sweet as any cygnet's song,
The grape hath clos'd for ever!
Here let the ivy kiss the poet's tomb,
Here let the rose he lov'd with laurels bloom,
In bands that ne'er shall sever.

But far be thou, oh! far, unholy vine,
By whom the favourite minstrel of the Nine
Lost his sweet vital breath;
Thy God himself now blushes to confess,
Once hallow'd vine! he feels he loves thee less,
Since poor Anacreon's death.

It has been supposed by some writers that Anacreon and Sappho were contemporaries; and the very thought of an intercourse between persons so congenial, both in warmth of passion and delicacy of genius, gives such play to the imagination, that the mind loves to indulge in it. But the vision dissolves before historical truth; and Chamæleon and Hermesianax, who are the source

Bibliothec. Graec. lib. ii. cap. 15. It must be confessed that Lucian, who tells us that Sophocles was choked by a grape-stone, in the very same treatise mentions the longevity of Anacreon, and yet is silent on the manner of his death. Could he have been ignorant of such a remarkable coincidence, or, knowing, could he have neglected to remark it? See Regnier's introduction to his Anacreon.

* At te, sancte senex, acinus sub Tartara misit;
Cygneae clausit qui tibi vocis iter.
Vos, hederae, tumulum, tumulum vos cingite, lauri,
Hoc rosa perpetuo vernet odora loco;
At vitis procul hinc, procul hinc odiosa facessat,
Quae causam dirae protulit, uva, necis,
Creditur ipse minus vitem jam Bacchus amare,
In vatem tantum quae fuit ausa nefas.

The author of this epitaph, Caelius Calcagninus, has translated or imitaded the epigrams *εις την Μυρωνος βοιν*, which are given under the name of Anacreon.

of the supposition, are considered as having merely indulged in a poetical anachronism.*

To infer the moral dispositions of a poet from the tone of sentiment which pervades his works, is sometimes a very fallacious analogy; but the soul of Anacreon speaks so unequivocally through his odes, that we may safely consult them as the faithful mirrors of his heart.** We find him there the elegant voluptuary, diffusing the seductive charm of sentiment over passions and propensities at which rigid morality must frown. His heart, devoted to indolence, seems to have thought that there is wealth enough in happiness, but seldom happiness in mere wealth. The cheerfulness, indeed, with which he brightens his old age is interesting and endearing: like his own rose, he is fragrant even in decay. But the most peculiar feature of his mind is that love of simplicity, which he attributes to himself so feelingly, and which breathes characteristi-

* Barnes is convinced (but very gratuitously), of the synchronism of Anacreon and Sappho. In citing his authorities, he has strangely neglected the line quoted by Fulvius Ursinus, as from Anacreon, among the testimonies to Sappho: —

Ειμι λαβων εισαρας Σαπφω παρθενον ἁδυφωνον.

Fabricius thinks that they might have been contemporary, but considers their amour as a tale of imagination. Vossius rejects the idea entirely: as do also Olaus Borrichius and others.

** An Italian poet, in some verses on Belleau's translation of Anacreon, pretends to imagine that our bard did not feel as he wrote: —

Lyaeum, Venerem, Cupidinemque
Senex lusit Anacreon poeta.
Sed quo tempore nec capaciores
Rogabat cyathos, nec inquietis
Urebatur amoribus, sed ipsis
Tantum versibus et jocis amabat,
Nullum prae se habitum gerens amantis.

To Love and Bacchus ever young
While sage Anacreon touch'd the lyre,
He neither felt the loves he sung,
Nor fill'd his bowl to Bacchus higher.
Those flowery days had faded long,
When youth could act the lover's part;
And passion trembled in his song,
But never, never, reach'd his heart.

cally throughout all that he has sung. In truth, if we omit those few vices in our estimate which religion, at that time, not only connived at, but consecrated, we shall be inclined to say that the disposition of our poet was amiable; that his morality was relaxed, but not abandoned; and that Virtue, with her zone loosened, may be an apt emblem of the character of Anacreon.*

Of his person and physiognomy time has preserved such uncertain memorials, that it were better, perhaps, to leave the pencil to fancy; and few can read the Odes of Anacreon without imagining to themselves the form of the animated old bard, crowned with roses, and singing cheerfully to his lyre. But the head of Anacreon, prefixed to this work,** has been considered so authentic, that we scarcely could be justified in the omission of it; and some have even thought that it is by no means deficient in

* Anacreon's character has been variously coloured. Barnes lingers on it with enthusiastic admiration; but he is always extravagant, if not sometimes also a little profane. Baillet runs too much into the opposite extreme, exaggerating also the testimonies which he has consulted; and we cannot surely agree with him when he cites such a compiler as Athenaeus, as "un des plus savans critiques de l'antiquité." — *Jugement des Sçavans*, M. CV.

Barnes could hardly have read the passage to which he refers, when he accuses Le Fevre of having censured our poet's character in a note on Longinus; the note in question being manifest irony, in allusion to some censure passed upon Le Fevre for his Anacreon. It is clear, indeed, that praise rather than censure is intimated. See Johannes Vulpius (de Utilitate Poëtices), who vindicates our poet's reputation.

** It is taken from the Bibliotheca of Fulvius Ursinus. Bellori has copied the same head into his Imagines. Johannes Faber, in his description of the coin of Ursinus, mentions another head on a very beautiful cornelian, which he supposes was worn in a ring by some admirer of the poet. In the Iconographia of Canini there is a youthful head of Anacreon from a Grecian medal, with the letters *ΤΕΙΟΣ* around it; on the reverse there is a Neptune, holding a spear in his right hand, and a dolphin, with the word *ΤΙΑΝΩΝ* inscribed, in the left; "volendoci denotare (says Canini) che quelle cittadini la coniassero in honore del suo campatriota poeta." There is also among the coins of De Wilde one, which though it bears no effigy, was probably struck to the memory of Anacreon. It has the word *ΤΗΙΩΝ*, encircled with an ivy crown. "At quidni respicit haec corona Anacreontem, nobilem lyricum?" — *De Wilde.*

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that benevolent suavity of expression which should characterize the countenance of such a poet.

After the very enthusiastic eulogiums bestowed both by ancients and moderns upon the poems of Anacreon,* we need not be diffident in expressing our raptures at their beauty, nor hesitate to pronounce them the most polished remains of antiquity.** They are, indeed, all beauty, all enchantment.*** He steals us so insensibly along with him, that we sympathize even in his excesses. In his amatory odes there is a delicacy of compliment not to be found in any other ancient poet. Love at that period was rather an unrefined emotion: and the intercourse of the sexes was animated more by passion than by sentiment. They knew not those little tendernesses which form the spiritual part of affection; their

* Besides those which are extant, he wrote hymns, elegies, epigrams, &c. Some of the epigrams still exist. Horace, in addition to the mention of him (lib. iv. od. 9.), alludes also to a poem of his upon the rivalry of Circe and Penelope in the affections of Ulysses, lib. i. od. 17.; and the scholiast upon Nicander cites a fragment from a poem upon Sleep by Anacreon, and attributes to him likewise a medicinal treatise. Fulgentius mentions a work of his upon the war between Jupiter and the Titans, and the origin of the consecration of the eagle.

** See Horace, Maximus Tyrius, &c. "His style (says Scaliger) is sweeter than the juice of the Indian reed."— *Pöet.* lib. i. cap. 44. "From the softness of his verses (says Olaus Borrichius) the ancients bestowed on him the epithets sweet, delicate, graceful, &c."— *Dissertationes Academicae*, de Poetis, diss. 2. Scaliger again praises him thus in a pun; speaking of the *μελος*, or ode, "Anacreon autem non solum dedit haec *μελη*, sed etiam in ipsis mella." See the passage of Rapin, quoted by all the editors. I cannot omit citing also the following very spirited apostrophe of the author of the Commentary prefixed to the Parma edition: "O vos sublimes animae, vos Apollinis alumni, qui post unum Alcmanem in totâ Hellade lyricam poesim exsuscitastis, coluistis, amplificastis, quaeso vos an ullus unquam fuerit vates qui Teio cantori vel naturae candore vel metri suavitate palmam praeripuerit." See likewise Vincenzo Gravinl della Rag. Poetic. libro primo, p. 97. Among the Ritratti of Marino, there is one of Anacreon beginning "Cingetemi la fronte," &c. &c.

*** "We may percelve," says Vossius, "that the iteration of his words conduces very much to the sweetness of his style." Henry Stephen remarks the same beauty in a note on the forty-fourth ode. This figure of iteration is his most appropriate grace: — but the modern writers of Juvenilia and Basia have adopted it to an excess which destroys the effect.

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expression of feeling was therefore rude and unvaried, and the poetry of love deprived it of its most captivating graces. Anacreon, however, attained some ideas of this purer gallantry; and the same delicacy of mind which led him to this refinement, prevented him also from yielding to the freedom of language, which has sullied the pages of all the other poets. His descriptions are warm; but the warmth is in the ideas, not the words. He is sportive without being wanton, and ardent without being licentious. His poetic invention is always most brilliantly displayed in those allegorical fictions which so many have endeavoured to imitate, though all have confessed them to be inimitable. Simplicity is the distinguishing feature of these odes, and they interest by their innocence, as much as they fascinate by their beauty. They may be said, indeed, to be the very infants of the Muses, and to lisp in numbers.

I shall not be accused of enthusiastic partiality by those who have read and felt the original; but, to others, I am conscious, this should not be the language of a translator, whose faint reflection of such beauties can but ill justify his admiration of them.

In the age of Anacreon music and poetry were inseparable. These kindred talents were for a long time associated, and the poet always sung his own compositions to the lyre. It is probable that they were not set to any regular air, but rather a kind of musical recitation, which was varied according to the fancy and feelings of the moment.* The poems of Anacreon were sung at banquets as late as the time of Aulus Gellius, who tells us that he heard one of the odes performed at a birth-day entertainment.**

* In the Paris edition there are four of the original odes set to music, by Le Sueur, Gossec, Mehul, and Cherubini. "On chante du Latin, et de l'Italien," says Gail, "quelquefois même sans les entendre; qui empêche que nous ne chantions des odes Grecques?" The chromatic learning of these composers is very unlike what we are told of the simple melody of the ancients; and they have all, as it appears to me, mistaken the accentuation of the words.

** The Parma commentator is rather careless in referring to this passage of Aulus Gellius (lib. xix. cap. 9.) The ode was not sung by the rhetorician Julianus, as he says, but by the minstrels of both sexes, who were introduced at the entertainment.

The singular beauty of our poet's style, and the apparent facility, perhaps, of his metre have attracted, as I have already remarked, a crowd of imitators. Some of these have succeeded with wonderful felicity, as may be discerned in the few odes which are attributed to writers of a later period. But none of his emulators have been half so dangerous to his fame as those Greek ecclesiastics of the early ages, who, being conscious of their own inferiority to their great prototypes, determined on removing all possibility of comparison, and, under a semblance of moral zeal, deprived the world of some of the most exquisite treasures of ancient times.* The works of Sappho and Alcæus were among those flowers of Grecian literature which thus fell beneath the rude hand of ecclesiastical presumption. It is true they pretended that this sacrifice of genius was hallowed by the interests of religion; but I have already assigned the most probable motive;** and if Gregorius Nazianzenus had not written Anacreontics, we might now perhaps have the works of the Teian unmutilated, and be empowered to say exultingly with Horace,

> Nec si quid olim lusit Anacreon
> Delevit aetas.

The zeal by which these bishops professed to be actuated, gave birth more innocently, indeed, to an absurd species of parody, as repugnant to piety as it is to taste, where the poet of voluptuousness was made a preacher of the gospel, and his muse, like the Venus in armour at Lacedæmon, was arrayed in all the severities of priestly instruction. Such was the "Anacreon Recantatus," by Carolus de Aquino, a Jesuit, published 1701, which consisted

* See what Colomesius, in his "Literary Treasures," has quoted from Alcyonius de Exilio; it may be found in Baxter. Colomesius, after citing the passage, adds, "Haec auro contra cara non potui non apponere."

** We may perceive by the beginning of the first hymn of Bishop Synesius, that he made Anacreon and Sappho his models of composition.

> *Αγε μοι, λιγεια φορμιγξ,*
> *Μετα Τηϊαν αοιδαν,*
> *Μετα Λεσβιαν τε μολπαν.*

Margunius and Damascenus were likewise authors of pious Anacreontics.

of a series of palinodes to the several songs of our poet. Such, too, was the Christian Anacreon of Patrignanus, another Jesuit,* who preposterously transferred to a most sacred subject all that the Grecian poet had dedicated to festivity and love.

His metre has frequently been adopted by the modern Latin poets; and Scaliger, Taubman, Barthius,** and others, have shown that it is by no means uncongenial with that language.*** The Anacreontics of Scaliger, however, scarcely deserve the name; as they glitter all over with conceits, and, though often elegant, are always laboured. The beautiful fictions of Angerianus † preserve more happily than any others the delicate turn of those allegorical fables, which, passing so frequently through the mediums of version and imitation, have generally lost their finest rays in the transmission. Many of the Italian poets have indulged their fancies upon the subjects, and in the manner of Anacreon, Bernardo Tasso first introduced the metre, which was afterwards polished and enriched by Chabriera and others.††

To judge by the references of Degen, the German language abounds in Anacreontic imitations; and Hagedorn § is one among

* This, perhaps, is the "Jesuita quidam Graeculus" alluded to by Barnes, who has himself composed an *Ἀνακρέων Χριστιανος*, as absurd as the rest, but somewhat more skilfully executed.

** I have seen somewhere an account of the MSS. of Barthius, written just after his death, which mentions many more Anacreontics of his than I believe have ever been published.

*** Thus too Albertus, a Danish poet: —

Fidii tui minister
Gaudebo semper esse,
Gaudebo semper illi
Litare thure mulso;
Gaudebo semper illum
Laudare pumilillis
Anacreonticillis.

See the *Danish Poets* collected by Rostgaard.

These pretty littlenesses defy translation. A beautiful Anacreontic by Hugo Grotius, may be found Lib. i. Farraginis.

† To Angerianus Prior is indebted for some of his happiest mythological subjects.

†† See Crescimbeni, Historia della Volg. Poes.

§ "L'aimable Hagedorn vaut quelquefois Anacréon." — *Dorat, Idée de la Poësie Allemande.*

many who have assumed him as a model. La Farre, Chaulieu, and the other light poets of France, have also professed to cultivate the muse of Téos; but they have attained all her negligence with little of the simple grace that embellishes it. In the delicate bard of Schiras* we find the kindred spirit of Anacreon: some of his gazelles, or songs, possess all the character of our poet.

We come now to a retrospect of the editions of Anacreon. To Henry Stephen we are indebted for having first recovered his remains from the obscurity in which, so singularly, they had for many ages reposed. He found the seventh ode, as we are told, on the cover of an old book, and communicated it to Victorius, who mentions the circumstance in his "Various Readings." Stephen was then very young; and this discovery was considered by some critics of that day as a literary imposition.** In 1554, however, he gave Anacreon to the world,*** accompanied with annotations and a Latin version of the greater part of the odes. The learned still hesitated to receive them as the relics of the Teian bard, and suspected them to be the fabrication of some monks of the sixteenth century. This was an idea from which the classic muse recoiled; and the Vatican manuscript, consulted by Scaliger and Salmasius, confirmed the antiquity of most of the poems. A very inaccurate copy of this MS. was taken by Isaac Vossius, and this is the authority which Barnes has followed in his collation.

* See Toderini on the learning of the Turks, as translated by de Cournard. Prince Cantemir has made the Russians acquainted with Anacreon. See his Life, prefixed to a translation of his Satires, by the Abbé de Guasco.

** Robertellus, in his work "De Ratione corrigendi," pronounces these verses to be the triflings of some insipid Graecist.

*** Ronsard commemorates this event: —

Je vay boire à Henrie Etienne
Qui des enfers nous a rendu,
Du vieil Anacréon perdu,
La douce lyre Teïenne. Ode xv. book 5.

I fill the bowl to Stephen's name,
Who rescued from the gloom of night
The Teian bard of festive fame,
And brought his living lyre to light.

Accordingly he misrepresents almost as often as he quotes; and the subsequent editors, relying upon his authority, have spoken of the manuscript with not less confidence than ignorance. The literary world, however, has at length been gratified with this curious memorial of the poet, by the industry of the Abbé Spaletti, who published at Rome, in 1781, a fac-simile of those pages of the Vatican manuscript which contained the odes of Anacreon.*

A catalogue has been given by Gail of all the different editions and translations of Anacreon. Finding their number to be much greater than I could possibly have had an opportunity of consulting, I shall here content myself with enumerating only those editions and versions which it has been in my power to collect; and which, though very few, are, I believe, the most important.

The edition by Henry Stephen, 1554, at Paris — the Latin version is attributed by Colomesius to John Dorat.**

The old French translations, by Ronsard and Bellean — the former published in 1555, the latter in 1556. It appears from a note of Muretus upon one of the sonnets of Ronsard, that Henry Stephen communicated to this poet his manuscript of Anacreon, before he promulgated it to the world.***

The edition by Le Fevre, 1660.

The edition by Madame Dacier, 1681, with a prose translation.†

* This manuscript, which Spaletti thinks as old as the tenth century, was brought from the Palatine into the Vatican library; it is a kind of anthology of Greek epigrams, and in the 676th page of it are found the *Ἡμιαμβια Συμποσιακα* of Anacreon.

** "Le même (M. Vossius) m'a dit qu'il avoit possédé un Anacréon, où Scaliger avoit marqué de sa main, qu' Henri Etienne n'étoit pas l'auteur de la version Latine des odes de ce poëte, mais Jean Dorat." — *Paulus Colomesius, Particularités.*

Colomesius, however, seems to have relied too implicitly on Vossius; — almost all these Particularités begin with "M. Vossius m'a dit."

*** "La fiction de ce sonnet comme l'auteur même m'a dit, est prise d'une ode d'Anacréon, encore non imprimée, qu'il a depuis traduit, *Συ μεν φιλη χελιδων.*"

† The author of Nouvelles de la Répub. des Lett. bestows on this translation much more praise than its merits appear to me to justify.

The edition by Longepierre, 1684, with a translation in verse.

The edition by Baxter; London, 1695.

A French translation by la Fosse, 1704.

"L'Histoire des Odes d'Anacreon," by Gaçon; Rotterdam, 1712.

A translation in English verse, by several hands, 1713, in which the odes by Cowley are inserted.

The edition by Barnes; London, 1721.

The edition by Dr. Trapp, 1733, with a Latin version in elegiac metre.

A translation in English verse, by John Addison, 1735.

A collection of Italian translations of Anacreon, published at Venice, 1736, consisting of those by Corsini, Regnier,* Salvini, Marchetti, and one by several anonymous authors. **

A translation in English verse, by Fawkes and Doctor Broome, 1760. ***

Another, anonymous, 1768.

The edition by Spaletti, at Rome, 1781; with the fac-simile of the Vatican MS.

The edition by Degen, 1786, who published also a German translation of Anacreon, esteemed the best.

A translation in English verse, by Urquhart, 1787.

The edition by Gail, at Paris, 1799, with a prose translation.

* The notes of Regnier are not inserted in this edition; but they must be interesting, as they were for the most part communicated by the ingenious Menage, who, we may perceive, from a passage in the Menagiana, bestowed some research on the subject. "C'est aussi lui (M. Bigot) qui s'est donné la peine de conférer des manuscrits en Italie dans le tems que je travaillois sur Anacréon." — *Menagiana*, seconde partie.

** I find in Haym's Notizia de' Libri rari, Venice, 1670, an Italian translation by Cappone, mentioned.

*** This is the most complete of the English translations.

ODE I.*

I saw the smiling bard of pleasure,
The minstrel of the Teian measure;
'T was in a vision of the night,
He beam'd upon my wondering sight.
I heard his voice, and warmly prest
The dear enthusiast to my breast.
His tresses wore a silvery dye,
But beauty sparkled in his eye;
Sparkled in his eyes of fire,
Through the mist of soft desire.
His lip exhal'd, whene'er he sigh'd,
The fragrance of the racy tide;
And, as with weak and reeling feet
He came my cordial kiss to meet,
An infant, of the Cyprian band,
Guided him on with tender hand.

* This ode is the first of the series in the Vatican manuscript, which attributes it to no other poet than Anacreon. They who assert that the manuscript imputes it to Basilius, have been misled by the words *Του αυτου βασιλικως* in the margin, which are merely intended as a title to the following ode. Whether it be the production of Anacreon or not, it has all the features of ancient simplicity, and is a beautiful imitation of the poet's happiest manner.

Sparkled in his eyes of fire,
Through the mist of soft desire.] "How could he know at the first look (says Baxter) that the poet was *φιλεννος*?" There are surely many tell-tales of this propensity; and the following are the indices, which the physiognomist gives, describing a disposition perhaps not unlike that of Anacreon: *Οφθαλμοι κλυζομενοι, κυμαινοντες εν αιτοις, εις αφροδισια καὶ ευπαθειαν επτοηνται. ουτε δε αδικοι, ουτε κακουργοι, ουτε φυσεως φαυλης, ουτε αμουσοι.* — *Adamantius.* "The eyes that are humid and fluctuating show a propensity to pleasure and love; they bespeak too a mind of integrity and beneficence, a generosity of disposition, and a genius for poetry."

Baptista Porta tells us some strange opinions of the ancient physiognomists on this subject, their reasons for which were curious, and perhaps not altogether fanciful. Vide Physiognom. Johan. Baptist. Portae.

Quick from his glowing brows he drew
His braid, of many a wanton hue;
I took the wreath, whose inmost twine
Breath'd of him and blush'd with wine.
I hung it o'er my thoughtless brow,
And ah! I feel its magic now:
I feel that even his garland's touch
Can make the bosom love too much.

ODE II.

GIVE me the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.

I took the wreath, whose inmost twine
Breath'd of him, &c.] Philostratus has the same thought in one of his *Ερωτικα*, where he speaks of the garland which he had sent to his mistress. *Ει δε βουλει τι φιλῳ χαριζεσθαι, τα λειψανα αντιπεμψον, μηκετι πνεοντα ῥοδων μονον αλλα και σου.* "If thou art inclined to gratify thy lover, send him back the remains of the garland, no longer breathing of roses only, but of thee!" Which pretty conceit is borrowed (as the author of the Observer remarks) in a well-known little song of Ben Jonson's: —

"But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me;
Since when it looks and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee!"

And ah! I feel its magic now:] This idea, as Longepierre remarks, occurs in an epigram of the seventh book of the Anthologia.

Εξοτε μοι πινοντι συνεσταουσα Χαρικλω
Λαθρη τους ιδιους αμφεβαλε στεφανους,
Πυρ ολοον δαπτει με.

While I unconscious quaff'd my wine,
'T was then thy fingers slily stole
Upon my brow that wreath of thine,
Which since has madden'd all my soul!

Proclaim the laws of festal rite,
I 'm monarch of the board to-night;
And all around shall brim as high,
And quaff the tide as deep as I.
And when the cluster's mellowing dews
Their warm enchanting balm infuse,
Our feet shall catch th' elastic bound,
And reel us through the dance's round.
Great Bacchus! we shall sing to thee,
In wild but sweet ebriety;
Flashing around such sparks of thought,
As Bacchus could alone have taught.

Then, give the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.

ODE III.*

LISTEN to the Muse's lyre,
Master of the pencil's fire!
Sketch'd in painting's bold display,
Many a city first portray;
Many a city, revelling free,
Full of loose festivity.
Picture then a rosy train,
Bacchants straying o'er the plain;

Proclaim the laws of festal rite.] The ancients prescribed certain laws of drinking at their festivals, for an account of which see the commentators. Anacreon here acts the symposiarch, or master of the festival. I have translated according to those who consider *κυπελλα θεσμων* as an inversion of *θεσμους κυπελλων*.

* La Fosse has thought proper to lengthen this poem by considerable interpolations of his own, which he thinks are indispensably necessary to the completion of the description.

Piping, as they roam along,
Roundelay or shepherd-song.
Paint me next, if painting may
Such a theme as this portray,
All the earthly heaven of love
These delighted mortals prove.

ODE IV.*

VULCAN! hear your glorious task;
I do not from your labours ask
In gorgeous panoply to shine,
For war was ne'er a sport of mine.
No — let me have a silver bowl,
Where I may cradle all my soul;
But mind that, o'er its simple frame
No mimic constellations flame;
Nor grave upon the swelling side,
Orion, scowling o'er the tide.
I care not for the glitt'ring wain,
Nor yet the weeping sister train.
But let the vine luxuriant roll
Its blushing tendrils round the bowl,
While many a rose-lipp'd bacchant maid
Is culling clusters in their shade.

* This ode, Aulus Gellius tells us, was performed at an entertainment where he was present.

While many a rose-lipp'd bacchant maid, &c.] I have availed myself here of the additional lines given in the Vatican manuscript, which have not been accurately inserted in any of the ordinary editions: —

Ποιησον αμπελους μοι
Και βοτρυας κατ' αυτων
Και μαιναδας τρυγωσας.
Ποιει δε ληνον οινου,
Ληνοβατας πατουντας,
Τους σατυρους γελωντας,

Let sylvan gods, in antic shapes,
Wildly press the gushing grapes,
And flights of Loves, in wanton play,
Wing through the air their winding way;
While Venus, from her arbour green
Looks laughing at the joyous scene,
And young Lyæus by her side
Sits, worthy of so bright a bride.

ODE V.*

SCULPTOR, wouldst thou glad my soul,
Grave for me an ample bowl,
Worthy to shine in hall or bower,
When spring-time brings the reveller's hour.
Grave it with themes of chaste design,
Fit for a simple board like mine.
Display not there the barbarous rites
In which religious zeal delights;
Nor any tale of tragic fate
Which History shudders to relate.
No — cull thy fancies from above,
Themes of heav'n and themes of love.
Let Bacchus, Jove's ambrosial boy,
Distil the grape in drops of joy,
And while he smiles at every tear,
Let warm-ey'd Venus, dancing near,

Και χρυσους τους ερωτας,
Και Κυθερην γελωσαν,
Ὁμου καλω Λυαιω,
Ερωτα κ' Αφροδιτην.

* Degen thinks that this ode is a more modern imitation of the preceding. There is a poem by Caelius Calcagninus, in the manner of both, where he gives instructions about the making of a ring.

Tornabis annulum mihi
Et fabre, et apte, et commode, &c. &c.

With spirits of the genial bed,
The dewy herbage deftly tread.
Let Love be there, without his arms,
In timid nakedness of charms;
And all the Graces, link'd with Love,
Stray, laughing, through the shadowy grove;
While rosy boys disporting round,
In circlets trip the velvet ground.
But ah! if there Apollo toys,
I tremble for the rosy boys.

Let Love be there, without his arms, &c.] Thus Sannazaro in the eclogue of Gallicio nell' Arcadia: —

Vegnan li vaghi Amori
Senza fiammelle, ò strali,
Scherzando insieme pargoletti e nudi.

Fluttering on the busy wing,
A train of naked Cupids came,
Sporting around in harmless ring,
Without a dart, without a flame.

And thus in the Pervigilium Veneris: —

Ite nymphae, posuit arma, ferlatus est amor.

Love is disarm'd — ye nymphs, in safety stray,
Your bosoms now may boast a holiday!

But ah! if there Apollo toys,
I tremble for the rosy boys.] An allusion to the fable, that Apollo had killed his beloved boy Hyacinth, while playing with him at quoits. "This (says M. La Fosse) is assuredly the sense of the text, and it cannot admit of any other."

The Italian translators, to save themselves the trouble of a note, have taken the liberty of making Anacreon himself explain this fable. Thus Salvini, the most literal of any of them: —

Ma con lor non giuochi Apollo;
Che in fiero risco
Col duro disco
A Giacinto fiaccò il collo.

ODE VI.*

As late I sought the spangled bowers,
To cull a wreath of matin flowers,
Where many an early rose was weeping,
I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.

* This beautiful fiction, which the commentators have attributed to Julian, a royal poet, the Vatican MS. pronounces to be the genuine offspring of Anacreon. It has, indeed, all the features of the parent: —

et facile insciis
Noscitetur ab omnibus.

Where many an early rose was weeping,
I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.] This idea is prettily imitated in the following epigram by Andreas Naugerius: —

Florentes dum forte vagans mea Hyella per hortos
Texit odoratis lilia cana rosis,
Ecce rosas inter latitantem invenit Amorem
Et simul annexis floribus implicuit.
Luctatur primo, et contra nitentibus alis
Indomitus tentat solvere vincla puer:
Mox ubi lacteolas et dignas matre papillas
Vidit et ora ipsos nata movere Deos,
Impositosque comae ambrosios ut sentit odores
Quosque legit diti messe beatus Arabs;
"I (dixit) mea, quaero novum tibi, mater, Amorem,
Imperio sedes haec erit apta meo."

As fair Hyella, through the bloomy grove,
A wreath of many mingled flow'rets wove,
Within a rose a sleeping Love she found,
And in the twisted wreaths the baby bound.
Awhile he struggled, and impatient tried
To break the rosy bonds the virgin tied;
But when he saw her bosom's radiant swell,
Her features, where the eye of Jove might dwell;
And caught th' ambrosial odours of her hair,
Rich as the breathings of Arabian air;
"Oh! mother Venus," (said the raptur'd child,
By charms, of more than mortal bloom, beguil'd,)
"Go, seek another boy, thou'st lost thine own,
"Hyella's arms shall now be Cupid's throne!"

This epigram of Naugerius is imitated by Lodovico Dolce in a poem, beginning

Mentre raccoglie hor uno, hor altro fiore
Vicina a un rio di chiare et lucid' onde,
Lidia, &c. &c.

I caught the boy, a goblet's tide
Was richly mantling by my side,
I caught him by his downy wing,
And whelm'd him in the racy spring.
Then drank I down the poison'd bowl.
And Love now nestles in my soul.
Oh yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,
I feel him fluttering in my breast.

ODE VII.*

THE women tell me every day
That all my bloom has past away.
"Behold," the pretty wantons cry,
"Behold this mirror with a sigh;
The locks upon thy brow are few,
And, like the rest, they 're withering too!"
Whether decline has thinn'd my hair,
I 'm sure I neither know nor care;

* Alberti has imitated this ode in a poem, beginning

Nisa mi dice e Clori
Tirsi, tu se' pur veglio.

Whether decline has thinn'd my hair,
I 'm sure I neither know nor care;] Henry Stephen very justly remarks the elegant negligence of expression in the original here:

Εγω δε τας κομας μεν,
Ειτ' εισιν, ειτ' απηλθον,
Ουκ οιδα.

And Longepierre has adduced from Catullus, what he thinks a similar instance of this simplicity of manner: —

Ipse quis sit, utrum sit, an non sit, id quoque nescit.

Longepierre was a good critic; but perhaps the line which he has selected is a specimen of a carelessness not very commendable. At the same time I confess, that none of the Latin poets have ever appeared to me so capable of imitating the graces of Anacreon as Catullus, if he had not allowed a depraved imagination to hurry him so often into mere vulgar licentiousness.

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But this I know, and this I feel,
As onward to the tomb I steal,
That still as death approaches nearer,
The joys of life are sweeter, dearer;
And had I but an hour to live,
That little hour to bliss I 'd give.

ODE VIII.*

I CARE not for the idle state
Of Persia's king, the rich the great:
I envy not the monarch's throne,
Nor wish the treasur'd gold my own.
But oh! be mine the rosy wreath,
Its freshness o'er my brow to breathe;

That still as death approaches nearer,
The joys of life are sweeter, dearer;] Pontanus has a very delicate thought upon the subject of old age:

Quid rides, Matrona? senem quid temnis amantem?
Quisquis amat nullâ est conditione senex.

Why do you scorn my want of youth,
And with a smile my brow behold?
Lady dear! believe this truth,
That he who loves cannot be old.

* "The German poet Lessing has imitated this ode. Vol. i. p. 24." Degen. Gail de Editionibus.

Baxter conjectures that this was written upon the occasion of our poet's returning the money to Polycrates, according to the anecdote in Stobaeus.

I care not for the idle state
Of Persia's king, &c.] "There is a fragment of Archilochus in Plutarch, 'De tranquillitate animi,' which our poet has very closely imitated here; it begins,

Ου μοι τα Γυγεω του πολυχρυσου μελει." BARNES.

In one of the monkish imitators of Anacreon we find the same thought: —

Ψυχην εμην ερωτω,
Τι σοι θελεις γενεσθαι;
Θελεις Γυγεω τα και τα;

Be mine the rich perfumes that flow,
To cool and scent my locks of snow.
To-day I 'll haste to quaff my wine,
As if to-morrow ne'er would shine;
But if to-morrow comes, why then —
I 'll haste to quaff my wine again.
And thus while all our days are bright,
Nor time has dimm'd their bloomy light,
Let us the festal hours beguile
With mantling cup and cordial smile;
And shed from each new bowl of wine
The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine.
For Death may come, with brow unpleasant,
May come, when least we wish him present,
And beckon to the sable shore,
And grimly bid us — drink no more!

Be mine the rich perfumes that flow,
To cool and scent my locks of snow.] In the original, *μυροισι καταβρεχειν ὑπηνην.* On account of this idea of perfuming the beard, Cornelius de Pauw pronounces the whole ode to be the spurious production of some lascivious monk, who was nursing his beard with unguents. But he should have known, that this was an ancient eastern custom, which, if we may believe Savary, still exists: "Vous voyez, Monsieur (says this traveller), que l'usage antique de se parfumer la tête et la barbe,* célébré par le prophète Roi, subsiste encore de nos jours." Lettre 12. Savary likewise cites this very ode of Anacreon. Angerianus has not thought the idea inconsistent, having introduced it in the following lines:

Haec mihi cura, rosis et cingere tempora myrto,
Et curas multo delapidare mero.
Haec mihi cura, comas et barbam tingere succo
Assyrio et dulces continuare jocos.

This be my care, to wreathe my brow with flowers,
To drench my sorrows in the ample bowl;
To pour rich perfumes o'er my beard in showers,
And give full loose to mirth and joy of soul!

* "Sicut unguentum in capite quod descendit in barbam Aaronis. — Psaume 133."

ODE IX.*

I PRAY thee, by the gods above,
Give me the mighty bowl I love,
And let me sing, in wild delight,
"I will — I will be mad to-night!"
Alcmæon once, as legends tell,
Was frenzied by the fiends of hell;
Orestes too, with naked tread,
Frantic pac'd the mountain-head;
And why? a murder'd mother's shade
Haunted them still where'er they strayed.
But ne'er could I a murderer be,
The grape alone shall bleed by me;
Yet can I shout, with wild delight,
"I will — I will be mad to-night.

Alcides' self, in days of yore,
Imbru'd his hands in youthful gore,
And brandish'd, with a maniac joy,
The quiver of th' expiring boy:
And Ajax, with tremendous shield,
Infuriate scour'd the guiltless field.
But I, whose hands no weapon ask,
No armour but this joyous flask;
The trophy of whose frantic hours
Is but a scatter'd wreath of flowers,
Ev'n I can sing with wild delight,
"I will — I will be mad to-night!

* The poet is here in a frenzy of enjoyment, and it is, indeed, "amabilis insania;" —

Furor di poesia,
Di lascivia, e di vino,
Triplicato furore,
Bacco, Apollo, et Amore.
Ritratti del Cavalier Marino.

This is truly, as Scaliger expresses it,

— Insanire dulce
Et sapidum furere furorem.

ODE X.*

How am I to punish thee,
For the wrong thou 'st done to me,
Silly swallow, prating thing —
Shall I clip that wheeling wing?
Or, as Tereus did, of old,
(So the fabled tale is told,)
Shall I tear that tongue away,
Tongue that utter'd such a lay?
Ah, how thoughtless hast thou been!
Long before the dawn was seen,
When a dream came o'er my mind,
Picturing her I worship, kind,
Just when I was nearly blest,
Loud thy matins broke my rest!

* This ode is addressed to a swallow. I find from Degen and from Gail's index, that the German poet Weisse has imitated it, Scherz-Lieder. lib. ii. carm. 5.; that Ramler also has imitated it, Lyr. Blumenlese, lib. iv. p. 335.; and some others. See Gail de Editionibus.

We are here referred by Degen to that dull book, the Epistles of Alciphron, tenth epistle, third book; where Iophon complains to Eraston of being wakened by the crowing of a cock, from his vision of riches.

Silly swallow, prating thing, &c.] The loquacity of the swallow was proverbialized; thus Nicostratus: —

Ει το συνεχως και πολλα και ταχεως λαλειν
Ην του φρονειν παρασημον, αἱ χελιδονες
Ελεγοντ' αν ἡμων σωφρονεστεραι πολυ.

If in prating from morning till night,
A sign of our wisdom there be,
The swallows are wiser by right,
For they prattle much faster than we.

Or, as Tereus did, of old, &c.] Modern poetry has confirmed the name of Philomel upon the nightingale; but many respectable authorities among the ancients assigned this metamorphose to Progne, and made Philomel the swallow, as Anacreon does here.

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ODE XI.*

"TELL me, gentle youth, I pray thee,
What in purchase shall I pay thee
For this little waxen toy,
Image of the Paphian boy?"
Thus I said, the other day,
To a youth who pass'd my way:
"Sir," (he answer'd, and the while
Answer'd all in Doric style,)
"Take it, for a trifle take it;
'T was not I who dared to make it;
No, believe me, 't was not I;
Oh, it has cost me many a sigh,
And I can no longer keep
Little gods, who murder sleep!"
"Here, then, here," (I said with joy,)
"Here is silver for the boy:
He shall be my bosom guest,
Idol of my pious breast!"

Now, young Love, I have thee mine,
Warm me with that torch of thine;
Make me feel as I have felt,
Or thy waxen frame shall melt:
I must burn with warm desire,
Or thou, my boy — in yonder fire.

* It is difficult to preserve with any grace the narrative simplicity of this ode, and the humour of the turn with which it concludes. I feel, indeed, that the translation must appear vapid, if not ludicrous, to an English reader.

And I can no longer keep
Little gods, who murder sleep!] I have not literally rendered the epithet παντοφεκτα; if it has any meaning here, it is one, perhaps, better omitted.

I must burn with warm desire,
Or thou, my boy — in yonder fire.] From this Longepierre conjectures, that, whatever Anacreon might say, he felt sometimes the inconveniences of old age, and here solicits from the power of Love a warmth which he could no longer expect from Nature.

ODE XII.

THEY tell how Atys, wild with love,
Roams the mount and haunted grove;
Cybele's name he howls around,
The gloomy blast returns the sound!
Oft too, by Claros' hallow'd spring,
The votaries of the laurell'd king
Quaff the inspiring, magic stream,
And rave in wild, prophetic dream.
But frenzied dreams are not for me,
Great Bacchus is my deity!
Full of mirth, and full of him,
While floating odours round me swim,
While mantling bowls are full supplied,
And you sit blushing by my side,
I will be mad and raving too —
Mad, my girl, with love for you!

They tell how Atys, wild with love,
Roams the mount and haunted grove;] There are many contradictory stories of the loves of Cybele and Atys. It is certain that he was mutilated, but whether by his own fury, or Cybele's jealousy, is a point upon which authors are not agreed.

Cybele's name he howls around, &c.] I have here adopted the accentuation which Elias Andreas gives to Cybele: —

In montibus Cybèlen
Magno sonans boatu.

Oft too, by Claros' hallow'd spring, &c.] This fountain was in a grove, consecrated to Apollo, and situated between Colophon and Lebedos, in Ionia. The god had an oracle there. Scaliger thus alludes to it in his Anacreontica:

Semel ut concitus oestro,
Veluti qui Clarias aquas
Ebibere loquaces,
Quo plus canunt, plura volunt.

While floating odours, &c.] Spaletti has quite mistaken the import of κορεσθεις, as applied to the poet's mistress—"Meâ fatigatus amicâ;" — thus interpreting it in a sense which must want either delicacy or gallantry; if not, perhaps, both.

ODE XIII.

I WILL, I will, the conflict 's past,
And I 'll consent to love at last.
Cupid has long, with smiling art,
Invited me to yield my heart;
And I have thought that peace of mind
Should not be for a smile resign'd;
And so repell'd the tender lure,
And hop'd my heart would sleep secure.

But, slighted in his boasted charms,
The angry infant flew to arms;
He slung his quiver's golden frame,
He took his bow, his shafts of flame,
And proudly summon'd me to yield,
Or meet him on the martial field.
And what did I unthinking do?
I took to arms, undaunted, too;

And what did I unthinking do?
I took to arms, undaunted, too;] Longepierre has here quoted an epigram from the Anthologia, in which the poet assumes Reason as the armour against Love.

Ὡπλισμαι προς ερωτα περι στερνοισι λογισμον,
Ουδε με νικησει, μονος εων προς ἑνα·
Θνατος δ' αθανατῳ συνελευσομαι· ην δε βοηθον
Βακχον εχῃ, τι μονος προς δυ' εγω δυναμαι;

With Reason I cover my breast as a shield,
And fearlessly meet little Love in the field;
Thus fighting his godship, I 'll ne'er be dismay'd;
But if Bacchus should ever advance to his aid,
Alas! then, unable to combat the two,
Unfortunate warrior, what should I do?

This idea of the irresistibility of Cupid and Bacchus united, is delicately expressed in an Italian poem, which is so truly Anacreontic, that its introduction here may be pardoned. It is an imitation, indeed, of our poet's sixth ode.

Lavossi Amore in quel vicino fiume
Ove giuro (Pastor) che bevend' io
Bevei le fiamme, anzi l'istesso Dio,
Ch'or con l'humide piume

Assum'd the corslet, shield, and spear,
And, like Pelides, smil'd at fear.
Then (hear it, all ye powers above!)
I fought with Love! I fought with Love!
And now his arrows all were shed,
And I had just in terror fled —
When, heaving an indignant sigh,
To see me thus unwounded fly,
And, having now no other dart,
He shot himself into my heart!
My heart — alas the luckless day!
Receiv'd the God, and died away.
Farewell, farewell, my faithless shield!
Thy lord at length is forc'd to yield.
Vain, vain, is every outward care,
The foe 's within, and triumphs there.

Lascivetto mi scherza al cor intorno,
Ma che sarei s' io lo bevessi un giorno,
Bacco, nel tuo liquore?
Sarei, piu che non sono ebro d'Amore.

The urchin of the bow and quiver
Was bathing in a neighbouring river,
Where, as I drank on yester-eve,
(Shepherd-youth, the tale believe,)
'T was not a cooling, crystal draught,
'T was liquid flame I madly quaff'd;
For Love was in the rippling tide,
I felt him to my bosom glide;
And now the wily, wanton minion
Plays round my heart with restless pinion.
A day it was of fatal star,
But ah, 't were even more fatal far,
If, Bacchus, in thy cup of fire,
I found this flutt'ring, young desire:
Then, then indeed my soul would prove,
Ev'n more than ever, drunk with love!

And, having now no other dart,
He shot himself into my heart!] Dryden has parodied this thought in the following extravagant lines: —

— — I 'm all o'er Love;
Nay, I am Love, Love shot, and shot so fast,
He shot himself into my breast at last.

ODE XIV.*

COUNT me, on the summer trees,
Every leaf that courts the breeze;
Count me, on the foamy deep,
Every wave that sinks to sleep;

* The poet, in this catalogue of his mistresses, means nothing more, than, by a lively hyperbole, to inform us, that his heart, unfettered by any one object, was warm with devotion towards the sex in general. Cowley is indebted to this ode for the hint of his ballad, called "The Chronicle;" and the learned Menage has imitated it in a Greek Anacreontic, which has so much ease and spirit, that the reader may not be displeased at seeing it here: —

ΠΡΟΣ ΒΙΩΝΑ.

Ει αλσεων τα φυλλα,
Λειμωνιους τε ποιας,
Ει νυκτος αστρα παντα,
Παρακτιους τε ψαμμους,
Ἅλος τε κυματωδη,
Δυνη, Βιων, αριθμειν,
Και τους εμους ερωτας
Δυνη, Βιων, αριθμειν.
Κορην, Γυναικα, Χηραν,
Σμικρην, Μεσην, Μεγιστην,
Λευκην τε και Μελαιναν,
Ορειαδας, Ναπαιας,
Νηρηϊδας τε πασας
Ὁ σος φιλος φιλησε.
Παντων κορος μεν εστιν.
Αυτην νεων Ερωτων,
Δεσποιναν Αφροδιτην,
Χρυσην, καλην, γλυκειαν,
Ερασμιαν, ποθεινην,
Λειμονην φιλησαι
Εγωγε μη δυναιμην.

Tell the foliage of the woods,
Tell the billows of the floods,
Number midnight's starry store,
And the sands that crowd the shore.

Then, when you have number'd these
Billowy tides and leafy trees,

Then, my Bion, thou mayst count
Of my loves the vast amount.
I 've been loving, all my days,
Many nymphs, in many ways;
Virgin, widow, maid, and wife —
I 've been doting all my life.
Naiads, Nereids, nymphs of fountains,
Goddesses of groves and mountains,
Fair and sable, great and small,
Yes, I swear I 've lov'd them all!
Soon was every passion over,
I was but the moment's lover;
Oh! I 'm such a roving elf,
That the Queen of Love herself,
Though she practis'd all her wiles,
Rosy blushes, wreathed smiles,
All her beauty's proud endeavour
Could not chain my heart for ever.

Count me, on the summer trees,
Every leaf, &c.] This figure is called, by rhetoricians, the Impossible (αδυνατον), and is very frequently made use of in poetry. The amatory writers have exhausted a world of imagery by it, to express the infinite number of kisses which they require from the lips of their mistresses: in this Catullus led the way.

— Quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox,
Furtivos hominum vident amores;
Tam te basia multa basiare
Vesano satis, et super, Catullo est:
Quae nec pernumerare curiosi
Possint, nec mala fascinare lingua. Carm. 7.

As many stellar eyes of light,
As through the silent waste of night,
Gazing upon this world of shade,
Witness some secret youth and maid,
Who fair as thou, and fond as I,
In stolen joys enamour'd lie, —
So many kisses, ere I slumber,
Upon those dew-bright lips I 'll number;
So many kisses we shall count,
Envy can never tell th' amount.
No tongue shall blab the sum, but mine;
No lips shall fascinate, but thine!

Count me all the flames I prove,
All the gentle nymphs I love.
First, of pure Athenian maids
Sporting in their olive shades,
You may reckon just a score,
Nay, I 'll grant you fifteen more.
In the fam'd Corinthian grove,
Where such countless wantons rove,
Chains of beauties may be found,
Chains, by which my heart is bound;
There, indeed, are nymphs divine,
Dangerous to a soul like mine.
Many bloom in Lesbos' isle;
Many in Ionia smile;
Rhodes a pretty swarm can boast;
Caria too contains a host.
Sum them all — of brown and fair
You may count two thousand there.
What, you stare? I pray you, peace!
More I 'll find before I cease.
Have I told you all my flames,
'Mong the amorous Syrian dames?
Have I numbered every one,
Glowing under Egypt's sun?

In the fam'd Corinthian grove,
Where such countless wantons rove, &c.] Corinth was very famous for the beauty and number of its courtezans. Venus was the deity principally worshipped by the people, and their constant prayer was, that the gods should increase the number of her worshippers. We may perceive from the application of the verb *κορινθιάζειν*, in Aristophanes, that the lubricity of the Corinthians had become proverbial.

There, indeed, are nymphs divine,
Dangerous to a soul like mine!] "With justice has the poet attributed beauty to the women of Greece." — *Degen.*

M. de Pauw, the author of Dissertations upon the Greeks, is of a different opinion; he thinks, that by a capricious partiality of nature, the other sex had all the beauty; and by this supposition endeavours to account for a very singular depravation of instinct among that people.

Or the nymphs, who blushing sweet
Deck the shrine of Love in Crete;
Where the God, with festal play,
Holds eternal holiday?
Still in clusters, still remain
Gades' warm, desiring train;
Still there lies a myriad more
On the sable India's shore;
These, and many far remov'd,
All are loving — all are lov'd!

ODE XV.*

TELL me, why, my sweetest dove,
Thus your humid pinions move,
Shedding through the air in showers
Essence of the balmiest flowers?
Tell me whither, whence you rove,
Tell me all, my sweetest dove.

Gades' warm, desiring train;] The Gaditanian girls were like the Baladières of India, whose dances are thus described by a French author: "Les danses sont presque toutes des pantomimes d'amour; le plan, le dessein, les attitudes, les mesures, les sons et les cadences de ces ballets, tout respire cette passion et en exprime les voluptés et les fureurs." — *Histoire du Commerce des Europ. dans les deux Indes.* — *Raynal.*

The music of the Gaditanian females had all the voluptuous character of their dancing, as appears from Martial: —

Cantica qui Nili, qui Gaditana susurrat.

Lib. iii. epig. 63.

Lodovico Ariosto had this ode of our bard in his mind, when he wrote his poem "De diversis amoribus." See the Anthologia Italorum.

* The dove of Anacreon, bearing a letter from the poet to his mistress, is met by a stranger, with whom this dialogue is imagined.

The ancients made use of letter-carrying pigeons, when they went any distance from home, as the most certain means of conveying intelligence back. That tender domestic attachment, which attracts this delicate little bird through every danger and difficulty, till it settles in its

Curious stranger, I belong
To the bard of Teian song;
With his mandate now I fly
To the nymph of azure eye; —
She, whose eye has madden'd many,
But the poet more than any.
Venus, for a hymn of love,
Warbled in her votive grove,
('T was in sooth a gentle lay,)
Gave me to the bard away.
See me now his faithful minion, —
Thus with softly-gliding pinion,
To his lovely girl I bear
Songs of passion through the air.
Oft he blandly whispers me,
"Soon, my bird, I 'll set you free."

native nest, affords to the author of "The Pleasures of Memory" a fine and interesting exemplification of his subject.

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love?

See the poem. Daniel Heinsius, in speaking of Dousa, who adopted this method at the siege of Leyden, expresses a similar sentiment.

Quo patriae non tendit amor? Mandata referre
Postquam hominem nequiit mittere, misit avem.

Fuller tells us, that at the siege of Jerusalem, the Christians intercepted a letter, tied to the legs of a dove, in which the Persian Emperor promised assistance to the besieged. — Holy War, cap. 24. book i.

She, whose eye has madden'd many, &c.] For τυραννον, in the original, Zeune and Schneider conjecture that we should read τυραννου, in allusion to the strong influence which this object of his love held over the mind of Polycrates. See Degen.

Venus, for a hymn of love,
Warbled in her votive grove, &c.] "This passage is invaluable, and I do not think that any thing so beautiful or so delicate has ever been said. What an idea does it give of the poetry of the man, from whom Venus herself, the mother of the Graces and the Pleasures, purchases a little hymn with one of her favourite doves!" — *Longepierre.*

De Pauw objects to the authenticity of this ode, because it makes Anacreon his own panegyrist; but poets have a licence for praising themselves, which, with some indeed, may be considered as comprised under their general privilege of fiction.

But in vain he 'll bid me fly,
I shall serve him till I die.
Never could my plumes sustain
Ruffling winds and chilling rain,
O'er the plains, or in the dell,
On the mountain's savage swell,
Seeking in the desert wood
Gloomy shelter, rustic food.
Now I lead a life of ease,
Far from rugged haunts like these.
From Anacreon's hand I eat
Food delicious, viands sweet;
Flutter o'er his goblet's brim,
Sip the foamy wine with him.
Then, when I have wanton'd round
To his lyre's beguiling sound;
Or with gently-moving wings
Fann'd the minstrel while he sings:
On his harp I sink in slumbers,
Dreaming still of dulcet numbers!

This is all — away — away —
You have made me waste the day.
How I 've chatter'd! prating crow
Never yet did chatter so.

ODE XVI.*

Thou, whose soft and rosy hues
Mimic form and soul infuse,

* This ode and the next may be called companion-pictures; they are highly finished, and give us an excellent idea of the taste of the ancients in beauty. Franciscus Junius quotes them in his third book "De Pictura Veterum."

This ode has been imitated by Ronsard, Giuliano Goselini, &c. &c. Scaliger alludes to it thus in his Anacreontica:

Olim lepore blando,
Litis versibus

Best of painters, come portray
The lovely maid that 's far away.
Far away, my soul! thou art,
But I 've thy beauties all by heart.
Paint her jetty ringlets playing,
Silky locks, like tendrils straying;

Candidus Anacreon
Quam pingeret amicus
Descripsit Venerem suam.

The Teian bard, of former days,
Attun'd his sweet descriptive lays,
And taught the painter's hand to trace
His fair beloved's every grace.

In the dialogue of Caspar Barlaeus, entitled "An formosa sit ducenda," the reader will find many curious ideas and descriptions of womanly beauty.

Thou, whose soft and rosy hues
Mimic form and soul infuse,] I have followed here the reading of the Vatican MS. ῥοδεης. Painting is called "the rosy art," either in reference to colouring, or as an indefinite epithet of excellence, from the association of beauty with that flower. Salvini has adopted this reading in his literal translation: —

Della rosea arte signore.

The lovely maid that 's far away.] If this portrait of the poet's mistress be not merely ideal, the omission of her name is much to be regretted. Meleager, in an epigram on Anacreon, mentions "the golden Eurypyle" as his mistress.

Βεβληκως χρυσεην χειρας επ' Ευρυπυλην.

Paint her jetty ringlets playing,
Silky locks, like tendrils straying;] The ancients have been very enthusiastic in their praises of the beauty of hair. Apuleius, in the second book of his Milesiacs, says, that Venus herself, if she were bald, though surrounded by the Graces and the Loves, could not be pleasing even to her husband Vulcan.

Stesichorus gave the epithet καλλιπλοκαμος to the Graces, and Simonides bestowed the same upon the Muses. See Hadrian Junius's Dissertation upon Hair.

To this passage of our poet, Selden alluded in a note on the Polyolbion of Drayton, Song the Second, where observing, that the epithet "black-haired" was given by some of the ancients to the goddess Isis, he says, "Nor will I swear, but that Anacreon (a man very judicious in the provoking motives of wanton love), intending to bestow on his sweet mistress that one of the titles of woman's special ornament, well-haired

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And, if painting hath the skill
To make the spicy balm distil,
Let every little lock exhale
A sigh of perfume on the gale.
Where her tresses' curly flow
Darkles o'er the brow of snow,
Let her forehead beam to light,
Burnish'd as the ivory bright.
Let her eyebrows smoothly rise
In jetty arches o'er her eyes,
Each, a crescent gently gliding,
Just commingling, just dividing.

But, hast thou any sparkles warm,
The lightning of her eyes to form?
Let them effuse the azure rays
That in Minerva's glances blaze,
Mix'd with the liquid light that lies
In Cytherea's languid eyes.

(καλλιπλοκαμος), thought of this when he gave his painter direction to make her black-haired."

And, if painting hath the skill
To make the spicy balm distil, &c.] Thus Philostratus, speaking of a picture: επαινω και τον ενδροσον των ῥοδων, και φημι γεγραφθαι αυτα μετα της οσμης. "I admire the dewiness of these roses, and could say that their very smell was painted."

Mix'd with the liquid light that lies
In Cytherea's languid eyes,] Marchetti explains thus the ὑγρον of the original: —

Dipingili umidetti
Tremuli e lascivetti,
Quai gli ha Ciprigna l'alma Dea d'Amore.

Tasso has painted in the same manner the eyes of Armida: —

Qual raggio in onda le scintilla un riso
Negli umidi occhi tremulo e lascivo.

Within her humid, melting eyes
A brilliant ray of laughter lies,
Soft as the broken solar beam,
That trembles in the azure stream.

The mingled expression of dignity and tenderness, which Anacreon requires the painter to infuse into the eyes of his mistress, is more

O'er her nose and cheek be shed
Flushing white and soften'd red;
Mingling tints, as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose.
Then her lip, so rich in blisses,
Sweet petitioner for kisses,
Rosy nest, where lurks Persuasion,
Mutely courting Love's invasion.
Next, beneath the velvet chin,
Whose dimple hides a Love within,

amply described in the subsequent ode. Both descriptions are so exquisitely touched, that the artist must have been great indeed, if he did not yield in painting to the poet.

Mingling tints, as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose.] Thus Propertius, eleg. 3. lib. ii.

Utque rosae puro lacte natant folia.

And Davenant, in a little poem called "The Mistress,"

Catch as it falls the Scythian snow,
Bring blushing roses steep'd in milk.

Thus too Taygetus: —

Quae lac atque rosas vincis candore rubenti.

These last words may perhaps defend the "flushing white" of the translation.

Then her lip, so rich in blisses,
Sweet petitioner for kisses,] The "lip, provoking kisses," in the original, is a strong and beautiful expression. Achilles Tatius speaks of *χειλη μαλθακα προς τα φιληματα,* "Lips soft and delicate for kissing." A grave old commentator, Dionysius Lambinus, in his notes upon Lucretius, tells us with the apparent authority of experience, that "Suavius viros osculantur puellae labiosae, quam quae sunt brevibus labris." And Aeneas Sylvius, in his tedious uninteresting story of the loves of Euryalus and Lucretia, where he particularizes the beauties of the heroine (in a very false and laboured style of latinity), describes her lips thus: — "Os parvum decensque, labia corallini coloris ad morsum aptissima." — Epist. 114. lib. i.

Next, beneath the velvet chin,
Whose dimple hides a Love within, &c.] Madame Dacier nas quoted here two pretty lines of Varro: —

Sigilia in mento impressa Amoris digitulo
Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem.

In her chin is a delicate dimple,
By Cupid 's own finger imprest;
There Beauty, bewitchingly simple,
Has chosen her innocent nest.

Mould her neck with grace descending,
In a heaven of beauty ending;
While countless charms, above, below,
Sport and flutter round its snow.
Now let a floating, lucid veil,
Shadow her form, but not conceal;
A charm may peep, a hue may beam,
And leave the rest to Fancy's dream.
Enough — 't is she! 't is all I seek;
It glows, it lives, it soon will speak!

ODE XVII.*

And now with all thy pencil's truth,
Portray Bathyllus, lovely youth!
Let his hair, in masses bright,
Fall like floating rays of light;
And there the raven's die confuse
With the golden sunbeam's hues.

Now let a floating, lucid veil,
Shadow her form, but not conceal, &c.] This delicate art of description, which leaves imagination to complete the picture, has been seldom adopted in the imitations of this beautiful poem. Ronsard is exceptionably minute; and Politianus, in his charming portrait of a girl, full of rich and exquisite diction, has lifted the veil rather too much. The "questo che tu m' intendi" should be always left to fancy.

* The reader, who wishes to acquire an accurate idea of the judgment of the ancients in beauty, will be indulged by consulting Junius de Pictura Veterum, lib. 3. cap. 9., where he will find a very curious selection of descriptions and epithets of personal perfections. Junius compares this ode with a description of Theodoric, king of the Goths, in the second epistle, first book, of Sidonius Apollinaris.

Let his hair, in masses bright,
Fall like floating rays of light; &c.] He here describes the sunny hair, the "flava coma," which the ancients so much admired. The Romans gave this colour artificially to their hair. See Stanisl. Kobienzyck. de Luxu Romanorum.

Let no wreath, with artful twine,
The flowing of his locks confine;
But leave them loose to every breeze,
To take what shape and course they please.
Beneath the forehead, fair as snow,
But flush'd with manhood's early glow,
And guileless as the dews of dawn,
Let the majestic brows be drawn,
Of ebon hue, enrich'd by gold,
Such as dark, shining snakes unfold.
Mix in his eyes the power alike,
With love to win, with awe to strike;

Let no wreath, with artful twine, &c.] If the original here, which is particularly beautiful, can admit of any additional value, that value is conferred by Gray's admiration of it. See his letters to West.

Some annotators have quoted on this passage the description of Photis's hair in Apuleius; but nothing can be more distant from the simplicity of our poet's manner, than that affectation of richness which distinguishes the style of Apuleius.

But flush'd with manhood's early glow,
And guileless as the dews of dawn, &c.] Torrentius, upon the words "insignem tenui fronte," in Horace, Od. 33., lib. 1., is of opinion, incorrectly, I think, that "tenui" here bears the same meaning as the word ἁπαλον.

Mix in his eyes the power alike,
With love to win, with awe to strike; &c.] Tasso gives a similar character to the eyes of Clorinda: —

Lampeggiar gli occhi, e folgorar gli sguardi
Dolci ne l'ira.

Her eyes were flashing with a heavenly heat,
A fire that, even in anger, still was sweet.

The poetess Veronica Cambara is more diffuse upon this variety of expression:

Occhi lucenti e belli,
Come esser puo ch' in un medesmo istante
Nascan de voi si nuove forme et tante?
Lieti, mesti, superbi, humil', altieri,
Vi mostrate in un punto, onde di speme,
Et di timor, de empiete, &c. &c.

Oh! tell me, brightly-beaming eye,
Whence in your little orbit lie

Borrow from Mars his look of ire,
From Venus her soft glance of fire;
Blend them in such expression here,
That we by turns may hope and fear!

Now from the sunny apple seek
The velvet down that spreads his cheek;
And there, if art so far can go,
Th' ingenuous blush of boyhood show.
While, for his mouth — but no, — in vain
Would words its witching charm explain.
Make it the very seat, the throne,
That Eloquence would claim her own;
And let the lips, though silent, wear
A life-look, as if words were there.

Next thou his ivory neck must trace,
Moulded with soft but manly grace;

So many different traits of fire,
Expressing each a new desire.
Now with pride or scorn you darkle,
Now with love, with gladness, sparkle,
While we who view the varying mirror,
Feel by turns both hope and terror.

Chevreau, citing the lines of our poet, in his critique on the poems of Malherbe, produces a Latin version of them from a manuscript which he had seen, entitled "Joan. Falconis Anacreontici Lusus."

That Eloquence would claim her own;] In the original, as in the preceding ode, Pitho, the goddess of persuasion, or eloquence. It was worthy of the delicate imagination of the Greeks to deify Persuasion, and give her the lips for her throne. We are here reminded of a very interesting fragment of Anacreon, preserved by the scholiast upon Pindar, and supposed to belong to a poem reflecting with some severity on Simonides, who was the first, we are told, that ever made a hireling of his muse: —

Ουδ' αργυρεη ποτ' ελαμψε Πειθω.

Nor yet had fair Persuasion shone
In silver splendours, not her own.

And let the lips, though silent, wear
A life-look, as if words were there.] In the original *λαλων σιοπη.* The mistress of Petrarch "parla con silenzio," which is perhaps the best method of female eloquence.

Fair as the neck of Paphia's boy,
Where Paphia's arms have hung in joy.
Give him the winged Hermes' hand,
With which he waves his snaky wand;
Let Bacchus the broad chest supply,
And Leda's son the sinewy thigh;
While, through his whole transparent frame,
Thou show'st the stirrings of that flame,
Which kindles, when the first love-sigh
Steals from the heart, unconscious why.

But sure thy pencil, though so bright,
Is envious of the eye's delight,
Or its enamour'd touch would show
The shoulder, fair as sunless snow,
Which now in veiling shadow lies,
Remov'd from all but Fancy's eyes.
Now, for his feet — but hold — forbear —
I see the sun-god's portrait there;
Why paint Bathyllus? when, in truth,
There, in that god, thou 'st sketch'd the youth.

Give him the winged Hermes' hand, &c.] In Shakspeare's Cymbeline there is a similar method of description: —

— — this is his hand,
His foot mercurial, his martial thigh,
The brawns of Hercules.

We find it likewise in Hamlet. Longepierre thinks that the hands of Mercury are selected by Anacreon, on account of the graceful gestures which were supposed to characterize the god of eloquence; but Mercury was also the patron of thieves, and may perhaps be praised as a light-fingered deity.

— — *But hold — forbear —*

I see the sun-god's portrait there;] The abrupt turn here is spirited, but requires some explanation. While the artist is pursuing the portrait of Bathyllus, Anacreon, we must suppose, turns round and sees a picture of Apollo, which was intended for an altar at Samos. He then instantly tells the painter to cease his work; that this picture will serve for Bathyllus; and that, when he goes to Samos, he may make an Apollo of the portrait of the boy which he had begun.

"Bathyllus (says Madame Dacier) could not be more elegantly praised, and this one passage does him more honour than the statue, however beautiful it might be, which Polycrates raised to him."

Enough — let this bright form be mine,
And send the boy to Samos' shrine;
Phœbus shall then Bathyllus be,
Bathyllus then, the deity!

ODE XVIII.*

Now the star of day is high,
Fly, my girls, in pity fly,
Bring me wine in brimming urns,
Cool my lip, it burns, it burns!
Sunn'd by the meridian fire,
Panting, languid I expire.
Give me all those humid flowers,
Drop them o'er my brow in showers.

* An elegant translation of this ode, says Degen, may be found in Ramler's Lyr. Blumenlese, lib. v. p. 403.

Bring me wine in brimming urns, &c.] Orig. πιειν αμυστι. The amystis was a method of drinking used among the Thracians. Thus Horace, "Threicià vincat amystide." Mad. Dacier, Longepierre, &c. &c.

Parrhasius, in his twenty-sixth epistle (Thesaur. Critic. vol. i.), explains the amystis as a draught to be exhausted without drawing breath, "uno haustu." A note in the margin of this epistle of Parrhasius says, "Politianus vestem esse putabat," but adds no reference.

Give me all those humid flowers, &c.] According to the original reading of this line, the poet says, "Give me the flower of wine" — Date flosculos Lyaei, as it is in the version of Elias Andreas; and

Deh porgetimi del fiore
Di quel almo e buon liquore,

as Regnier has it, who supports the reading. The word Ανθος would undoubtedly bear this application, which is somewhat similar to its import in the epigram of Simonides upon Sophocles: —

Εσβεσθης γεραιε Σοφοκλεες, ανθος αοιδων.

and flos in the Latin is frequently applied in the same manner — thus Cethegus is called by Ennius, Flos inlibatus populi, suadaeque medulla, "The immaculate flower of the people, and the very marrow of persuasion." See these verses cited by Aulus Gellius, lib. xii., which Cicero praised, and Seneca thought ridiculous.

But in the passage before us, if we admit εκεινων, according to Faber's conjecture, the sense is sufficiently clear, without having recourse to such refinements.

Scarce a breathing chaplet now
Lives upon my feverish brow;
Every dewy rose I wear
Sheds its tears, and withers there.
But to you, my burning heart,
What can now relief impart?
Can brimming bowl, or flowret 's dew,
Cool the flame that scorches you?

ODE XIX.*

HERE recline you, gentle maid,
Sweet is this embowering shade;

Every dewy rose I wear
Sheds its tears, and withers there.] There are some beautiful lines, by Angerianus, upon a garland, which I cannot resist quoting here: —

Ante fores madidae sic sic pendete corollae,
Mane orto imponet Caelia vos capiti;
At quum per niveam cervicem influxerit humor,
Dicite, non roris sed pluvia haec lacrimae.

By Celia's arbour all the night
Hang, humid wreath, the lover's vow;
And haply, at the morning light,
My love shall twine thee round her brow.
Then, if upon her bosom bright
Some drops of dew shall fall from thee,
Tell her, they are not drops of night,
But tears of sorrow shed by me!

In the poem of Mr. Sheridan's, "Uncouth is this moss-covered grotto of stone," there is an idea very singularly coincident with this of Angerianus: —

And thou, stony grot, in thy arch may'st preserve
Some lingering drops of the night-fallen dew;
Let them fall on her bosom of snow, and they 'll serve
As tears of my sorrow entrusted to you.

But to you, my burning heart, &c.] The transition here is peculiarly delicate and impassioned; but the commentators have perplexed the sentiment by a variety of readings and conjectures.

* The description of this bower is so natural and animated, that we almost feel a degree of coolness and freshness while we peruse it. Longepierre has quoted from the first book of the Anthologia, the following epigram, as somewhat resembling this ode: —

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Sweet the young, the modest trees,
Ruffled by the kissing breeze;
Sweet the little founts that weep,
Lulling soft the mind to sleep;
Hark! they whisper as they roll,
Calm persuasion to the soul;
Tell me, tell me, is not this
All a stilly scene of bliss?
Who, my girl, would pass it by?
Surely neither you nor I.

Ερχεο και κατ' εμαν ἱζευ πιτυν, ἁ το μελιχρον
Προς μαλακους ηχει κεκλιμενα ζεφυρους.
Ηνιδε και κρουνισμα μελισταγες, ενθα μελισδων
Ἡδυν ερημαιοις ὑπνον αγω καλαμοις.

Come, sit by the shadowy pine
That covers my sylvan retreat;
And see how the branches incline
The breathing of zephyr to meet.

See the fountain, that, flowing, diffuses
Around me a glittering spray;
By its brink, as the traveller muses,
I soothe him to sleep with my lay.

Here recline you, gentle maid, &c.] The Vatican MS. reads *βαθυλλου*, which renders the whole poem metaphorical. Some commentator suggests the reading of *βαθυλλον*, which makes a pun upon the name; a grace that Plato himself has condescended to in writing of his boy *Αστηρ*. See the epigram of this philosopher, which I quote on the twenty-second ode.

There is another epigram by this philosopher, preserved in Laertius, which turns upon the same word.

Αστηρ πριν μεν ελαμπες ενι ζωοισιν ἑωος,
Νυν δε θανων λαμπεις ἑσπερος εν φθιμενοις.

In life thou wert my morning star,
But now that death has stol'n thy light,
Alas! thou shinest dim and far,
Like the pale beam that weeps at night.

In the Veneres Blyenburgicae, under the head of "Allusiones," we find a number of such frigid conceits upon names, selected from the poets of the middle ages.

Who, my girl, would pass it by?
Surely neither you nor I.] The finish given to the picture by this

ODE XX.*

One day the Muses twin'd the hands
Of infant Love with flow'ry bands;
And to celestial Beauty gave
The captive infant for her slave.

simple exclamation *τις αν ουν ὁρων παρελθοι*, is inimitable. Yet a French translator says on the passage, "This conclusion appeared to me too trifling after such a description, and I thought proper to add somewhat to the strength of the original."

* The poet appears, in this graceful allegory, to describe the softening influence which poetry holds over the mind, in making it peculiarly susceptible to the impressions of beauty. In the following epigram, however, by the philosopher Plato, (Diog. Laert. lib. 3.) the Muses are represented as disavowing the influence of Love.

Ἁ Κυπρις Μουσαισι, χορασια, των Αφροδιταν
Τιματ', η τον Ερωτα ὑμμιν εφοπλισομαι,
Αἱ Μουσαι ποτι Κυπριν, Αρει τα στωμυλα ταυτα·
Ἡμιν ου πεταται τουτο το παιδαριον.

"Yield to my gentle power, Parnassian maids;"
Thus to the Muses spoke the Queen of Charms —
"Or Love shall flutter through your classic shades,
And make your grove the camp of Paphian arms!"

"No," said the virgins of the tuneful bower,
"We scorn thine own and all thy urchin's art;
Though Mars has trembled at the infant's power,
His shaft is pointless o'er a Muse's heart!"

There is a sonnet by Benedetto Guidi, the thought of which was suggested by this ode.

Scherzava dentro all' auree chiome Amore
Dell' alma donna della vita mia:
E tanta era il piacer ch' ei ne sentia,
Che non sapea, nè volea uscirne fore.

Quando ecco ivi annodar si sente il core,
Sì, che per forza ancor convien che stia:
Tai lacci alta beltate orditi avia
Del crespo crin, per farsi eterno onore.

Onde offre infin dal ciel degna mercede,
A chi scioglie il figliuol la bella dea
Da tanti nodi, in ch' ella stretto il vede.

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His mother comes, with many a toy,
To ransom her beloved boy;

Ma ei vinto a due occhi l' arme cede:
Et t' affatichi indarno, Citerea;
Che s' altri 'l scioglie, egli a legar si riede.

Love, wandering through the golden maze
Of my beloved's hair,
Found, at each step, such sweet delays,
That rapt he linger'd there.

And how, indeed, was Love to fly,
Or how his freedom find,
When every ringlet was a tie,
A chain, by Beauty twin'd.

In vain to seek her boy's release,
Comes Venus from above:
Fond mother, let thy efforts cease,
Love 's now the slave of Love.

And, should we loose his golden chain,
The prisoner would return again!

His mother comes, with many a toy,
To ransom her beloved boy; &c.] In the first idyl of Moschus, Venus thus proclaims the reward for her fugitive child: —

Ὁ μανυτας γερας ἑξει,
Μισθος τοι, το φιλαμα το Κυπριδος· ην δ' αγαγῃς νιν,
Ου γυμνον το φιλαμα, τυ δ', ω ξενε, και πλεον ἑξεις.

On him, who the haunts of my Cupid can show,
A kiss of the tenderest stamp I 'll bestow;
But he, who can bring back the urchin in chains,
Shall receive even something more sweet for his pains.

Subjoined to this ode, we find in the Vatican MS. the following lines, which appear to me to boast as little sense as metre, and which are most probably the interpolation of the transcriber: —

Ἡδυμελης Ανακρεων
Ἡδυμελης δε Σαπφω
Πινδαρικον το δε μοι μελος
Συγκερασας τις εγχεοι
Τα τρια ταυτα μοι δοκει
Και Διονυσος εισελθων
Και Παφιη παραχροος
Και αυτος Ερως καν επιειν.

His mother sues, but all in vain, —
He ne 'er will leave his chains again.
Even should they take his chains away,
The little captive still would stay.
"If this," he cries, "a bondage be,
Oh, who could wish for liberty?"

ODE XXI.*

Observe when mother earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky;
And then the dewy cordial gives
To ev'ry thirsty plant that lives.

* Those critics who have endeavoured to throw the chains of precision over the spirit of this beautiful trifle, require too much from Anacreontic philosophy. Among others, Gail very sapiently thinks that the poet uses the epithet μελαινη, because black earth absorbs moisture more quickly than any other; and accordingly he indulges us with an experimental disquisition on the subject. — See Gail's notes.

One of the Capilupi has imitated this odo, in an epitaph on a drunkard: —

Dum vixi sine fine bibi, sic imbrifer arcus
Sic tellus pluvias sole perusta bibit.
Sic bibit assiduè fontes et flumina Pontus,
Sic semper sitiens Sol maris haurit aquas.
Ne te igitur jactes plus me, Silene, bibisse;
Et mihi da victas tu quoquo, Bacche, manus.

Hippolytus Capilupus.

While life was mine, tho little hour
In drinking still unvaried flew;
I drank as earth imbibes the shower,
Or as the rainbow drinks the dew;
As ocean quaffs the rivers up,
Or flushing sun inhales the sea:
Silenus trembled at my cup,
And Bacchus was outdone by me!

I cannot omit citing those remarkable lines of Shakspeare, where the thoughts of the ode before us are preserved with such striking similitude:

I 'll example you with thievery.
The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction

The vapours, which at evening weep,
Are beverage to the swelling deep;
And when the rosy sun appears,
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
The moon too quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre, from the solar beam.
Then, hence with all your sober thinking!
Since Nature's holy law is drinking;
I 'll make the laws of nature mine,
And pledge the universe in wine.

ODE XXII.

THE Phrygian rock, that braves the storm,
Was once a weeping matron's form;
And Progne, hapless, frantic maid,
Is now a swallow in the shade.

Robs the vast sea. The moon 's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun.
The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The mounds into salt tears. The earth 's a thief,
That feeds, and breeds by a compostnre stol'n
From general excrements.

Timon of Athens, act iv. sc. 3.

— *a weeping matron's form;*] Niobe. — Ogilvie, in his Essay on the Lyric Poetry of the Ancients, in remarking upon the Odes of Anacreon, says, "In some of his pieces there is oxuberance and even wildness of imagination; in that particularly, which is addressed to a young girl, where he wishes alternately to be transformed to a mirror, a coat, a stream, a bracelet, and a pair of shoes, for tho different purposes which he recites; this is mere sport and wantonness."

It is the wantonness, however, of a very graceful Muse; "ludit amabiliter." The compliment of this ode is exquisitely delicate, and so singular for the period in which Anacreon lived, when the scale of love had not yet been graduated into all its little progressive refinements, that if we were inclined to question the authenticity of the poem, we should find a much more plausible argument in the features of modern gallantry which it bears, than in any of those fastidious conjectures upon which some commentators have presumed so far. Degen thinks it spurious, and De Pauw pronounces it to be miserable. Longepierre

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Oh! that a mirror's form were mine,
That I might catch that smile divine;
And like my own fond fancy be,
Reflecting thee, and only thee;
Or could I be the robe which holds
That graceful form within its folds;
Or, turn'd into a fountain, lave
Thy beauties in my circling wave.

and Barnes refer us to several imitations of this ode, from which I shall only select the following epigram of Dionysius: —

Ειθ' ανεμος γενομην, συ δε γε στειχουσα παρ' αυγας,
Στηθεα γυμνωσαις, και με πνεοντα λαβοις.
Ειθε ῥοδον γενομην ὑποπορφυρον, οφρα με χερσιν
Αραμενη, κομισαις στεθεσι χιονεοις.
Ειθε κρινον γενομην λευκόχροον, οφρα με χερσιν
Αραμενη, μαλλον σης χροτιης κορεσης.

I wish I could like zephyr steal
To wanton o'er thy mazy vest;
And thou wouldst ope thy bosom-veil,
And take me panting to thy breast!

I wish I might a rose-bud grow,
And thou wouldst cull me from the bower,
To place me on that breast of snow,
Where I should bloom, a wintry flower.

I wish I were the lily's leaf,
To fade upon that bosom warm,
Content to wither, pale and brief,
The trophy of thy fairer form!

I may add, that Plato has expressed as fanciful a wish in a distich preserved by Laertius:

Αστερας εισαθρεις, Αστηρ εμος. ειθε γενοιμην
Ουρανος, ὡς πολλοις ομμασιν εις σε βλεπω.

TO STELLA.

Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?
Oh! that I were that spangled sphere,
And every star should be an eye,
To wonder on thy beauties here!

Apuleius quotes this epigram of the divine philosopher, to justify himself for his verses on Critias and Charinus. See his Apology, where he also adduces the example of Anacreon; "Fecere tamen et alii talia, et si vos ignoratis, apud Graecos Teius quidam, &c. &c."

Would I were perfume for thy hair,
To breathe my soul in fragrance there;
Or, better still, the zone, that lies
Close to thy breast, and feels its sighs.
Or ev'n those envious pearls that show
So faintly round that neck of snow —
Yes, I would be a happy gem,
Like them to hang, to fade like them.
What more would thy Anacreon be?
Oh, any thing that touches thee;
Nay, sandals for those airy feet —
Ev'n to be trod by them were sweet!

Or, better still, the zone, that lies
Close to thy breast, and feels its sighs!] This ταινιη was a riband, or band, called by the Romans fascia and strophium, which the women wore for the purpose of restraining the exuberance of the bosom. Vide Polluc. Onomast. Thus Martial: —

Fasciâ crescentes dominae compesce papillas.

The women of Greece not only wore this zone, but condemned themselves to fasting, and made use of certain drugs and powders for the same purpose. To these expedients they were compelled, in consequence of their inelegant fashion of compressing the waist into a very narrow compass, which necessarily caused an excessive tumidity in the bosom. See Dioscorides, lib. v.

Nay, sandals for those airy feet —
Ev'n to be trod by them were sweet!] The sophist Philostratus, in one of his love-letters, has borrowed this thought; ω αδεποι ποδες, ω καλλος ελευθερος, ω τρισευδαιμων εγω και μακαριος εαν πατησετε με. — "Oh lovely feet! oh excellent beauty! oh! thrice happy and blessed should I be, if you would but tread on me!" In Shakspeare, Romeo desires to be a glove: —

Oh! that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might kiss that cheek!

And, in his Passionate Pilgrim, we meet with an idea somewhat like that of the thirteenth line: —

He, spying her, bounc'd in, where as he stood,
"O Jove!" quoth she, "why was not I a flood?"

In Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, that whimsical farrago of "all such reading as was never read," we find a translation of this ode made before 1632. — "Englished by Mr. B. Holiday, in his Technog. act. i. scene 7."

ODE XXIII.*

I often wish this languid lyre,
This warbler of my soul's desire,
Could raise the breath of song sublime,
To men of fame, in former time.
But when the soaring theme I try,
Along the chords my numbers die,
And whisper, with dissolving tone,
"Our sighs are given to love alone!"
Indignant at the feeble lay,
I tore the panting chords away,
Attun'd them to a nobler swell,
And struck again the breathing shell;
In all the glow of epic fire,
To Hercules I wake the lyre.
But still its fainting sighs repeat,
"The tale of love alone is sweet!"

* According to the order in which the odes are usually placed, this (*Θελω λεγειν Ατρειδας*) forms the first of the series; and is thought to be peculiarly designed as an introduction to the rest. It however characterizes the genius of the Teian but very inadequately, as wine, the burden of his lays, is not even mentioned in it:

— — cum multo Venerem confundere mero
Preceepit Lyrici Teia Musa senis. Ovid.

The twenty-sixth Ode, *Συ μεν λεγεις τα Θηβης*, might, with just as much propriety, be placed at the head of his songs.

We find the sentiments of the ode before us expressed by Bion with much simplicity in his fourth idyl. The above translation is, perhaps, too paraphrastical; but the ode has been so frequently translated, that I could not otherwise avoid triteness and repetition.

In all the glow of epic fire,
To Hercules I wake the lyre!] Madame Dacier generally translates *λυρη* into a lute, which I believe is inaccurate. "D'expliquer la lyre des anciens (says M. Sorel) par un luth, c'est ignorer la différence qu'il y a entre ces deux instrumens de musique." — *Bibliothèque Françoise.*

But still its fainting sighs repeat,
"*The tale of love alone is sweet!*"] The word *αντεφωνει* in the original, may imply that kind of musical dialogue practised by the ancients, in which the lyre was made to respond to the questions pro-

Then fare thee well, seductive dream,
That mad'st me follow Glory's theme;
For thou my lyre, and thou my heart,
Shall never more in spirit part;
And all that one has felt so well
The other shall as sweetly tell!

ODE XXIV.*

To all that breathe the air of heaven,
Some boon of strength has Nature given.
In forming the majestic bull,
She fenced with wreathed horns his skull;
A hoof of strength she lent the steed,
And wing'd the timorous hare with speed.
She gave the lion fangs of terror,
And, o'er the ocean's crystal mirror,

posed by the singer. This was a method which Sappho used, as we are told by Hermogenes; "*ὅταν την λυραν ερωτα Σαπφω, και ὅταν αυτη αποκρινηται.*" — *Περι Ιδεων, τομ. δευτ.*

* Henry Stephen has imitated the idea of this ode in the following lines of one of his poems: —

Provida dat cunctis Natura animantibus arma,
Et sua foemineum possidet arma genus,
Ungulaque ut defendit equum, atque ut cornua taurum,
Armata est formâ foemina pulchra suâ.

And the same thought occurs in those lines, spoken by Corisca in Pastor Fido:

Cosi noi la bellezza
Ch' è vertù nostra cosi propria, come
La forza del leone,
E l'ingegno de l' huomo.

The lion boasts his savage powers,
And lordly man his strength of mind;
But beauty's charm is solely ours,
Peculiar boon, by Heav'n assign'd.

"An elegant explication of the beauties of this ode (says Degen) may be found in Grimm in den Anmerk. über einige Oden des Anakr."

Taught the unnumber'd scaly throng
To trace their liquid path along;
While for the umbrage of the grove,
She plum'd the warbling world of love.

To man she gave, in that proud hour,
The boon of intellectual power.
Then, what, oh woman, what, for thee,
Was left in Nature's treasury?
She gave thee beauty — mightier far
Than all the pomp and power of war.
Nor steel, nor fire itself hath power
Like woman, in her conquering hour.
Be thou but fair, mankind adore thee,
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!

To man she gave, in that proud hour,
The boon of intellectual power.] In my first attempt to translate this ode, I had interpreted φρονημα, with Baxter and Barnes, as implying courage and military virtue; but I do not think that the gallantry of the idea suffers by the import which I have now given to it. For, why need we consider this possession of wisdom as exclusive? and in truth, as the design of Anacreon is to estimate the treasure of beauty, above all the rest which Nature has distributed, it is perhaps even refining upon the delicacy of the compliment, to prefer the radiance of female charms to the cold illumination of wisdom and prudence; and to think that women's eyes are

— — — the books, the academies,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

She gave thee beauty — mightier far
Than all the pomp and power of war.] Thus Achilles Tatius: — καλλος οξυτερον τιτρωσκει βελους, και δια των οφθαλμων εις την ψυχην καταῤῥει. Οφθαλμος γαρ ὁδος ερωτικῳ τραυματι. "Beauty wounds more swiftly than the arrow, and passes through the eye to the very soul; for the eye is the inlet to the wounds of love."

Be thou but fair, mankind adore thee,
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!] Longepierre's remark here is ingenious: — "The Romans," says he, "were so convinced of the power of beauty, that they used a word implying strength in the place of the epithet beautiful. Thus Plautus, act. 2. scene 2. Bacchid.

Sed Bacchis etiam fortis tibi visa.

'Fortis, id est formosa,' say Servius and Nonius."

ODE XXV.*

ONCE in each revolving year,
Gentle bird! we find thee here.
When Nature wears her summer-vest,
Thou com'st to weave thy simple nest;
But when the chilling winter lowers,
Again thou seek'st the genial bowers
Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,
Where sunny hours for ever smile.
And thus thy pinion rests and roves, —
Alas! unlike the swarm of Loves,
That brood within this hapless breast,
And never, never change their nest!

* We have here another ode addressed to the swallow. Alberti has imitated both in one poem, beginning

Perch' io pianga al tuo canto,
Rondinella importuna, &c.

Alas! unlike the swarm of loves,
That brood within this hapless breast,
And never, never change their nest!] Thus Love is represented as a bird, in an epigram cited by Longepierre from the Anthologia: —

Αιει μοι δυνει μεν εν ουασιν ηχος ερωτος
Ομμα δε σιγα ποθοις το γλυκυ δακρυ φερει.
Ουδ' ἡ νυξ, ου φεγγος εκοιμισεν, αλλ' ὑπο φιλτρων
Ηδε που κραδιη γνωστος ενεστι τυπος.
Ω πτανοι, μη και ποτ' εφιπτασθαι μεν ερωτες
Οιδατ', αποπτηναι δ' ουθ' ὁσον ισχυετε,

'T is Love that murmurs in my breast
And makes me shed the secret tear;
Nor day nor night my soul hath rest,
For night and day his voice I hear.

A wound within my heart I find,
And oh! 't is plain where Love has been;
For still he leaves a wound behind
Such as within my heart is seen.

Oh, bird of Love! with song so drear,
Make not my soul the nest of pain;
But, let the wing which brought thee here,
In pity waft thee hence again!

Still every year, and all the year,
They fix their fated dwelling here;
And some their infant plumage try,
And on a tender winglet fly;
While in the shell, impregn'd with fires,
Still lurk a thousand more desires;
Some from their tiny prisons peeping,
And some in formless embryo sleeping.
Thus peopled, like the vernal groves,
My breast resounds with warbling Loves;
One urchin imps the other's feather,
Then twin-desires they wing together,
And fast as they thus take their flight,
Still other urchins spring to light.
But is there then no kindly art,
To chase these Cupids from my heart;
Ah, no! I fear, in sadness fear,
They will for ever nestle here!

ODE XXVI.*

Thy harp may sing of Troy's alarms,
Or tell the tale of Theban arms;
With other wars my song shall burn,
For other wounds my harp shall mourn.
'T was not the crested warrior's dart,
That drank the current of my heart;
Nor naval arms, nor mailed steed,
Have made this vanquish'd bosom bleed;
No — 't was from eyes of liquid blue,
A host of quiver'd Cupids flew;

* "The German poet Uz has imitated this ode. Compare also Weisse Scherz. Lieder, lib. iii., der Soldat." Gail, Degen.

No — 't was from eyes of liquid blue
A host of quiver'd Cupids flew:] Longepierre has quoted part of an

And now my heart all bleeding lies
Beneath that army of the eyes!

ODE XXVII.*

We read the flying courser's name
Upon his side, in marks of flame;
And, by their turban'd brows alone,
The warriors of the East are known.
But in the lover's glowing eyes,
The inlet to his bosom lies;

epigram from the seventh book of the Anthologia, which has a fancy something like this.

Ου με λεληθας,
Τοξοτα, Ζηνοφιλας ομμασι κρυπτομενος.

Archer Love! though slily creeping,
Well I know where thou dost lie;
I saw thee through the curtain peeping,
That fringes Zenophelia's eye.

The poets abound with conceits on the archery of the eyes, but few have turned the thought so naturally as Anacreon. Ronsard gives to the eyes of mistress "un petit camp d'amours."

* This ode forms a part of the preceding in the Vatican MS. but I have conformed to the editions in translating them separately.

"Compare with this (says Degen) the poem of Ramler, Wahrzeichen der Liebe, in Lyr. Blumenlese, lib. iv. p. 313."

But in the lover's glowing eyes,
The inlet to his bosom lies;] "We cannot see into the heart," says Madame Dacier. But the lover answers —

Il cor ne gli occhi et ne la fronte ho scritto.

M. La Fosse has given the following lines, as enlarging on the thought of Anacreon: —

Lorsque je vois un amant,
Il cache en vain son tourment,
'A le trahir tout conspire,
Sa langueur, son embarras,
Tout ce qu'il peut faire ou dire,
Même ce qu'il ne dit pas.

In vain the lover tries to veil
The flame that in his bosom lies;

Through them we see the small faint mark,
Where Love has dropp'd his burning spark!

ODE XXVIII.*

As, by his Lemnian forge's flame,
The husband of the Paphian dame
Moulded the glowing steel, to form
Arrows for Cupid, thrilling warm;
And Venus, as he plied his art,
Shed honey round each new-made dart,
While Love, at hand, to finish all,
Tipp'd every arrow's point with gall;

His cheeks' confusion tells the tale,
We read it in his languid eyes:
And while his words the heart betray,
His silence speaks ev'n more than they.

* This ode is referred to by La Mothe le Vayer, who, I believe, was the author of that curious little work, called "Hexameron Rustique." He makes use of this, as well as the thirty-fifth, in his ingenious but indelicate explanation of Homer's Cave of the Nymphs. — Journée Quatrième.

While Love, at hand, to finish all,
Tipp'd every arrow's point with gall;] Thus Claudian: —

Labuntur gemini fontes, hic dulcis, amarus
Alter, et infusis corrumpit mella venenis,
Unde Cupidineas armavit fama sagittas.

In Cyprus' isle two rippling fountains fall,
And one with honey flows, and one with gall;
In these, if we may take the tale from fame,
The son of Venus dips his darts of flame.

See Alciatus, emblem 91., on the close connection which subsists between sweets and bitterness. "Apes ideo pungunt (says Petronius), quia ubi dulce, ibi et acidum invenies."

The allegorical description of Cupid's employment, in Horace, may vie with this before us in fancy, though not in delicacy: —

— — ferus et Cupido
Semper ardentes acuens sagittas
Cote cruentâ.

It chanc'd the Lord of Battles came
To visit that deep cave of flame.
'T was from the ranks of war he rush'd
His spear with many a life-drop blush'd;
He saw the fiery darts, and smil'd
Contemptuous at the archer-child.
"What!" said the urchin, "dost thou smile?
Here, hold this little dart awhile,
And thou wilt find, though swift of flight,
My bolts are not so feathery light."

Mars took the shaft — and, oh, thy look,
Sweet Venus, when the shaft he took! —
Sighing, he felt the urchin's art,
And cried, in agony of heart,
"It is not light — I sink with pain!
Take — take thy arrow back again."
"No," said the child, "it must not be;
That little dart was made for thee!"

ODE XXIX.

Yes — loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still;

And Cupid, sharpening all his fiery darts,
Upon a whetstone stain'd with blood of hearts.

Secundus has borrowed this, but has somewhat softened the image by the omission of the epithet "cruentâ."

Fallor an ardentes acuebat cote sagittas? Eleg. 1.

Yes — loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still; &c.] The following Anacreontic, addressed by Menage to Daniel Huet, enforces, with much grace, the "necessity of loving:" —

Περι του δειν φιλησαι.
Προς Πετρον Δανιηλα Ὑεττον.

Μεγα θαυμα των αοιδων,
Χαριτων θαλος, Ὑεττε,

But oh, it is the worst of pain,
To love and not be lov'd again!
Affection now has fled from earth,
Nor fire of genius, noble birth,

Φιλεωμεν, ω ἑταιρε.
Φιλεησαν οἱ σοφισται.
Φιλεησε σεμνος ανηρ,
Το τεκνον του Σωφρονισκου,
Σοφιης πατηρ ἁπασης,
Τι δ' ανευ γενοιτ' Ερωτος;
*Ακονη μεν εστι ψυχης.**
Πτερυγεσσιν εις Ολυμπον
Κατακειμενους αναιρει.
Βραδεας τετηγμενοισι
Βελεεσι εξαγειρει.
Πυρι λαμπαδος φαεινῳ
Ῥυπαρωτερους καθαιρει.
Φιλεωμεν ουν, Ὑεττε,
Φιλεωμεν ω ἑταιρε.
Αδικως δε λοιδορουντι
Ἁγιους ερωτας ημων
Κακον ευξομαι το μουνον,
Ἱνα μη δυναιτ' εκεινος
Φιλεειν τε και φιλεισθαι.

Thou! of tuneful bards the first,
Thou! by all the Graces nurst;
Friend! each other friend above,
Come with me, and learn to love.
Loving is a simple lore,
Graver men have learn'd before;
Nay, the boast of former ages,
Wisest of the wisest sages,
Sophroniscus' prudent son,
Was by love's illusion won.
Oh! how heavy life would move,
If we knew not how to love!

* This line is borrowed from an epigram by Alpheus of Mitylene which Menage, I think, says somewhere he was himself the first to produce to the world: —

Ψυχης εστιν Ερως ακονη.

Nor heavenly virtue, can beguile
From beauty's cheek one favouring smile.
Gold is the woman's only theme,
Gold is the woman's only dream.
Oh! never be that wretch forgiven —
Forgive him not, indignant heaven!
Whose grovelling eyes could first adore,
Whose heart could pant for sordid ore.
Since that devoted thirst began,
Man has forgot to feel for man;
The pulse of social life is dead,
And all its fonder feelings fled!
War too has sullied Nature's charms,
For gold provokes the world to arms:
And oh! the worst of all its arts,
It rends asunder loving hearts.

Love 's a whetstone to the mind;
Thus 't is pointed, thus refined.
When the soul dejected lies,
Love can waft it to the skies;
When in languor sleeps the heart,
Love can wake it with his dart;
When the mind is dull and dark,
Love can light it with his spark!
Come, oh! come then, let us haste
All the bliss of love to taste;
Let us love both night and day,
Let us love our lives away!
And when hearts, from loving free,
(If indeed such hearts there be,)
Frown upon our gentle flame,
And the sweet delusion blame;
This shall be my only curse,
(Could I, could I wish them worse?)
May they ne'er the rapture prove,
Of the smile from lips we love!

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ODE XXX.*

T WAS in a mocking dream of night —
I fancied I had wings as light
As a young bird's, and flew as fleet;
While Love, around whose beauteous feet,
I knew not why, hung chains of lead,
Pursued me, as I trembling fled;
And, strange to say, as swift as thought,
Spite of my pinions, I was caught!
What does the wanton Fancy mean
By such a strange, illusive scene?
I fear she whispers to my breast,
That you, sweet maid, have stol'n its rest;
That though my fancy, for a while,
Hath hung on many a woman's smile,
I soon dissolv'd each passing vow,
And ne'er was caught by love till now!

ODE XXXI.**

ARM'D with hyacinthine rod,
(Arms enough for such a god,)

* Barnes imagines from this allegory, that our poet married very late in life. But I see nothing in the ode which alludes to matrimony, except it be the lead upon the feet of Cupid; and I agree in the opinion of Madame Dacier, in her life of the poet, that he was always too fond of pleasure to marry.

** The design of this little fiction is to intimate, that much greater pain attends insensibility than can ever result from the tenderest impressions of love. Longepierre has quoted an ancient epigram which bears some similitude to this ode: —

Lecto compositus, vix prima silentia noctis
  Carpebam, et somno lumina victa dabam;
Cum me saevus Amor prensum, sursumque capillis
  Excitat, et lacerum pervigilare jubet.
Tu famulus meus, inquit, ames cum mille puellas,
  Solus Io, solus, dure jacere potes?

Cupid bade me wing my pace,
And try with him the rapid race.
O'er many a torrent, wild and deep,
By tangled brake and pendent steep,
With weary foot I panting flew,
Till my brow dropp'd with chilly dew.
And now my soul, exhausted, dying,
To my lip was faintly flying;
And now I thought the spark had fled,
When Cupid hover'd o'er my head,

Exilio et pedibus nudis, tunicaque soluta,
Omne iter impedio, nullum iter expedio.
Nunc propero, nunc ire piget; rursumque redire
Poenitet; et pudor est stare via media.
Ecce tacent voces hominum, strepitusque ferarum,
Et volucrum cantus, turbaque fida canum.
Solus ego ex cunctis paveo somnumque torumque,
Et sequor imperium, saeve Cupido, tuum.

Upon my couch I lay, at night profound,
My languid eyes in magic slumber bound,
When Cupid came and snatch'd me from my bed,
And forc'd me many a weary way to tread.
"What! (said the god) shall you, whose vows are known
Who love so many nymphs, thus sleep alone?"
I rise and follow; all the night I stray,
Unsheltered, trembling, doubtful of my way;
Tracing with naked foot the painful track,
Loth to proceed, yet fearful to go back.
Yes, at that hour, when Nature seems interr'd,
Nor warbling birds, nor lowing flocks are heard,
I, I alone, a fugitive from rest,
Passion my guide, and madness in my breast,
Wander the world around, unknowing where,
The slave of love, the victim of despair!

Till my brow dropp'd with chilly dew.] I have followed those who read τειρεν ἰδρως for πειρεν ὕδρος; the former is partly authorized by the MS. which reads πειρεν ἰδρως.

And now my soul, exhausted, dying,
To my lip was faintly flying; &c.] In the original, he says, his heart flew to his nose; but our manner more naturally transfers it to the lips. Such is the effect that Plato tells us he felt from a kiss, in a distich quoted by Aulus Gellius: —

And fanning light his breezy pinion,
Rescued my soul from death's dominion;
Then said, in accents half-reproving,
"Why hast thou been a foe to loving?"

ODE XXXII.*

STREW me a fragrant bed of leaves,
Where lotus with the myrtle weaves;
And while in luxury's dream I sink,
Let me the balm of Bacchus drink!

Την ψυχην, Αγαθωνα φιλων, επι χειλεσιν εσχον,
Ηλθε γαρ ἡ τλημων ὡς διαβησομενη.

Whene'er thy nectar'd kiss I sip,
And drink thy breath, in trance divine,
My soul then flutters to my lip,
Ready to fly and mix with thine.

Aulus Gellius subjoins a paraphrase of this epigram, in which we find a number of those *mignardises* of expression, which mark the effemination of the Latin language.

And fanning light his breezy pinion,
Rescued my soul from death's dominion;] "The facility with which Cupid recovers him, signifies that the sweets of love make us easily forget any solicitudes which he may occasion." — *La Fosse.*

* We here have the poet, in his true attributes, reclining upon myrtles, with Cupid for his cup-bearer. Some interpreters have ruined the picture by making *Ερως* the name of his slave. None but Love should fill the goblet of Anacreon. Sappho, in one of her fragments, has assigned this office to Venus. *Ελθε, Κυπρι, χρυσειαισιν εν κυλικεσσιν ἁβροις συμμεμιγμενον θαλιαισι νεκταρ οινοχουσα τουτοισι τοις ἑταιροις εμοις γε και σοις.*

Which may be thus paraphrased: —

Hither, Venus, queen of kisses,
This shall be the night of blisses;
This the night, to friendship dear,
Thou shalt be our Hebe here,
Fill the golden brimmer high,
Let it sparkle like thine eye;
Bid the rosy current gush,
Let it mantle like thy blush.

In this sweet hour of revelry
Young Love shall my attendant be —
Drest for the task, with tunic round
His snowy neck and shoulders bound,
Himself shall hover by my side,
And minister the racy tide!

Oh, swift as wheels that kindling roll,
Our life is hurrying to the goal:
A scanty dust, to feed the wind,
Is all the trace 't will leave behind.
Then wherefore waste the rose's bloom
Upon the cold, insensate tomb?
Can flowery breeze, or odour's breath,
Affect the still, cold sense of death?
Oh no; I ask no balm to steep
With fragrant tears my bed of sleep:
But now, while every pulse is glowing,
Now let me breathe the balsam flowing;
Now let the rose, with blush of fire,
Upon my brow in sweets expire;
And bring the nymph whose eye hath power
To brighten even death's cold hour.
Yes, Cupid! ere my shade retire,
To join the blest elysian choir,
With wine, and love, and social cheer,
I 'll make my own elysium here!

Goddess, hast thou e'er above
Seen a feast so rich in love?
Not a soul that is not mine!
Not a soul that is not thine!

"Compare with this ode (says the German commentator) the beautiful poem in Ramler's Lyr. Blumenlese, lib. iv. p. 296., 'Amor als Diener.'"

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ODE XXXIII.*

'T was noon of night, when round the pole
The sullen Bear is seen to roll;
And mortals, wearied with the day,
Are slumbering all their cares away:
An infant, at that dreary hour,
Came weeping to my silent bower,
And wak'd me with a piteous prayer,
To shield him from the midnight air.
"And who art thou," I waking cry,
"That bid'st my blissful visions fly?"
"Ah, gentle sire!" the infant said,
"In pity take me to thy shed;
Nor fear deceit: a lonely child
I wander o'er the gloomy wild.
Chill drops the rain, and not a ray
Illumes the drear and misty way!"

I heard the baby's tale of woe;
I heard the bitter night-winds blow
And sighing for his piteous fate,
I trimm'd my lamp and op'd the gate.
'T was Love! the little wandering sprite,
His pinion sparkled through the night.

* M. Bernard, the Author of L'Art d'aimer, has written a ballet called "Les Surprises de l'Amour," in which the subject of the third entrée is Anacreon, and the story of this ode suggests one of the scenes. — Oeuvres de Bernard, Anac. scene 4th.

The German annotator refers us here to an imitation by Uz, lib. iii., "Amor und sein Bruder;" and a poem of Kleist, "die Heilung." La Fontaine has translated, or rather imitated, this ode.

"And who art thou," I waking cry,
"That bid'st my blissful visions fly!"] Anacreon appears to have been a voluptuary even in dreaming, by the lively regret which he expresses at being disturbed from his visionary enjoyments. See the odes x. and xxxvii.

'T was Love! the little wandering sprite, &c.] See the beautiful description of Cupid, by Moschus, in his first idyl.

I knew him by his bow and dart;
I knew him by my fluttering heart.
Fondly I take him in, and raise
The dying embers' cheering blaze;
Press from his dank and clinging hair
The crystals of the freezing air,
And in my hand and bosom hold
His little fingers thrilling cold.

And now the embers' genial ray
Had warm'd his anxious fears away;
"I pray thee," said the wanton child,
(My bosom trembled as he smil'd,)
"I pray thee let me try my bow,
For through the rain I 've wander'd so,
That much I fear, the midnight shower
Has injur'd its elastic power."
The fatal bow the urchin drew;
Swift from the string the arrow flew;
As swiftly flew as glancing flame,
And to my inmost spirit came!
"Fare thee well," I heard him say,
As laughing wild he wing'd away;
"Fare thee well, for now I know
The rain has not relax'd my bow;
It still can send a thrilling dart,
As thou shalt own with all thy heart!"

ODE XXXIV.*

Oh thou, of all creation blest,
Sweet insect, that delight'st to rest

* In a Latin ode addressed to the grasshopper, Rapin has preserved some of the thoughts of our author: —

O quae virenti graminis in toro,
Cicada, blande sidis, et herbidos
Saltus oberras, otiosos
Ingeniosa ciere cantus.

Upon the wild wood's leafy tops,
To drink the dew that morning drops,
And chirp thy song with such a glee,
That happiest kings may envy thee.
Whatever decks the velvet field,
Whate'er the circling seasons yield,
Whatever buds, whatever blows,
For thee it buds, for thee it grows.
Nor yet art thou the peasant's fear,
To him thy friendly notes are dear;
For thou art mild as matin dew;
And still, when summer's flowery hue
Begins to paint the bloomy plain,
We hear thy sweet prophetic strain;
Thy sweet prophetic strain we hear,
And bless the notes and thee revere!
The Muses love thy shrilly tone;
Apollo calls thee all his own;

Seu forte adultis floribus incubas,
Coeli caducis ebria fletibus, &c.

Oh thou, that on the grassy bed
Which Nature's vernal hand has spread,
Reclinest soft, and tun'st thy song,
The dewy herbs and leaves among!
Whether thou ly'st on springing flowers,
Drunk with the balmy morning-showers,
Or, &c.

See what Liceetus says about grasshoppers, cap. 93. and 185.

And chirp thy song with such a glee, &c.] "Some authors have affirmed (says Madame Dacier), that it is only male grasshoppers which sing, and that the females are silent; and on this circumstance is founded a bon-mot of Xenarchus, the comic poet, who says *ειτ' εισιν οἱ τεττιγες ουκ ευδαιμονες, ὧν ταις γυναιξιν ουδ' ὅτι ουν φωνης ενι;* 'are not the grasshoppers happy in having dumb wives?'" This note is originally Henry Stephen's; but I chose rather to make a lady my authority for it.

The Muses love thy shrilly tone; &c.] Phile, de Animal. Proprietat. calls this insect. *Μουσαις φιλος*, the darling of the Muses; and *Μουσων ορνιν*, the bird of the Muses; and we find Plato compared for

'T was he who gave that voice to thee,
'T is he who tunes thy minstrelsy.

Unworn by age's dim decline,
The fadeless blooms of youth are thine.
Melodious insect, child of earth,
In wisdom mirthful, wise in mirth;
Exempt from every weak decay,
That withers vulgar frames away;
With not a drop of blood to stain
The current of thy purer vein;
So blest an age is pass'd by thee,
Thou seem'st — a little deity!

ODE XXXV.*

CUPID once upon a bed
Of roses laid his weary head;

his eloquence to the grasshopper, in the following punning lines of Timon, preserved by Diogenes Laertius: —

Των παντων δ' ἡγειτο πλατυστατος, αλλ' αγορητης
Ἡδυεπης τεττιξιν ισογραφος, οἱ θ' Ἑκαδημου
Δενδρει εφεζομενοι οπα λειριοεσσαν ἱεισι.

This last line is borrowed from Homer's Iliad, γ, where there occurs the very same simile.

Melodious insect, child of earth,] Longepierre has quoted the two first lines of an epigram of Antipater, from the first book of the Anthologia, where he prefers the grasshopper to the swan:

Αρκει τεττιγας μεθυσαι δροσος, αλλα πιοντες
Αειδειν κυκνων εισι γεγωνοτεροι.

In dew, that drops from morning's wings,
The gay Cicada sipping floats;
And, drunk with dew, his matin sings
Sweeter than any cygnet's notes.

* Theocritus has imitated this beautiful ode in his nineteenth idyl; but is very inferior, I think, to his original, in delicacy of point and naïveté of expression. Spenser, in one of his smaller compositions, has sported more diffusely on the same subject. The poem to which I allude, begins thus: —

Luckless urchin, not to see
Within the leaves a slumbering bee!
The bee awak'd — with anger wild
The bee awak'd, and stung the child.
Loud and piteous are his cries;
To Venus quick he runs, he flies;
"Oh mother! — I am wounded through —
I die with pain — in sooth I do!
Stung by some little angry thing,
Some serpent on a tiny wing —
A bee it was — for once, I know
I heard a rustic call it so."

Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbering
All in his mother's lap;
A gentle bee, with his loud trumpet murmuring
About him flew by hap, &c. &c.

In Almeloveen's collection of epigrams, there is one by Luxorius, correspondent somewhat with the turn of Anacreon, where Love complains to his mother of being wounded by a rose.

The ode before us is the very flower of simplicity. The infantine complainings of the little god, and the natural and impressive reflections which they draw from Venus, are beauties of inimitable grace. I may be pardoned, perhaps, for introducing here another of Menage's Anacreontics, not for its similitude to the subject of this ode, but for some faint traces of the same natural simplicity, which it appears to me to have preserved: —

Ερως ποτ' εν χορειαις
Των παρθενων αωτον,
Την μοι φιλην Κορινναν,
Ὡς ειδεν, ὡς προς αυτην
Προσεδραμε· τραχηλῳ
Διδυμας τε χειρας ἁπτων
Φιλει με, μητερ, ειπε.
Καλουμενη Κορινα,
Μητηρ, ερυθριαζει,
Ὡς παρθενος μενουσα.
Κ' αυτος δε δυσχεραινων,
Ὡς ομμασι πλανηθεις,
Ερως ερυθριαζει.
Εγω, δε οἱ παραστας,

Thus he spoke, and she the while
Heard him with a soothing smile;
Then said, "My infant, if so much
Thou feel the little wild-bee's touch,
How must the heart, ah, Cupid! be,
The hapless heart that 's stung by thee!"

ODE XXXVI.*

If hoarded gold possess'd the power
To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,

Μη δυσχεραινε, φημι.
Κυπριν τε και Κορινναν
Διαγνωσαι ουκ εχουσι
Και οἱ βλεποντες οξυ.

As dancing o'er the enamell'd plain,
The flow'ret of the virgin train,
My soul's Corinna lightly play'd,
Young Cupid saw the graceful maid;
He saw, and in a moment flew,
And round her neck his arms he threw;
Saying, with smiles of infant joy,
"Oh! kiss me, mother, kiss thy boy!"
Unconscious of a mother's name,
The modest virgin blush'd with shame!
And angry Cupid, scarce believing
That vision could be so deceiving —
Thus to mistake his Cyprian dame!
It made ev'n Cupid blush with shame.
"Be not asham'd, my boy," I cried,
For I was lingering by his side;
"Corinna and thy lovely mother,
Believe me, are so like each other,
That clearest eyes are oft betray'd,
And take thy Venus for the maid."

Zitto, in his Cappriciosi Pensieri, has given a translation of this ode of Anacreon.

* Fontenelle has translated this ode, in his dialogue between Anacreon and Aristotle in the shades, where, on weighing the merits of both these personages, he bestows the prize of wisdom upon the poet.

"The German imitators of this ode are, Lessing, in his poem

And purchase from the hand of death
A little span, a moment's breath,
How I would love the precious ore!
And every hour should swell my store;
That when Death came, with shadowy pinion,
To waft me to his bleak dominion,
I might, by bribes, my doom delay,
And bid him call some distant day.
But, since, not all earth's golden store
Can buy for us one bright hour more,
Why should we vainly mourn our fate,
Or sigh at life's uncertain date?
Nor wealth nor grandeur can illume
The silent midnight of the tomb.
No — give to others hoarded treasures —
Mine be the brilliant round of pleasures;
The goblet rich, the board of friends
Whose social souls the goblet blends;
And mine, while yet I 've life to live,
Those joys that love alone can give.

'Gestern, Brüder,' &c.; Gleim, in the ode 'An den Tod;' and Schmidt in der Poet. Blumenl., Gotting. 1783, p. 7." — *Degen.*

That when Death came, with shadowy pinion,
To waft me to his bleak dominion, &c.] The commentators, who are so fond of disputing "de lanâ caprinâ," have been very busy on the authority of the phrase *ἵν' αν θανειν επελθη*. The reading of *ἵν' αν Θανατος επελθη*, which De Medenbach proposes in his Amoenitates Literariae, was already hinted by Le Fevre, who seldom suggests any thing worth notice.

The goblet rich, the board of friends,
Whose social souls the goblet blends;] This communion of friendship, which sweetened the bowl of Anacreon, has not been forgotten by the author of the following scholium, where the blessings of life are enumerated with proverbial simplicity. *Ὑγιαινειν μεν αριστον ανδρι θνητῳ. Δευτερον δε, καλον φυην γενεσθαι. Το τριτον δε, πλουτειν αδολως. Και το τεταρτον συνεβαν μετα των φιλων.*

Of mortal blessings here the first is health,
And next those charms by which the eye we move;
The third is wealth, unwounding guiltless wealth,
And then, sweet intercourse with those we love!

ODE XXXVII.*

'T was night, and many a circling bowl
Had deeply warm'd my thirsty soul;
As lull'd in slumber I was laid,
Bright visions o'er my fancy play'd.
With maidens, blooming as the dawn,
I seem'd to skim the opening lawn;
Light, on tiptoe bath'd in dew,
We flew, and sported as we flew!

Some ruddy striplings, who look'd on —
With cheeks, that like the wine-god's shone,
Saw me chasing, free and wild,
These blooming maids, and slyly smil'd;
Smil'd indeed with wanton glee,
Though none could doubt they envied me.
And still I flew — and now had caught
The panting nymphs, and fondly thought
To gather from each rosy lip
A kiss that Jove himself might sip —
When sudden all my dream of joys,
Blushing nymphs and laughing boys,

* "Compare with this ode the beautiful poem 'der Traum' of Uz." — *Degen.*

Le Fevre, in a note upon this ode, enters into an elaborate and learned justification of drunkenness; and this is probably the cause of the severe reprehension which he appears to have suffered for his Anacreon. "Fuit olim fateor (says he in a note upon Longinus), cum Sapphonem amabam. Sed ex quo illa me perditissima foemina pene miserum perdidit cum sceleratissimo suo congerrone, (Anacreontem dico, si nescis, Lector,) noli sperare, &c. &c." He adduces on this ode the authority of Plato, who allowed ebriety, at the Dionysian festivals, to men arrived at their fortieth year. He likewise quotes the following line from Alexis, which he says no one, who is not totally ignorant of the world, can hesitate to confess the truth of: —

Ουδεις φιλοποτης εστιν ανθρωπος κακος.

"No lover of drinking was ever a vicious man."

When sudden all my dream of joys,
Blushing nymphs and laughing boys,
All were gone!] "Nonnus says of Bacchus, almost in the same words that Anacreon uses, --

All were gone! — "Alas!" I said,
Sighing for th' illusion fled,
"Again, sweet sleep, that scene restore,
Oh! let me dream it o'er and o'er!"

ODE XXXVIII.*

LET us drain the nectar'd bowl,
Let us raise the song of soul
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell;
The god who taught the sons of earth
To thrid the tangled dance of mirth;
Him, who was nurs'd with infant Love,
And cradled in the Paphian grove;
Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms
So oft has fondled in her arms.

Εγρομενος δε
Παρθενον ουκ εκιχησε, και ηθελεν αυθις ιαυειν."
Waking, he lost the phantom's charms,
The nymph had faded from his arms;
Again to slumber he essay'd,
Again to clasp the shadowy maid! LONGEPIERRE.

"*Again, sweet sleep, that scene restore,*
Oh! let me dream it o'er and o'er!"] Doctor Johnson, in his preface to Shakspeare, animadverting upon the commentators of that poet, who pretended, in every little coincidence of thought, to detect an imitation of some ancient poet, alludes in the following words to the line of Anacreon before us: — "I have been told that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says, 'I cried to sleep again,' the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like any other man, the same wish on the same occasion."

* Compare with this beautiful ode to Bacchus the verses of Hagedorn, lib. v., 'das Gesellschaftliche;' and of Bürger, p. 51, &c. &c." — *Degen.*

Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms,
So oft has fondled in her arms.] Robertellus, upon the epithalamium of Catullus, mentions an ingenious derivation of Cytheraea, the name of Venus, *παρα το κευθειν τους ερωτας*, which seems to hint that "Love's fairy favours are lost, when not concealed."

Oh 't is from him the transport flows,
Which sweet intoxication knows;
With him, the brow forgets its gloom,
And brilliant graces learn to bloom.

Behold! — my boys a goblet bear,
Whose sparkling foam lights up the air.
Where are now the tear, the sigh?
To the winds they fly, they fly!
Grasp the bowl; in nectar sinking,
Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking!
Say, can the tears we lend to thought
In life's account avail us aught?
Can we discern with all our lore,
The path we 've yet to journey o'er?
Alas, alas, in ways so dark,
'T is only wine can strike a spark!
Then let me quaff the foamy tide,
And through the dance meandering glide;

Alas, alas, in ways so dark,
'T is only wine can strike a spark!] The brevity of life allows arguments for the voluptuary as well as the moralist. Among many parallel passages which Longepierre has adduced, I shall content myself with this epigram from the Anthologia.

Λουσαμενοι, Προδικη, πυκασωμεθα, και τον ακρατον
Ἑλκωμεν, κυλικας μειζονας αραμενοι.
Ῥαιος ὁ χαιροντων εστι βιος. ειτα τα λοιπα
Γηρας κωλυσει, και το τελος θανατος.

Of which the following is a paraphrase: —

Let's fly, my love, from noonday's beam,
To plunge us in yon cooling stream;
Then, hastening to the festal bower,
We 'll pass in mirth the evening hour;
'T is thus our age of bliss shall fly,
As sweet, though passing as that sigh,
Which seems to whisper o'er your lip,
"Come, while you may, of rapture sip."
For age will steal the graceful form,
Will chill the pulse, while throbbing warm;
And death — alas! that hearts, which thrill
Like yours and mine, should e'er be still!

Let me imbibe the spicy breath
Of odours chaf'd to fragrant death;
Or from the lips of love inhale
A more ambrosial, richer gale!
To hearts that court the phantom Care,
Let him retire and shroud him there;
While we exhaust the nectar'd bowl,
And swell the choral song of soul
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!

ODE XXXIX.

How I love the festive boy,
Tripping through the dance of joy!
How I love the mellow sage,
Smiling through the veil of age!
And whene'er this man of years
In the dance of joy appears,
Snows may o'er his head be flung,
But his heart — his heart is young.

Snows may o'er his head be flung,
But his heart — his heart is young.] Saint Pavin makes the same distinction in a sonnet to a young girl.

Je sais bien que les destinées
Ont mal compassé nos années;
Ne regardez que mon amour;
Peut-être en serez vous émue.
Il est jeune et n'est que du jour,
Belle Iris, que je vous ai vu.

Fair and young thou bloomest now,
And I full many a year have told;
But read the heart and not the brow,
Thou shalt not find my love is old.

My love 's a child; and thou canst say
How much his little age may be,
For he was born the very day
When first I set my eyes on thee!

ODE XL.

I KNOW that Heaven hath sent me here,
To run this moral life's career;
The scenes which I have journeyed o'er,
Return no more — alas! no more;
And all the path I 've yet to go,
I neither know nor ask to know.
Away, then, wizard Care, nor think
Thy fetters round this soul to link;
Never can heart that feels with me
Descend to be a slave to thee!
And oh! before the vital thrill,
Which trembles at my heart, is still,
I 'll gather Joy's luxuriant flowers,
And gild with bliss my fading hours;
Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb!

Never can heart that feels with me
Descend to be a slave to thee!] Longepierre quotes here an epigram from the Anthologia, on account of the similarity of a particular phrase. Though by no means anacreontic, it is marked by an interesting simplicity which has induced me to paraphrase it, and may atone for its intrusion.

Ελπις και συ τυχη μεγα χαιρετε. τον λιμεν' εὑρον.
Ουδεν εμοι χ' ὑμιν, παιζετε τους μετ' εμε.

At length to Fortune, and to you,
Delusive Hope! a last adieu.
The charm that once beguil'd is o'er,
And I have reach'd my destin'd shore.
Away, away, your flattering arts
May now betray some simpler hearts,
And you will smile at their believing,
And they shall weep at your deceiving!

Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb!] The same commentator has quoted an epitaph, written upon our poet by Julian, in which he makes him promulgate the precepts of good fellowship even from the tomb.

Πολλακι μεν τοδ' αεισα, και εκ τυμβου δε βοησω,
Πινετε, πριν ταυτην αμφιβαλησθε κονιν.

ODE XLI.

When Spring adorns the dewy scene,
How sweet to walk the velvet green,
And hear the west wind's gentle sighs,
As o'er the scented mead it flies!
How sweet to mark the pouting vine,
Ready to burst in tears of wine;
And with some maid, who breathes but love,
To walk, at noontide, through the grove,
Or sit in some cool, green recess —
Oh, is not this true happiness?

ODE XLII.*

Yes, be the glorious revel mine,
Where humour sparkles from the wine.
Around me, let the youthful choir
Respond to my enlivening lyre;

This lesson oft in life I sung,
And from my grave I still shall cry,
"Drink, mortal, drink, while time is young,
Ere death has made thee cold as I."

And with some maid, who breathes but love,
To walk, at noontide, through the grove,] Thus Horace: —

Quid habes illius, illius
Quae spirabat amores,
Quae me surpuerat mihi. Lib. iv. Carm. 13.

And does there then remain but this,
And hast thou lost each rosy ray
Of her, who breath'd the soul of bliss,
And stole me from myself away?

* The character of Anacreon is here very strikingly depicted. His love of social, harmonized pleasures, is expressed with a warmth, amiable and endearing. Among the epigrams imputed to Anacreon is the following; it is the only one worth translation, and it breathes the same sentiments with this ode: —

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And while the red cup foams along,
Mingle in soul as well as song.
Then, while I sit, with flow'rets crown'd,
To regulate the goblet's round,
Let but the nymph, our banquet's pride,
Be seated smiling by my side,
And earth has not a gift or power
That I would envy, in that hour.
Envy! — oh never let its blight
Touch the gay hearts met here to-night.
Far hence be slander's sidelong wounds,
Nor harsh dispute, nor discord's sounds
Disturb a scene, where all should be
Attuned to peace and harmony.

Come, let us hear the harp's gay note
Upon the breeze inspiring float,
While round us, kindling into love,
Young maidens through the light dance move.
Thus blest with mirth, and love, and peace,
Sure such a life should never cease!

Ου φιλος, ὁς κρητηρι παρα πλεω οινοποταζων,
Νεικεα και πολεμον δακρυοεντα λεγει.
Αλλ' ὁστις Μουσεων τε, και αγλαα δωρ' Αφροδιτης
Συμμισγων, ερατης μνησκεται ευφροσυνης.

When to the lip the brimming cup is prest,
And hearts are all afloat upon its stream,
Then banish from my board th' unpolish'd guest
Who makes the feats of war his barbarous theme.

But bring the man, who o'er his goblet wreathes
The Muse's laurel with the Cyprian flower;
Oh! give me him, whose soul expansive breathes
And blends refinement with the social hour.

ODE XLIII.

While our rosy fillets shed
Freshness o'er each fervid head,
With many a cup and many a smile
The festal moments we beguile.
And while the harp, impassion'd, flings
Tuneful rapture from its strings,
Some airy nymph, with graceful bound,
Keeps measure to the music's sound;
Waving, in her snowy hand,
The leafy Bacchanalian wand,
Which, as the tripping wanton flies,
Trembles all over to her sighs.
A youth the while, with loosen'd hair,
Floating on the listless air,
Sings, to the wild harp's tender tone,
A tale of woes, alas, his own;
And oh, the sadness in his sigh,
As o'er his lip the accents die!

And while the harp, impassion'd, flings
Tuneful rapture from its strings, &c.] Respecting the barbiton a host of authorities may be collected, which, after all, leave us ignorant of the nature of the instrument. There is scarcely any point upon which we are so totally uninformed as the music of the ancients. The authors * extant upon the subject are, I imagine, little understood; and certainly if one of their moods was a progression by quarter-tones, which we are told was the nature of the enharmonic scale, simplicity was by no means the characteristic of their melody; for this is a nicety of progression, of which modern music is not susceptible.

The invention of the barbiton is, by Athenaeus, attributed to Anacreon. See his fourth book, where it is called *το εὕρημα του Ἀνακρεοντος*. Neanthes of Cyzicus, as quoted by Gyraldus, asserts the same. Vide Chabot, in Horat. on the words "Lesboum barbiton," in the first ode.

And oh, the sadness in his sigh,
As o'er his lip the accents die!] Longepierre has quoted here an epigram from the Anthologia: —

* Collected by Meibomius.

Never sure on earth has been
Half so bright, so blest a scene.
It seems as Love himself had come
To make this spot his chosen home; —
And Venus, too, with all her wiles,
And Bacchus, shedding rosy smiles,
All, all are here, to hail with me
The Genius of Festivity!

ODE XLIV.*

Buds of roses, virgin flowers,
Cull'd from Cupid's balmy bowers,
In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
Till with crimson drops they weep.

Κουρη τις μ' εφιλησε ποθεσπερα χειλεσιν ὑγροις.
Νεκταρ εην το φιλημα. το γαρ στομα νεκταρος επνει.
Νυν μεθυω το φιλημα, πολυν τον ερωτα πεπωκως.

Of which the following paraphrase may give some idea: —

The kiss that she left on my lip,
Like a dew-drop shall lingering lie;
'T was nectar she gave me to sip,
'T was nectar I drank in her sigh.

From the moment she printed that kiss,
Nor reason, nor rest has been mine;
My whole soul has been drunk with the bliss,
And feels a delirium divine!

It seems as Love himself had come
To make this spot his chosen home; —] The introduction of these deities to the festival is merely allegorical. Madame Dacier thinks that the poet describes a masquerade, where these deities were personated by the company in masks. The translation will conform with either idea.

All, all are here, to hail with me
The Genius of Festivity!] *Κωμος*, the deity or genius of mirth. Philostratus, in the third of his pictures, gives a very lively description of this god.

* This spirited poem is a eulogy on the rose; and again, in the fifty-fifth ode, we shall find our author rich in the praises of that flower. In a fragment of Sappho, in the romance of Achilles Tatius, to which

Twine the rose, the garland twine,
Every leaf distilling wine;
Drink and smile, and learn to think
That we were born to smile and drink.
Rose, thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower;
Rose, thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild.
Even the Gods, who walk the sky,
Are amorous of thy scented sigh.
Cupid, too, in Paphian shades,
His hair with rosy fillet braids,
When with the blushing, sister Graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces.
Then bring me, showers of roses bring,
And shed them o'er me while I sing,
Or while, great Bacchus, round thy shrine,
Wreathing my brow with rose and vine,
I lead some bright nymph through the dance,
Commingling soul with every glance!

ODE XLV.

Within this goblet, rich and deep,
I cradle all my woes to sleep.
Why should we breathe the sigh of fear,
Or pour the unavailing tear?

Barnes refers us, the rose is fancifully styled "the eye of flowers;" and the same poetess, in another fragment, calls the favours of the Muse "the roses of Pieria." See the notes on the fifty-fifth ode.

"Compare with this ode (says the German annotator) the beautiful ode of Uz, 'die Rose.'"

When with the blushing, sister Graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces.] "This sweet idea of Love dancing with the Graces, is almost peculiar to Anacreon." — *Degen.*

I lead some bright nymph through the dance, &c.] The epithet βαθυκολπος, which he gives to the nymph, is literally "full-bosomed."

For death will never heed the sigh,
Nor soften at the tearful eye;
And eyes that sparkle, eyes that weep,
Must all alike be seal'd in sleep.
Then let us never vainly stray,
In search of thorns, from pleasure's way;
But wisely quaff the rosy wave,
Which Bacchus loves, which Bacchus gave;
And in the goblet, rich and deep,
Cradle our crying woes to sleep.

ODE XLVI.*

BEHOLD, the young, the rosy Spring,
Gives to the breeze her scented wing;

Then let us never vainly stray,
In search of thorns, from pleasure's way; &c.] I have thus endeavoured to convey the meaning of *τι δε τον βιον πλανωμαι;* according to Regnier's paraphrase of the line: —

E che val, fuor della strada
Del piacere alma e gradita,
Vaneggiare in questa vita?

* The fastidious affectation of some commentators has denounced this ode as spurious. Degen pronounces the four last lines to be the patch-work of some miserable versificator, and Brunck condemns the whole ode. It appears to me, on the contrary, to be elegantly graphical; full of delicate expressions and luxuriant imagery. The abruptness of *Ιδε πως εαρος φανεντος* is striking and spirited, and has been imitated rather languidly by Horace: —

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Socrate —

The imperative *ιδε* is infinitely more impressive; — as in Shakspeare,

But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

There is a simple and poetical description of Spring, in Catullus's beautiful farewell to Bithynia. Carm. 44.

Barnes conjectures, in his life of our poet, that this ode was written after he had returned from Athens, to settle in his paternal seat at Teos; where, in a little villa at some distance from the city, commanding a view of the Aegean Sea and the islands, he contemplated the beauties of

While virgin Graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way.
The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languish'd into silent sleep;
And mark! the flitting sea-birds lave
Their plumes in the reflecting wave;
While cranes from hoary winter fly
To flutter in a kinder sky.
Now the genial star of day
Dissolves the murky clouds away;
And cultur'd field, and winding stream,
Are freshly glittering in his beam.

Now the earth prolific swells
With leafy buds and flowery bells;
Gemming shoots the olive twine,
Clusters ripe festoon the vine;
All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet foliage peeping,
Little infant fruits we see,
Nursing into luxury.

nature and enjoyed the felicities of retirement. Vide Barnes, in Anac. Vita, § xxxv. This supposition, however unauthenticated, forms a pleasing association, which renders the poem more interesting.

Chevreau says, that Gregory Nazianzenus has paraphrased somewhere this description of Spring; but I cannot meet with it. See Chevreau, Oeuvres Mêlées.

"Compare with this ode (says Degen) the verses of Hagedorn, book fourth, 'der Frühling,' and book fifth, 'der Mai.'"

While virgin Graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way.] De Pauw reads, Χαριτας ῥοδα βρυουσιν, "the roses display their graces." This is not uningenious; but we lose by it the beauty of the personification, to the boldness of which Regnier has rather frivolously objected.

The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languish'd into silent sleep; &c.] It has been justly remarked, that the liquid flow of the line απαλυνεται γαληνη is perfectly expressive of the tranquillity which it describes.

And cultur'd field, and winding stream, &c.] By βροτων εργα "the works of men" (says Baxter), he means cities, temples, and towns, which are then illuminated by the beams of the sun.

ODE XLVII.

'T is true, my fading years decline,
Yet can I quaff the brimming wine,
As deep as any stripling fair,
Whose cheeks the flush of morning wear;
And if, amidst the wanton crew,
I 'm call'd to wind the dance's clue,
Then shalt thou see this vigorous hand,
Not faltering on the Bacchant's wand,
But brandishing a rosy flask,
The only thyrsus e'er I 'll ask!

Let those, who pant for Glory's charms,
Embrace her in the field of arms;
While my inglorious, placid soul
Breathes not a wish beyond this bowl.
Then fill it high, my ruddy slave,
And bathe me in its brimming wave.
For though my fading years decay,
Though manhood's prime hath pass'd away
Like old Silenus, sire divine,
With blushes borrow'd from my wine,
I 'll wanton 'mid the dancing train,
And live my follies o'er again!

But brandishing a rosy flask, &c.] Ασκος was a kind of leathern vessel for wine, very much in use, as should seem by the proverb ασκος και θυλακος, which was applied to those who were intemperate in eating and drinking. This proverb is mentioned in some verses quoted by Athenaeus, from the Hesione of Alexis.

The only thyrsus e'er I 'll ask!] Phornutus assigns as a reason for the consecration of the thyrsus to Bacchus, that inebriety often renders the support of a stick very necessary.

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ODE XLVIII.

When my thirsty soul I steep,
Every sorrow 's lull'd to sleep.
Talk of monarchs! I am then
Richest, happiest, first of men;
Careless o'er my cup I sing,
Fancy makes me more than king;
Gives me wealthy Crœsus' store,
Can I, can I wish for more?
On my velvet couch reclining,
Ivy leaves my brow entwining,
While my soul expands with glee,
What are kings and crowns to me?
If before my feet they lay,
I would spurn them all away!
Arm ye, arm ye, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight;
But let *me*, my budding vine!
Spill no other blood than thine.
Yonder brimming goblet see,
That alone shall vanquish me —
Who think it better, wiser far
To fall in banquet than in war.

Ivy leaves my brow entwining, &c.] "The ivy was consecrated to Bacchus (says Montfaucon), because he formerly lay hid under that tree, or, as others will have it, because its leaves resemble those of the vine." Other reasons for its consecration, and the use of it in garlands at banquets, may be found in Longepierre, Barnes, &c. &c.

Arm ye, arm ye, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight;] I have adopted the interpretation of Regnier and others: —

Altri segua Marte fero;
Che sol Bacco è 'l mio conforto.

ODE XLIX.*

When Bacchus, Jove's immortal boy,
The rosy harbinger of joy,
Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,
Thaws the winter of our soul —
When to my inmost core he glides,
And bathes it with his ruby tides,
A flow of joy, a lively heat,
Fires my brain, and wings my feet,
Calling up round me visions known
To lovers of the bowl alone.

Sing, sing of love, let music's sound
In melting cadence float around,
While, my young Venus, thou and I
Responsive to its murmurs sigh.
Then, waking from our blissful trance,
Again we 'll sport, again we 'll dance.

* This, the preceding ode, and a few more of the same character, are merely chansons à boire; — the effusions probably of the moment of conviviality, and afterwards sung, we may imagine, with rapture throughout Greece. But that interesting association, by which they always recalled the convivial emotions that produced them, can now be little felt even by the most enthusiastic reader; and much less by a phlegmatic grammarian, who sees nothing in them but dialects and particles.

Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,
Thaws the winter of our soul — &c.] Ἀναιος is the title which he gives to Bacchus in the original. It is a curious circumstance, that Plutarch mistook the name of Levi among the Jews for Λεῦι (one of the bacchanal cries), and accordingly supposed that they worshipped Bacchus.

ODE L.*

When wine I quaff, before my eyes
Dreams of poetic glory rise;
And freshen'd by the goblet's dews,
My soul invokes the heavenly Muse.
When wine I drink, all sorrow 's o'er;
I think of doubts and fears no more;
But scatter to the railing wind
Each gloomy phantom of the mind.
When I drink wine, th' ethereal boy,
Bacchus himself, partakes my joy;
And while we dance through vernal bowers,
Whose ev'ry breath comes fresh from flowers,

* Faber thinks this Ode spurious; but, I believe, he is singular in his opinion. It has all the spirit of our author. Like the wreath which he presented in the dream, "it smells of Anacreon."

The form of the original is remarkable. It is a kind of song of seven quatrain stanzas, each beginning with the line

Ὅτ' εγω πιω τον οινον.

The first stanza alone is incomplete, consisting but of three lines.

"Compare with this poem (says Degen) the verses of Hagedorn, lib. v., 'der Wein,' where that divine poet has wantoned in the praises of wine."

When wine I quaff, before my eyes
Dreams of poetic glory rise;] "Anacreon is not the only one (says Longepierre) whom wine has inspired with poetry. We find an epigram in the first book of the Anthologia, which begins thus: —

Οινος τοι χαριεντι μεγας πελει ἱππος αοιδῳ,
Ὑδωρ δε πινων, καλον ου τεκοις επος.

If with water you fill up your glasses,
You 'll never write any thing wise;
For wine 's the true horse of Parnassus,
Which carries a bard to the skies!

And while we dance through vernal bowers, &c.] If some of the translators had observed Doctor Trapp's caution, with regard to *πολυανθεσιν μ' εν αυραις*, "Cave ne coelum intelligas," they would not have spoiled the simplicity of Anacreon's fancy, by such extravagant conceptions as the following: —

In wine he makes my senses swim,
Till the gale breathes of nought but him!

Again I drink, — and, lo, there seems
A calmer light to fill my dreams;
The lately ruffled wreath I spread
With steadier hand around my head;
Then take the lyre, and sing "how blest
The life of him who lives at rest!"
But then comes witching wine again,
With glorious woman in its train;
And, while rich perfumes round me rise,
That seem the breath of woman's sighs,
Bright shapes, of every hue and form,
Upon my kindling fancy swarm,
Till the whole world of beauty seems
To crowd into my dazzled dreams!
When thus I drink, my heart refines,
And rises as the cup declines;
Rises in the genial flow,
That none but social spirits know,
When, with young revellers, round the bowl,
The old themselves grow young in soul!

Quand je bois, mon oeil s'imagine
Que, dans un tourbillon plein de parfums divers,
Bacchus m' importe dans les airs,
Rempli de sa liqueur divine.

Or this: —

Indi mi mena
Mentre lieto ebro, deliro,
Baccho in giro
Per la vaga aura serena.

When, with young revellers, round the bowl,
The old themselves grow young in soul!] Subjoined to Gail's edition of Anacreon, we find some curious letters upon the Θιασοι of the ancients, which appeared in the French Journals. At the opening of the Odéon in Paris, the managers of that spectacle requested Professor Gail to give them some uncommon name for their fêtes. He suggested the word "Thiase," which was adopted; but the literati of Paris questioned the propriety of the term, and addressed their criticisms to Gail through the medium of the public prints.

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Oh, when I drink, true joy is mine,
There 's bliss in every drop of wine.
All other blessings I have known,
I scarcely dar'd to call my own;
But this the Fates can ne'er destroy,
Till death o'ershadows all my joy.

ODE LI.*

Fly not thus my brow of snow,
Lovely wanton! fly not so.
Though the wane of age is mine,
Though youth's brilliant flush be thine,
Still I 'm doom'd to sigh for thee,
Blest, if thou couldst sigh for me!
See, in yonder flowery braid,
Cull'd for thee, my blushing maid,

* Alberti has imitated this ode; and Capilupus, in the following epigram, has given a version of it: —

Cur, Lalage, mea vita, meos contemnis amores?
Cur fugis e nostro pulchra puella sinu?
Ne fugias, sint sparsa licet mea tempora canis,
Inque tuo roseus fulgeat ore color
Aspice ut intextas deceant quoque flore corollas
Candida purpureis lilia mista rosis.

Oh! why repel my soul's impassion'd vow,
And fly, beloved maid, these longing arms?
Is it, that wintry time has strew'd my brow,
While thine are all the summer's roseate charms?

See the rich garland cull'd in vernal weather,
Where the young rosebud with the lily glows;
So, in Love's wreath we both may twine together,
And I the lily be, and thou the rose.

See, in yonder flowery braid,
Cull'd for thee, my blushing maid!] "In the same manner that Anacreon pleads for the whiteness of his locks, from the beauty of the colour in garlands, a shepherd, in Theocritus, endeavours to recommend his black hair: —

How the rose, of orient glow,
Mingles with the lily's snow;
Mark, how sweet their tints agree,
Just, my girl, like thee and me!

ODE LII.*

Away, away, ye men of rules,
What have I to do with schools?
They 'd make me learn, they 'd make me think,
But would they make me love and drink?
Teach me this, and let me swim
My soul upon the goblet's brim;
Teach me this, and let me twine
Some fond, responsive heart to mine,
For, age begins to blanch my brow,
I 've time for nought but pleasure now.

Και το ιον μελαν εστι, και ἁ γραπτα ὑακινθος,
Αλλ' εμπας εν τοις στεφανοις τα πρωτα λεγονται."
Longepierre, Barnes, &c.

* "This is doubtless the work of a more modern poet than Anacreon; for at the period when he lived rhetoricians were not known." — *Degen.*

Though this ode is found in the Vatican manuscript, I am much inclined to agree in this argument against its authenticity; for though the dawnings of the art of rhetoric might already have appeared, the first who gave it any celebrity was Corax of Syracuse, and he flourished in the century after Anacreon.

Our poet anticipated the ideas of Epicurus, in his aversion to the labours of learning, as well as his devotion to voluptuousness. *Πασαν παιδειαν μακαριοι φευγετε,* said the philosopher of the garden in a letter to Pythocles.

Teach me this, and let me twine
Some fond, responsive heart to mine.] By *χρυσης Αφροδιτης* here, I understand some beautiful girl, in the same manner that *Λυαιος* is often used for wine. "Golden" is frequently an epithet of beauty. Thus in Virgil, "Venus aurea;" and in Propertius, "Cynthia aurea." Tibullus, however, calls an old woman "golden."

The translation d'Autori Anonimi, as usual, wantons on this passage of Anacreon:

Fly, and cool my goblet's glow
At yonder fountain's gelid flow;
I 'll quaff, my boy, and calmly sink
This soul to slumber as I drink.
Soon, too soon, my jocund slave,
You 'll deck your master's grassy grave;
And there 's an end — for ah, you know
They drink but little wine below!

ODE LIII.

When I behold the festive train
Of dancing youth, I 'm young again!
Memory wakes her magic trance,
And wings me lightly through the dance.
Come, Cybeba, smiling maid!
Cull the flower and twine the braid;
Bid the blush of summer's rose
Burn upon my forehead's snows;

E m'insegni con piu rare
Forme accorte d'involare
Ad amabile beltade
Il bel cinto d' onestade.

And there 's an end — for ah, you know
They drink but little wine below!] Thus Mainard: —

La Mort nous guette; et quand ses lois
Nous ont enfermés une fois
Au sein d'une fosse profonde,
Adieu bons vins et bon repas;
Ma science ne trouve pas
Des cabarets en l'autre monde.

From Mainard, Gombauld, and De Cailly, old French poets, some of the best epigrams of the English language have been borrowed.

Bid the blush of summer's rose
Burn upon my forehead's snows; &c.] Licetus, in his Hieroglyphica, quoting two of our poet's odes, where he calls to his attendants for garlands, remarks, "Constat igitur floreas coronas poetis et potantibus in symposio convenire, non autem sapientibus et philosophiam affectantibus." — "It appears that wreaths of flowers were adapted for

And let me, while the wild and young
Trip the mazy dance along,
Fling my heap of years away,
And be as wild, as young, as they.
Hither haste, some cordial soul!
Help to my lips the brimming bowl;
And you shall see this hoary sage
Forget at once his locks and age.
He still can chant the festive hymn,
He still can kiss the goblet's brim;
As deeply quaff, as largely fill,
And play the fool right nobly still.

ODE LIV.*

METHINKS, the pictur'd bull we see
Is amorous Jove — it must be he!

poets and revellers at banquets, but by no means became those who had pretensions to wisdom and philosophy." On this principle, in his 152d chapter, he discovers a refinement in Virgil, describing the garland of the poet Silenus, as fallen off; which distinguishes, he thinks, the divine intoxication of Silenus from that of common drunkards, who always wear their crowns while they drink. Such is the "labor ineptiarum" of commentators!

He still can kiss the goblet's brim; &c.] Wine is prescribed by Galen, as an excellent medicine for old men: "Quod frigidos et humoribus expletos calefaciat, &c.;" but Nature was Anacreon's physician.

There is a proverb in Eriphus, as quoted by Athenaeus, which says, "that wine makes an old man dance, whether he will or not."

Λογος εστ' αρχαιος, ου κακως εχων,
Οινον λεγουσι τους γεροντας, ω πατερ,
Πειθειν χορεειν ου θελοντας.

"This ode is written upon a picture which represented the rape of Europa." — *Madame Dacier.*

It may probably have been a description of one of those coins, which the Sidonians struck off in honour of Europa, representing a woman carried across the sea by a bull. Thus Natalis Comes, lib. viii. cap. 23. "Sidonii numismata cum foeminâ tauri dorso insidente ac mare transfretante cuderunt in ejus honorem." In the little treatise upon the god-

How fondly blest he seems to bear
That fairest of Phœnician fair!
How proud he breasts the foamy tide,
And spurns the billowy surge aside!
Could any beast of vulgar vein,
Undaunted thus defy the main?
No: he descends from climes above,
He looks the God, he breathes of Jove!

ODE LV.*

While we invoke the wreathed spring,
Resplendent rose! to thee we 'll sing;

dess of Syria, attributed very falsely to Lucian, there is mention of this coin, and of a temple dedicated by the Sidonians to Astarté, whom some, it appears, confounded with Europa.

The poet Moschus has left a very beautiful idyl on the story of Europa.

No: he descends from climes above,
He looks the God, he breathes of Jove!] Thus Moschus: —

Κρυψε θεον και τρεψε δεμας· και γινετο ταυρος.

The God forgot himself, his heaven, for love,
And a bull's form belied th' almighty Jove.

* This ode is a brilliant panegyric on the rose. "All antiquity (says Barnes) has produced nothing more beautiful."

From the idea of peculiar excellence, which the ancients attached to this flower, arose a pretty proverbial expression, used by Aristophanes, according to Suidas, ῥοδα μ' ειρηκας, "You have spoken roses," a phrase somewhat similar to the "dire des fleurettes" of the French. In the same idea of excellence originated, I doubt not, a very curious application of the word ῥοδον, for which the inquisitive reader may consult Gaulminus upon the epithalamium of our poet, where it is introduced in the romance of Theodorus. Muretus, in one of his elegies, calls his mistress his rose: —

Jam te igitur rursus teneo, formosula, jam te
(Quid trepidas?) teneo; jam, rosa, te teneo. Eleg. 8.

Now I again may clasp thee, dearest,
What is there now, on earth, thou fearest?

Resplendent rose, the flower of flowers,
Whose breath perfumes th' Olympian bowers;
Whose virgin blush, of chasten'd dye,
Enchants so much our mortal eye.
When pleasure's spring-tide season glows,
The Graces love to wreathe the rose;
And Venus, in its fresh-blown leaves,
An emblem of herself perceives.
Oft hath the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luxuriance sung;

Again these longing arms infold thee,
Again, my rose, again I hold thee.

This, like most of the terms of endearment in the modern Latin poets, is taken from Plautus; they were vulgar and colloquial in his time, but are among the elegancies of the modern Latinists.

Passeratius alludes to the ode before us, in the beginning of his poem on the Rose: —

Carmine digna rosa est; vellem caneretur ut illam
Teius argutâ cecinit testudine vates.

Resplenaent rose! to thee we 'll sing;] I have passed over the line *συν ἑταιρει αυξει μελπην*, which is corrupt in this original reading, and has been very little improved by the annotators. I should suppose it to be an interpolation, if it were not for a line which occurs afterwards: *φερε δη φυσιν λεγωμεν.*

And Venus, in its fresh-blown leaves, &c.] Belleau, in a note upon an old French poet, quoting the original here *αφροδισιων τ'αθυρμα*, translates it, "comme les délices et mignardises de Venus."

Oft has the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luxuriance sung; &c.] The following is a fragment of the Lesbian poetess. It is cited in the romance of Achilles Tatius. who appears to have resolved the numbers into prose. *Ει τοις ανθεσιν ηθελεν ὁ Ζευς επιθειναι βασιλεα, το ῥοδον αν των ανθεων εβασιλευε. γης εστι κοσμος, φυτων αγλαϊσμα, οφθαλμος ανθεων, λειμωνος ερυθημα, καλλος αστραπτον. Ερωτος πνει, Αφροδιτην προξενει, ευειδεσι φυλλοις κομᾳ, ευκινητοις πεταλοις τρυφᾳ. το πεταλον τῳ Ζεφυρῳ γελᾳ.*

If Jove would give the leafy bowers
A queen for all their world of flowers,
The rose would be the choice of Jove,
And blush, the queen of every grove.

And long the Muses, heavenly maids,
Have rear'd it in their tuneful shades.
When, at the early glance of morn,
It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
'T is sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To cull the timid flowret thence,
And wipe with tender hand away
The tear that on its blushes lay!
'T is sweet to hold the infant stems,
Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,
And fresh inhale the spicy sighs
That from the weeping buds arise.

When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in every eye,
Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
And fill with balm the fainting gale.
There 's nought in nature bright or gay,
Where roses do not shed their ray.
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes;
Young nymphs betray the rose's hue,
O'er whitest arms it kindles through.

Sweetest child of weeping morning,
Gem, the vest of earth adorning,
Eye of gardens, light of lawns,
Nursling of soft summer dawns;
Love's own earliest sigh it breathes,
Beauty's brow with lustre wreathes,
And, to young Zephyr's warm caresses,
Spreads abroad its verdant tresses,
Till, blushing with the wanton's play,
Its cheek wears ev'n a richer ray!

When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes; &c.] In the original here, he enumerates the many epithets of beauty, borrowed from roses, which were used by the poets, παρα των σοφων. We see that poets were dignified in Greece with the title of sages: even the careless Anacreon, who lived but for love and voluptuousness, was called by Plato the wise Anacreon — "fuit haec sapientia quondam."

In Cytherea's form it glows,
And mingles with the living snows.

The rose distils a healing balm,
The beating pulse of pain to calm;
Preserves the cold inurned clay,
And mocks the vestige of decay:
And when at length, in pale decline,
Its florid beauties fade and pine,
Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odour even in death!

Preserves the cold inurned clay, &c.] He here alludes to the use of the rose in embalming; and, perhaps (as Barnes thinks), to the rosy unguent with which Venus anointed the corpse of Hector. — Homer's Iliad ψ. It may likewise regard the ancient practice of putting garlands of roses on the dead, as in Statius, Theb. lib. x. 782.

— — hi sertis, hi veris honore soluto
Accumulant artus, patriâque in sede reponunt
Corpus odoratum.

Where "veris honor," though it mean every kind of flowers, may seem more particularly to refer to the rose, which our poet in another ode calls ἔαρος μέλημα. We read, in the Hieroglyphics of Pierius, lib. lv. that some of the ancients used to order in their wills, that roses should be annually scattered on their tombs, and Pierius has adduced some sepulchral inscriptions to this purpose.

And mocks the vestige of decay:] When he says that this flower prevails over time itself, he still alludes to its efficacy in embalment (tenerâ poneret ossa rosâ. Propert. lib. i. eleg. 17.), or perhaps to the subsequent idea of its fragrance surviving its beauty; for he can scarcely mean to praise for duration the "nimium breves flores" of the rose. Philostratus compares this flower with love, and says, that they both defy the influence of time; χρονον δε ουτε Ερως, ουτε ῥοδα οιδεν. Unfortunately the similitude lies not in their duration, but their transience.

Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odour even in death!] Thus Caspar Barlaeus, in his Ritus Nuptiarum:

Ambrosium late rosa tunc quoque spargit odorem,
Cum fluit, aut multo languida sole jacet.

Nor then the rose its odour loses,
When all its flushing beauties die;
Nor less ambrosial balm diffuses,
Wheu wither'd by the solar eye

Oh! whence could such a plant have sprung?
Listen, — for thus the tale is sung.
When, humid, from the silvery stream,
Effusing beauty's warmest beam,
Venus appear'd, in flushing hues,
Mellow'd by ocean's briny dews;
When, in the starry courts above,
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove
Disclos'd the nymph of azure glance,
The nymph who shakes the martial lance; —
Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
The earth produc'd an infant flower,
Which sprung, in blushing glories drest,
And wanton'd o'er its parent breast.
The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
And hail'd the Rose, the boon of earth!
With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed,
And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
Of him who gave the glorious vine;

With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed, &c.] The author of the "Pervigilium Veneris" (a poem attributed to Catullus, the style of which appears to me to have all the laboured luxuriance of a much later period) ascribes the tincture of the rose to the blood from the wound of Adonis —

— — rosae
Fusae aprino de cruore —

according to the emendation of Lipsius. In the following epigram this hue is differently accounted for: —

Illa quidem studiosa suum defendere Adonim,
Gradivus stricto quem petit ense ferox,
Affixit duris vestigia caeca rosetis,
Albaque divino picta cruore rosa est.

While the enamour'd queen of joy
Flies to protect her lovely boy,
On whom the jealous war-god rushes;
She treads upon a thorned rose,
And while the wound with crimson flows,
The snowy flowret feels her blood, and blushes!

And bade them on the spangled thorn
Expand their bosoms to the morn.

ODE LVI.*

He, who instructs the youthful crew
To bathe them in the brimmer's dew,
And taste, uncloy'd by rich excesses,
All the bliss that wine possesses;
He, who inspires the youth to bound
Elastic through the dance's round, —
Bacchus, the god again is here,
And leads along the blushing year;
The blushing year with vintage teems,
Ready to shed those cordial streams,
Which, sparkling in the cup of mirth,
Illuminate the sons of earth!

Then, when the ripe and vermil wine, —
Blest infant of the pregnant vine,
Which now in mellow clusters swells, —
Oh! when it bursts its roseate cells,

* "Compare with this elegant ode the verses of Uz, lib. i. 'die Weinlese.'" — *Degen.*

This appears to be one of the hymns which were sung at the anniversary festival of the vintage; one of the *επιληνιοι ὑμνοι,* as our poet himself terms them in the fifty-ninth ode. We cannot help feeling a sort of reverence for these classic relics of the religion of antiquity. Horace may be supposed to have written the nineteenth ode of his second book, and the twenty-fifth of the third, for some bacchanalian celebration of this kind.

Which, sparkling in the cup of mirth,
Illuminate the sons of earth!] In the original *ποτον αστονον κομιζων.* Madame Dacier thinks that the poet here had the nepenthé of Homer in his mind. Odyssey, lib. iv. This nepenthé was a something of exquisite charm, infused by Helen into the wine of her guests, which had the power of dispelling every anxiety. A French writer, De Meré, conjectures that this spell, which made the bowl so beguiling, was the charm of Helen's conversation. See Bayle, art. Helène.

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Brightly the joyous stream shall flow,
To balsam every mortal woe!
None shall be then cast down or weak,
For health and joy shall light each cheek;
No heart will then desponding sigh,
For wine shall bid despondence fly.
Thus — till another autumn's glow
Shall bid another vintage flow.

ODE LVII.*

Whose was the artist hand that spread
Upon this disk the ocean's bed?
And, in a flight of fancy, high
As aught on earthly wing can fly,
Depicted thus, in semblance warm,
The Queen of Love's voluptuous form
Floating along the silv'ry sea
In beauty's naked majesty!
Oh! he hath given th' enamour'd sight
A witching banquet of delight,

* This ode is a very animated description of a picture of Venus on a discus, which represented the goddess in her first emergence from the waves. About two centuries after our poet wrote, the pencil of the artist Apelles embellished this subject, in his famous painting of the Venus Anadyomené, the model of which, as Pliny informs us, was the beautiful Campaspe, given to him by Alexander; though, according to Natalis Comes, lib. vii. cap. 16., it was Phryne who sat to Apelles for the face and breast of this Venus.

There are a few blemishes in the reading of the ode before us, which have influenced Faber, Heyne, Brunck, &c. to denounce the whole poem as spurious. But, "non ego paucis offendar maculis." I think it is quite beautiful enough to be authentic.

Whose was the artist hand that spread
Upon this disk the ocean's bed!] The abruptness of *αρα τις τορευσε ποντον*, is finely expressive of sudden admiration, and is one of those beauties, which we cannot but admire in their source, though, by frequent imitation, they are now become familiar and unimpressive.

Where, gleaming through the waters clear,
Glimpses of undreamt charms appear,
And all that mystery loves to screen,
Fancy, like Faith, adores unseen.

Light as a leaf, that on the breeze
Of summer skims the glassy seas,
She floats along the ocean's breast,
Which undulates in sleepy rest;
While stealing on, she gently pillows
Her bosom on the heaving billows.
Her bosom, like the dew-wash'd rose,
Her neck, like April's sparkling snows,
Illume the liquid path she traces,
And burn within the stream's embraces.
Thus on she moves, in languid pride,
Encircled by the azure tide,
As some fair lily o'er a bed
Of violets bends its graceful head.

Beneath their queen's inspiring glance,
The dolphins o'er the green sea dance,

And all that mystery loves to screen,
Fancy, like Faith, adores unseen, &c.] The picture here has all the delicate character of the semi-reducta Venus, and affords a happy specimen of what the poetry of passion *ought* to be — glowing but through a veil, and stealing upon the heart from concealment. Few of the ancients have attained this modesty of description, which, like the golden cloud that hung over Jupiter and Juno, is impervious to every beam but that of fancy.

Her bosom, like the dew-wash'd rose, &c.] "Ῥοδεων (says an anonymous annotator) is a whimsical epithet for the bosom." Neither Catullus nor Gray have been of his opinion. The former has the expression,

En hic in roseis latet papillis.

And the latter,

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours, &c.

Crottus, a modern Latinist, might indeed be censured for too vague a use of the epithet "rosy," when he applies it to the eyes: — "e roseis oculis."

Bearing in triumph young Desire,
And infant Love with smiles of fire!
While, glittering through the silver waves,
The tenants of the briny caves
Around the pomp their gambols play,
And gleam along the watery way.

ODE LVIII.*

When Gold, as fleet as zephyr's pinion,
Escapes like any faithless minion,
And flies me (as he flies me ever),
Do I pursue him? never, never!

— — *young Desire, &c.*] In the original Ἵμερος, who was the same deity with Jocus among the Romans. Aurelius Augurellus has a poem beginning —

Invitat olim Bacchus ad coenam suos
Comon, Jocum, Cupidinem.

Which Parnell has closely imitated: —

Gay Bacchus, liking Estcourt's wine,
A noble meal bespoke us;
And for the guests that were to dine,
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus, &c.

* I have followed Barnes's arrangement of this ode, which, though deviating somewhat from the Vatican MS., appears to me the more natural order.

When Gold, as fleet as zephyr's pinion,
Escapes like any faithless minion, &c.] In the original Ὁ δραπετης ὁ χρυσος. There is a kind of pun in these words, as Madame Dacier has already remarked; for Chrysos, which signifies gold, was also a frequent name for a slave. In one of Lucian's dialogues, there is, I think, a similar play upon the word, where the followers of Chrysippus are called golden fishes. The puns of the ancients are, in general, even more vapid than our own; some of the best are those recorded of Diogenes.

And flies me (as he flies me ever), &c.] Αει δ', αει με φευγει. This grace of iteration has already been taken notice of. Though sometimes merely a playful beauty, it is peculiarly expressive of impassioned sentiment, and we may easily believe that it was one of the many sources of that energetic sensibility which breathed through the

No, let the false deserter go,
For who would court his direst foe?
But, when I feel my lighten'd mind
No more by grovelling gold confin'd,
Then loose I all such clinging cares,
And cast them to the vagrant airs.
Then feel I, too, the Muse's spell,
And wake to life the dulcet shell,
Which, rous'd once more, to beauty sings,
While love dissolves along the strings!

But, scarcely has my heart been taught
How little Gold deserves a thought,
When, lo! the slave returns once more,
And with him wafts delicious store
Of racy wine, whose genial art
In slumber seals the anxious heart.
Again he tries my soul to sever
From love and song, perhaps for ever!

Away, deceiver! why pursuing
Ceaseless thus my heart's undoing?
Sweet is the song of amorous fire,
Sweet the sighs that thrill the lyre;
Oh! sweeter far than all the gold
Thy wings can waft, thy mines can hold.
Well do I know thy arts, thy wiles —
They wither'd Love's young wreathed smiles;
And o'er his lyre such darkness shed,
I thought its soul of song was fled!

style of Sappho. See Gyrald. Vet. Poet. Dial. 9. It will not be said that this is a mechanical ornament by any one who can feel its charm in those lines of Catullus, where he complains of the infidelity of his mistress, Lesbia: —

Coeli, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa,
Illa Lesbia, quam Catullus unam,
Plus quam se atque suos amavit omnes,
Nunc, &c.

Si sic omnia dixisset! — but the rest does not bear citation.

They dash'd the wine-cup, that, by him,
Was filled with kisses to the brim.
Go — fly to haunts of sordid men,
But come not near the bard again.
Thy glitter in the Muse's shade,
Scares from her bower the tuneful maid;
And not for worlds would I forego
That moment of poetic glow,
When my full soul, in Fancy's stream,
Pours o'er the lyre its swelling theme.
Away, away! to worldlings hence,
Who feel not this diviner sense;
Give gold to those who love that pest, —
But leave the poet poor and blest.

ODE LIX.*

Ripen'd by the solar beam,
Now the ruddy clusters teem,
In osier baskets borne along
By all the festal vintage throng

They dash'd the wine-cup, that, by him,
Was filled with kisses to the brim.] Original: —

Φιληματων δε κεδνων,
Ποθων κυπελλα κιρνης.

Horace has "Desiderique temperare poculum," not figuratively, however, like Anacreon, but importing the love-philtres of the witches. By "cups of kisses" our poet may allude to a favourite gallantry among the ancients, of drinking when the lips of their mistresses had touched the brim: —

"Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I 'll not ask for wine."

As in Ben Jonson's translation from Philostratus; and Lucian has a conceit upon the same idea, "*Ἱνα και πινης ἁμα και φιλης,*" "that you may at once both drink and kiss."

* The title *Επιληνιος ὑμνος*, which Barnes has given to this ode, is by no means appropriate. We have already had one of those hymns (ode 56.), but this is a description of the vintage; and the title *εις οινον,*

Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
Ripe as the melting fruits they bear.
Now, now they press the pregnant grapes,
And now the captive stream escapes,
In fervid tide of nectar gushing,
And for its bondage proudly blushing!
While, round the vat's impurpled brim,
The choral song, the vintage hymn
Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
Steals on the charm'd and echoing air.
Mark, how they drink, with all their eyes,
The orient tide that sparkling flies,
The infant Bacchus, born in mirth,
While Love stands by, to hail the birth.

When he, whose verging years decline
As deep into the vale as mine,
When he inhales the vintage-cup,
His feet, new-wing'd, from earth spring up,
And as he dances, the fresh air
Plays whispering through his silvery hair.
Meanwhile young groups whom love invites,
To joys ev'n rivalling wine's delights,
Seek, arm in arm, the shadowy grove,
And there, in words and looks of love,
Such as fond lovers look and say,
Pass the sweet moonlight hours away.*

which it bears in the Vatican MS., is more correct than any that have been suggested.

Degen, in the true spirit of literary scepticism, doubts that this ode is genuine, without assigning any reason for such a suspicion; — "non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare." But this is far from satisfactory criticism.

* Those well acquainted with the original need hardly be reminded that, in these few concluding verses, I have thought right to give only the general meaning of my author, leaving the details untouched.

ODE LX.*

Awake to life, my sleeping shell,
To Phœbus let thy numbers swell;
And though no glorious prize be thine,
No Pythian wreath around thee twine,
Yet every hour is glory's hour
To him who gathers wisdom's flower.
Then wake thee from thy voiceless slumbers,
And to the soft and Phrygian numbers,
Which, tremblingly, my lips repeat,
Send echoes from thy chord as sweet.
'T is thus the swan, with fading notes,
Down the Cayster's current floats,
While amorous breezes linger round,
And sigh responsive sound for sound.

Muse of the Lyre! illume my dream,
Thy Phœbus is my fancy's theme;
And hallow'd is the harp I bear,
And hallow'd is the wreath I wear,
Hallow'd by him, the god of lays,
Who modulates the choral maze.
I sing the love which Daphne twin'd
Around the godhead's yielding mind;
I sing the blushing Daphne's flight
From this ethereal son of Light;

* This hymn to Apollo is supposed not to have been written by Anacreon; and it is undoubtedly rather a sublimer flight than the Teian wing is accustomed to soar. But, in a poet of whose works so small a proportion has reached us, diversity of style is by no means a safe criterion. If we knew Horace but as a satirist, should we easily believe there could dwell such animation in his lyre? Suidas says that our poet wrote hymns, and this perhaps is one of them. We can perceive in what an altered and imperfect state his works are at present, when we find a scholiast upon Horace citing an ode from the third book of Anacreon.

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And how the tender, timid maid
Flew trembling to the kindly shade,
Resign'd a form, alas, too fair,
And grew a verdant laurel there;
Whose leaves, with sympathetic thrill,
In terror seem'd to tremble still!
The god pursu'd, with wing'd desire;
And when his hopes were all on fire,
And when to clasp the nymph he thought,
A lifeless tree was all he caught;
And, stead of sighs that pleasure heaves,
Heard but the west-wind in the leaves!

But, pause, my soul, no more, no more —
Enthusiast, whither do I soar?
This sweetly-mad'ning dream of soul
Hath hurried me beyond the goal.
Why should I sing the mighty darts
Which fly to wound celestial hearts,
When ah, the song, with sweeter tone,
Can tell the darts that wound my own?
Still be Anacreon, still inspire
The descant of the Teian lyre:

And how the tender, timid maid
Flew trembling to the kindly shade, &c.] Original: —

Το μεν εκπεφευγε κεντρον,
Φυσεως δ' αμειψε μορφην.

I find the word *κεντρον* here has a double force, as it also signifies that "omnium parentem, quam sanctus Numa, &c. &c." (See Martial.) In order to confirm this import of the word here, those who are curious in new readings, may place the stop after *φυσεως*, thus: —

Το μεν εκπεφευγε κεντρον
Φυσεως, δ' αμειψε μορφην.

Still be Anacreon, still inspire
The descant of the Teian lyre:] The original is *Τον Αναχρεοντα μιμου.* I have translated it under the supposition that the hymn is by Anacreon; though, I fear, from this very line, that his claim to it can scarcely be supported.

Τον Αναχρεοντα μιμου, "Imitate Anacreon." Such is the lesson

Still let the nectar'd numbers float,
Distilling love in every note!
And when some youth, whose glowing soul
Has felt the Paphian star's control,
When he the liquid lays shall hear,
His heart will flutter to his ear,
And drinking there of song divine,
Banquet on intellectual wine!

given us by the lyrist; and if, in poetry, a simple elegance of sentiment, enriched by the most playful felicities of fancy, be a charm which invites or deserves imitation, where shall we find such a guide as Anacreon? In morality, too, with some little reserve, we need not blush, I think, to follow in his footsteps. For if his song be the language of his heart, though luxurious and relaxed, he was artless and benevolent; and who would not forgive a few irregularities, when atoned for by virtues so rare and so endearing? When we think of the sentiment in those lines: —

Away! I hate the slanderous dart,
Which steals to wound th' unwary heart,

how many are there in the world, to whom we would wish to say, *Τον Ανακρεοντα μιμου!*

Here ends the last of the odes in the Vatican MS., whose authority helps to confirm the genuine antiquity of them all, though a few have stolen among the number, which we may hesitate in attributing to Anacreon. In the little essay prefixed to this translation, I observed that Barnes has quoted this manuscript incorrectly, relying upon an imperfect copy of it, which Isaac Vossius had taken. I shall just mention two or three instances of this inaccuracy — the first which occur to me. In the ode of the Dove, on the words *Πτεροισι συγκαλυψω*, he says, "Vatican MS. *συσκιαζων*, etiam Prisciano invito:" but the MS. reads *συνκαλυψω*, with *συσκιασω* interlined. Degen too, on the same line, is somewhat in error. In the twenty-second ode of this series, line thirteenth, the MS. has *τενιη* with *αι* interlined, and Barnes imputes to it the reading of *τενδη*. In the fifty-seventh, line twelfth, he professes to have preserved the reading of the MS. *Αλαλημενη δ' επ' αυτη*, while the latter has *αλαλημενος δ' επ' αυτα*. Almost all the other annotators have transplanted these errors from Barnes.

ODE LXI.*

YOUTH's endearing charms are fled;
Hoary locks deform my head;
Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.
Withering age begins to trace
Sad memorials o'er my face;
Time has shed its sweetest bloom,
All the future must be gloom.
This it is that sets me sighing;
Dreary is the thought of dying!
Lone and dismal is the road,
Down to Pluto's dark abode;
And, when once the journey 's o'er,
Ah! we can return no more!

* The intrusion of this melancholy ode, among the careless levities of our poet, reminds us of the skeletons which the Egyptians used to hang up in their banquet-rooms, to inculcate a thought of mortality even amidst the dissipations of mirth. If it were not for the beauty of its numbers, the Teian Muse should disown this ode. "Quid habet illius, illius quae spirabat amores?"

To Stobaeus we are indebted for it.

Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.] Horace often, with feeling and elegance, deplores the fugacity of human enjoyments. See book ii. ode 11.; and thus in the second epistle, book ii.: —

Singula de nobis anni praedantur euntes;
Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum.

The wing of every passing day
Withers some blooming joy away;
And wafts from our enamour'd arms
The banquet's mirth, the virgin's charms.

Dreary is the thought of dying! &c.] Regnier, a libertine French poet, has written some sonnets on the approach of death, full of gloomy and trembling repentance. Chaulieu, however, supports more consistently the spirit of the Epicurean philosopher. See his poem, addressed to the Marquis de Lafare —

Plus j'approche du terme et moins je le redoute, &c.

And, when once the journey 's o'er,
Ah! we can return no more!] Scaliger, upon Catullus's well-known

ODE LXII.*

FILL me, boy, as deep a draught,
As e'er was fill'd, as e'er was quaff'd;
But let the water amply flow,
To cool the grape's intemperate glow;
Let not the fiery god be single,
But with the nymphs in union mingle.
For though the bowl 's the grave of sadness,
Ne'er let it be the birth of madness.
No, banish from our board to-night
The revelries of rude delight;
To Scythians leave these wild excesses,
Ours be the joy that soothes and blesses!
And while the temperate bowl we wreathe,
In concert let our voices breathe,
Beguiling every hour along
With harmony of soul and song.

lines, "Qui nunc it per iter, &c." remarks, that Acheron, with the same idea, is called ανεξοδος by Theocritus, and δυσεκδρομος by Nicander.

* This ode consists of two fragments, which are to be found in Athenaeus, book x., and which Barnes, from the similarity of their tendency, has combined into one. I think this a very justifiable liberty, and have adopted it in some other fragments of our poet.

Degen refers us here to verses of Uz, lib. iv., "der Trinker."

But let the water amply flow,
To cool the grape's intemperate glow; &c.] It was Amphictyon who first taught the Greeks to mix water with their wine; in commemoration of which circumstance they erected altars to Bacchus and the nymphs. On this mythological allegory the following epigram is founded:

Ardentem ex utero Semeles lavêre Lyaeum
Naiades, extincto fulminis igne sacri;
Cum nymphis igitur tractabilis, at sine nymphis
Candenti rursus fulmine corripitur.

PIERIUS VALERIANUS.

Which is, non verbum verbo, —

While heavenly fire consum'd his Theban dame,
A Naiad caught young Bacchus from the flame,
And dipp'd him burning in her purest lymph;

ODE LXIII.*

To Love, the soft and blooming child,
I touch the harp in descant wild;
To Love, the babe of Cyprian bowers,
The boy, who breathes and blushes flowers;
To Love, for heaven and earth adore him,
And gods and mortals bow before him!

ODE LXIV.**

HASTE thee, nymph, whose well-aimed spear
Wounds the fleeting mountain-deer!
Dian, Jove's immortal child,
Huntress of the savage wild!
Goddess with the sun-bright hair!
Listen to a people's prayer.
Turn, to Lethe's river turn,
There thy vanquish'd people mourn!

Hence, still he loves the Naiad's crystal urn,
And when his native fires too fiercely burn,
Seeks the cool waters of the fountain-nymph.

* This fragment is preserved in Clemens Alexandrinus, Strom. lib. vi. and in Arsenius, Collect. Graec." — *Barnes.*

It appears to have been the opening of a hymn in praise of Love.

** This hymn to Diana is extant in Hephaestion. There is an anecdote of our poet, which has led some to doubt whether he ever wrote any odes of this kind. It is related by the Scholiast upon Pindar (Isthmionic. od. ii. v. 1. as cited by Barnes) that Anacreon being asked, why he addressed all his hymns to women, and none to the deities? answered, "Because women are my deities."

I have assumed, it will be seen, in reporting this anecdote, the same liberty which I have thought it right to take in translating some of the odes; and it were to be wished that these little infidelities were always allowable in interpreting the writings of the ancients; thus, when nature is forgotten in the original, in the translation "tamen usque recurret."

Turn, to Lethe's river turn,
There thy vanquish'd people mourn!] Lethe, a river of Ionia, according to Strabo, falling into the Meander. In its neighbourhood was

Come to Lethe's wavy shore,
Tell them they shall mourn no more.
Thine their hearts, their altars thine;
Must they, Dian — must they pine?

ODE LXV.*

Like some wanton filly sporting,
Maid of Thrace, thou fly'st my courting.
Wanton filly! tell me why
Thou trip'st away, with scornful eye,
And seem'st to think my doating heart
Is novice in the bridling art?
Believe me, girl, it is not so;
Thou 'lt find this skilful hand can throw
The reins around that tender form,
However wild, however warm.
Yes — trust me I can tame thy force,
And turn and wind thee in the course.
Though, wasting now thy careless hours,
Thou sport amid the herbs and flowers,
Soon shalt thou feel the rein's control,
And tremble at the wished-for goal!

the city called Magnesia, in favour of whose inhabitants our poet is supposed to have addressed this supplication to Diana. It was written (as Madame Dacier conjectures) on the occasion of some battle, in which the Magnesians had been defeated.

* This ode, which is addressed to some Thracian girl, exists in Heraclides, and has been imitated very frequently by Horace, as all the annotators have remarked. Madame Dacier rejects the allegory, which runs so obviously through the poem, and supposes it to have been addressed to a young mare belonging to Polycrates.

Picrius, in the fourth book of his Hieroglyphics, cites this ode, and informs us that the horse was the hieroglyphical emblem of pride.

ODE LXVI.*

To thee, the Queen of nymphs divine,
Fairest of all that fairest shine;
To thee, who rul'st with darts of fire
This world of mortals, young Desire!
And oh! thou nuptial Power, to thee
Who bear'st of life the guardian key,
Breathing my soul in fervent praise,
And weaving wild my votive lays,
For thee, O Queen! I wake the lyre,
For thee, thou blushing young Desire,
And oh! for thee, thou nuptial Power,
Come, and illume this genial hour.

Look on thy bride, too happy boy,
And while thy lambent glance of joy
Plays over all her blushing charms,
Delay not, snatch her to thine arms,
Before the lovely, trembling prey,
Like a young birdling, wing away!
Turn, Stratocles, too happy youth,
Dear to the Queen of amorous truth,
And dear to her, whose yielding zone
Will soon resign her all thine own.
Turn to Myrilla, turn thine eye,
Breathe to Myrilla, breathe thy sigh.
To those bewitching beauties turn;
For thee they blush, for thee they burn.

* This ode is introduced in the Romance of Theodorus Prodromus, and is that kind of epithalamium which was sung like a scolium at the nuptial banquet.

Among the many works of the impassioned Sappho, of which time and ignorant superstition have deprived us, the loss of her epithalamiums is not one of the least that we deplore. The following lines are cited as a relic of one of those poems: —

Ολβιε γαμβρε. σοι μεν δη γαμος ὡς αραο,
Εκτετελεστ', εχεις δε παρθενον αν αραο.

See Scaliger, in his Poetics, on the Epithalamium.

Not more the rose, the queen of flowers,
Outblushes all the bloom of bowers,
Than she unrivall'd grace discloses,
The sweetest rose, where all are roses.
Oh! may the sun, benignant, shed
His blandest influence o'er thy bed;
And foster there an infant tree,
To bloom like her, and tower like thee!

ODE LXVII.*

RICH in bliss, I proudly scorn
The wealth of Amalthea's horn;
Nor should I ask to call the throne
Of the Tartessian prince my own;

And foster there an infant tree,
To bloom like her, and tower like thee!] Original *Κυπαριττος δε πεφυκοι σευ ενι κηπῳ.* Passeratius, upon the words "cum castum amisit florem," in the Nuptial Song of Catullus, after explaining "flos" in somewhat a similar sense to that which Gaulminus attributes to *ῥοδον*, says, "Hortum quoque vocant in quo flos ille carpitur, et Graecis *κηπον εστι το εφηβαιον γυναικων.*"

I may remark, in passing, that the author of the Greek version of this charming ode of Catullus, has neglected a most striking and anacreontic beauty in those verses "Ut flos in septis, &c." which is the repetition of the line, "Multi illum pueri, multae optavêre puellae," with the slight alteration of nulli and nullae. Catullus himself, however, has been equally injudicious in his version of the famous ode of Sappho; having translated *γελωσας ἱμεροεν*, but omitted all notice of the accompanying charm, *ἁδυ φωνουσας.* Horace has caught the spirit of it more faithfully: —

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

* This fragment is preserved in the third book of Strabo.

Of the Tartessian prince my own;] He here alludes to Arganthonius, who lived, according to Lucian, an hundred and fifty years; and reigned, according to Herodotus, eighty. See Barnes.

To totter through his train of years,
The victim of declining fears.
One little hour of joy to me
Is worth a dull eternity!

ODE LXVIII.*

Now Neptune's month our sky deforms,
The angry night-cloud teems with storms;
And savage winds, infuriate driven,
Fly howling in the face of heaven!
Now, now, my friends, the gathering gloom
With roseate rays of wine illume:
And while our wreaths of parsley spread
Their fadeless foliage round our head,
Let's hymn th' almighty power of wine,
And shed libations on his shrine!

ODE LXIX.**

They wove the lotus band to deck
And fan with pensile wreath each neck;
And every guest, to shade his head,
Three little fragrant chaplets spread;

* This is composed of two fragments; the seventieth and eighty-first in Barnes. They are both found in Eustathius.

** Three fragments form this little ode, all of which are preserved in Athenaeus. They are the eighty-second, seventy-fifth, and eighty-third, in Barnes.

And every guest, to shade his head,
Three little fragrant chaplets spread;] Longepierre to give an idea of the luxurious estimation in which garlands were held by ancients, relates an anecdote of a courtezan, who in order to gratify three lovers, without leaving cause for jealousy with any of them, gave a kiss to one, let the other drink after her, and put a garland on the brow of the third;

And one was of th' Egyptian leaf,
The rest were roses, fair and brief:
While from a golden vase profound,
To all on flowery beds around,
A Hebe, of celestial shape,
Pour'd the rich droppings of the grape!

ODE LXX.*

A BROKEN cake, with honey sweet,
Is all my spare and simple treat:
And while a generous bowl I crown
To float my little banquet down,
I take the soft, the amorous lyre,
And sing of love's delicious fire:
In mirthful measures warm and free,
I sing, dear maid, and sing for thee!

ODE LXXI.**

WITH twenty chords my lyre is hung,
And while I wake them all for thee,
Thou, O maiden, wild and young,
Disport'st in airy levity.

so that each was satisfied with his favour, and flattered himself with the preference.

This circumstance resembles very much the subject of one of the *tensons* of Savari de Mauléon, a troubadour. See L'Histoire Littéraire des Troubadours. The recital is a curious picture of the puerile gallantries of chivalry.

* Compiled by Barnes, from Athenaeus, Hephaestion, and Arsenius. See Barnes, 80th.

** This I have formed from the eighty-fourth and eighty-fifth of Barnes's edition. The two fragments are found in Athenaeus.

The nursling fawn, that in some shade
Its antler'd mother leaves behind,
Is not more wantonly afraid,
More timid of the rustling wind!

ODE LXXII.*

Fare thee well, perfidious maid,
My soul, too long on earth delay'd,
Delay'd, perfidious girl, by thee,
Is on the wing for liberty.
I fly to seek a kindlier sphere,
Since thou hast ceas'd to love me here!

ODE LXXIII.**

Awhile I bloom'd, a happy flower,
Till Love approach'd one fatal hour,

The nursling fawn, that in some shade
Its antler'd mother leaves behind, &c,] In the original: —
Ὁς εν ὑλῃ κεροεσσης
Απολειφθεις ὑπο μητρος.

"Horned" here, undoubtedly, seems a strange epithet; Madame Dacier however observes, that Sophocles, Callimachus, &c. have all applied it in the very same manner, and she seems to agree in the conjecture of the scholiast upon Pindar, that perhaps horns are not always peculiar to the males. I think we may with more ease conclude it to be a license of the poet, "jussit habere puellam cornua."

* This fragment is preserved by the Scholiast upon Aristophanes, and is the eighty-seventh in Barnes.

** This is to be found in Hephaestion, and is the eighty-ninth of Barnes's edition.

I have omitted, from among these scraps, a very considerable fragment imputed to our poet, Ξανθη δ' Ευρυπυλη μελει, &c. which is preserved in the twelfth book of Athenaeus, and is the ninety-first in Barnes. If it was really Anacreon who wrote it, "nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi." It is in a style of gross satire, and abounds with expressions that never could be gracefully translated.

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And made my tender branches feel
The wounds of his avenging steel.
Then lost I fell, like some poor willow
That falls across the wintry billow!

ODE LXXIV.*

MONARCH Love, resistless boy,
With whom the rosy Queen of Joy,
And nymphs, whose eyes have Heaven's hue,
Disporting tread the mountain-dew;
Propitious, oh! receive my sighs,
Which, glowing with entreaty, rise,
That thou wilt whisper to the breast
Of her I love thy soft behest;
And counsel her to learn from thee,
That lesson thou hast taught to me.
Ah! if my heart no flattery tell,
Thou 'lt own I 've learn'd that lesson well!

ODE LXXV.**

SPIRIT of Love, whose locks unroll'd,
Stream on the breeze like floating gold;
Come, within a fragrant cloud
Blushing with light, thy votary shroud;

* A fragment preserved by Dion Chrysostom. Orat. ii. de Regno. See Barnes, 93.

** This fragment, which is extant in Athenaeus (Barnes, 101.), is supposed, on the authority of Chamaeleon, to have been addressed to Sappho. We have also a stanza attributed to her, which some romancers have supposed to be her answer to Anacreon. "Mais par malheur (as Bayle says), Sappho vint au monde environ cent ou six vingt ans avant Anacréon."—*Nouvelles de la Rép. des Lett.*, tom. ii. de Novembre, 1684. The following is her fragment, the compliment of which is finely imagined; she supposes that the Muse has dictated the verses of Anacreon:—

And, on those wings that sparkling play,
Waft, oh, waft me hence away!
Love! my soul is full of thee,
Alive to all thy luxury.
But she, the nymph for whom I glow,
The lovely Lesbian mocks my woe;
Smiles at the chill and hoary hues,
That time upon my forehead strews
Alas! I fear she keeps her charms,
In store for younger, happier arms!

ODE LXXVI.*

HITHER, gentle Muse of mine,
Come and teach thy votary old
Many a golden hymn divine,
For the nymph with vest of gold.

Pretty nymph, of tender age,
Fair thy silky locks unfold;
Listen to a hoary sage,
Sweetest maid with vest of gold!

Κεινον, ω χρυσοθρονε Μουσ', ενισπες
Ὑμνον, εκ της καλλιγυναικος εσθλας
Τηϊος χωρας ὁν αειδε τερπνως
Πρεσβυς αγαυος.

Oh Muse! who sit'st on golden throne
Full many a hymn of witching tone
The Teian sage is taught by thee;
But, Goddess, from thy throne of gold,
The sweetest hymn thou 'st ever told,
He lately learn'd and sung for me.

* Formed of the 124th and 119th fragments in Barnes, both of which are to be found in Scaliger's Poetics.

De Pauw thinks that those detached lines and couplets, which Scaliger has adduced as examples in his Poetics, are by no means authentic, but of his own fabrication.

ODE LXXVII.*

WOULD that I were a tuneful lyre,
Of burnish'd ivory fair,
Which, in the Dionysian choir,
Some blooming boy should bear!

Would that I were a golden vase,
That some bright nymph might hold
My spotless frame, with blushing grace,
Herself as pure as gold!

ODE LXXVIII.**

WHEN Cupid sees how thickly now,
The snows of Time fall o'er my brow,
Upon his wing of golden light,
He passes with an eaglet's flight,
And flitting onward seems to say,
"Fare thee well, thou'st had thy day!"

*** CUPID, whose lamp has lent the ray,
That lights our life's meandering way,
That God, within this bosom stealing,
Hath waken'd a strange, mingled feeling,
Which pleases, though so sadly teasing,
And teases, though so sweetly pleasing!

* This is generally inserted among the remains of Alcaeus. Some, however, have attributed it to Anacreon. See our poet's twenty-second ode, and the notes.

** See Barnes, 173d. This fragment, to which I have taken the liberty of adding a turn not to be found in the original, is cited by Lucian in his short essay on the Gallic Hercules.

*** Barnes, 125th. This in Scaliger's Poetics. Gail has omitted it in his collection of fragments.

* LET me resign this wretched breath,
Since now remains to me
No other balm than kindly death,
To soothe my misery!

** I KNOW thou lov'st a brimming measure,
And art a kindly, cordial host;
But let me fill and drink at pleasure —
Thus I enjoy the goblet most.

*** I FEAR that love disturbs my rest,
Yet feel not love's impassion'd care;
I think there 's madness in my breast,
Yet cannot find that madness there!

---

† FROM dread Leucadia's frowning steep,
I 'll plunge into the whitening deep:
And there lie cold, to death resign'd,
Since Love intoxicates my mind!

* This fragment is extant in Arsenius and Hephaestion. See Barnes (69th), who has arranged the metre of it very skilfully.

** Barnes, 72d. This fragment, which is found in Athenaeus, contains an excellent lesson for the votaries of Jupiter Hospitalis.

*** Found in Hephaestion (see Barnes, 95th), and reminds one somewhat of the following: —

Odi et amo; quare id faciam fortasse requiris;
Nescio: sed fieri sentio, et excrucior. Carm. 53.

I love thee and hate thee, but if I can tell
The cause of my love and my hate, may I die.
I can feel it, alas! I can feel it too well,
That I love thee and hate thee, but cannot tell why.

† This is also in Hephaestion, and perhaps is a fragment of some poem, in which Anacreon had commemorated the fate of Sappho. It is the 123d of Barnes.

* Mix me, child, a cup divine,
Crystal water, ruby wine:
Weave the frontlet, richly flushing,
O'er my wintry temples blushing.
Mix the brimmer — Love and I
Shall no more the contest try.
Here — upon this holy bowl,
I surrender all my soul!

Among the Epigrams of the Anthologia, are found some panegyrics on Anacreon, which I had translated, and originally intended as a sort of Coronis to this work. But I found upon consideration, that they wanted variety; and that a frequent recurrence, in them, of the same thought, would render a collection of such poems uninteresting. I shall take the liberty, however, of subjoining a few, selected from the number, that I may not appear to have totally neglected those ancient tributes to the fame of Anacreon. The four epigrams which I give are imputed to Antipater Sidonius. They are rendered, perhaps, with too much freedom; but designing originally a translation of all that are extant on the subject, I endeavoured to enliven their uniformity by sometimes indulging in the liberties of paraphrase.

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*ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ, ΕΙΣ ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΑ.***

ΘΑΛΛΟΙ τετρακορυμβος, Ανακρεον, αμφι σε κισσος
ἁβρα τε λειμωνων πορφυρεων πεταλα·

* Collected by Barnes, from Demetrius Phalareus and Eustathius, and subjoined in his edition to the epigrams attributed to our poet. And here is the last of those little scattered flowers, which I thought I might venture with any grace to transplant; — happy if it could be said of the garland which they form, *Το δ' ωζ' Ανακρεοντος.*

** Antipater Sidonius, the author of this epigram, lived, according to Vossius, de Poetis Graecis, in the second year of the 169th Olympiad. He appears, from what Cicero and Quintilian have said of him, to have

πηγαι δ' αργινοεντος αναθλιβοιντο γαλακτος,
ευωδες δ' απο γης ἡδυ χεοιτο μεθυ,
οφρα κε τοι σποδιη τε και οστεα τερψιν αρηται,
ει δε τις φθιμενοις χριμπτεται ευφροσυνα,
ω το φιλον στερξας, φιλε, βαρβιτον, ω συν αοιδᾳ
παντα διαπλωσας και συν ερωτι βιον.

AROUND the tomb, oh, bard divine!
Where soft thy hallow'd brow reposes,
Long may the deathless ivy twine,
And summer spread her waste of roses!

And there shall many a fount distil,
And many a rill refresh the flowers;
But wine shall be each purple rill,
And every fount be milky showers.

Thus, shade of him, whom Nature taught
To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure,
Who gave to love his tenderest thought,
Who gave to love his fondest measure, —

been a kind of improvvisatore. See Institut. Orat. lib. x. cap. 7. There is nothing more known respecting this poet, except some particulars about his illness and death, which are mentioned as curious by Pliny and others; — and there remain of his works but a few epigrams in the Anthologia, among which are found these inscriptions upon Anacreon. These remains have been sometimes imputed to another poet* of the same name, of whom Vossius gives us the following account: — "Antipater Thessalonicensis vixit tempore Augusti Caesaris, ut qui saltantem viderit Pyladem, sicut constat ex quodam ejus epigrammate *Ανθολογιας*, lib. iv. tit. *εις ορχηστριδας*. At eum ac Bathyllum primos fuisse pantomimos ac sub Augusto claruisse, satis notum ex Dione, &c. &c."

The reader, who thinks it worth observing, may find a strange oversight in Hoffman's quotation of this article from Vossius, Lexic. Univers. By the omission of a sentence he has made Vossius assert that the poet Antipater was one of the first pantomime dancers in Rome.

Barnes, upon the epigram before us, mentions a version of it by Brodaeus, which is not to be found in that commentator; but he more than once confounds Brodaeus with another annotator on the Anthologia, Vincentius Obsopoeus, who has given a translation of the epigram.

* Pleraque tamen Thessalonicensi tribuenda videntur. — *Brunck, Lectiones et Emendat.*

Thus, after death, if shades can feel,
Thou may'st, from odours round thee streaming,
A pulse of past enjoyment steal,
And live again in blissful dreaming!

ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ, ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΑΥΤΟΝ.

ΤΥΜΒΟΣ Ανακρειοντος. ὁ Τηϊος ενθαδε κυκνος
Εὕδει, χῆ παιδων ζωροτατη μανιη.
Ακμην λειριοεντι μελιζεται αμφι Βαθυλλῳ
Ἱμερα· και κισσου λευκος οδωδε λιθος.
Ουδ' Αἴδης σοι ερωτας απεσβεσεν, εν δ' Αχεροντος
Ων, ὁλος ωδινεις Κυπριδι θερμοτερῃ.

HERE sleeps Anacreon, in this ivied shade;
Here mute in death the Teian swan is laid.
Cold, cold that heart, which while on earth it dwelt
All the sweet frenzy of love's passion felt.
And yet, oh Bard! thou art not mute in death,
Still do we catch thy lyre's luxurious breath;

— — the Teian swan is laid.] Thus Horace of Pindar: —

Multa Dircaeum levat aura cycnum.

A swan was the hieroglyphical emblem of a poet. Anacreon has been called the swan of Teos by another of his eulogists.

Εν τοις μελιχροις Ἱμεροισι συντροφον
Λυαιος Ανακρεοντα, Τηϊον κυκνον,
Εσφηλας ὑγρῃ νεκταρος μεληδονῃ.
Ευγενους, Ανθολογ.

God of the grape! thou hast betray'd
In wine's bewildering dream,
The fairest swan that ever play'd
Along the Muse's stream! —
The Teian, nurs'd with all those honey'd boys,
The young Desires, light Loves, and rose-lipp'd Joys!

Still do we catch thy lyre's luxurious breath;] Thus Simonides, speaking of our poet: —

Μολπης δ' ου ληθη μελιτερπεος ἀλλ' ετι κεινο
Βαρβιτον ουδε θανων ευνασεν ειν αἴδῃ.
Σιμονιδου, Ανθολογ.

And still thy songs of soft Bathylla bloom,
Green as the ivy round thy mouldering tomb.
Nor yet has death obscur'd thy fire of love,
For still it lights thee through the Elysian grove;
Where dreams are thine, that bless th' elect alone,
And Venus calls thee even in death her own!

ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ, ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΑΥΤΟΝ.

ΞΕΙΝΕ, ταφον παρα λιτον Ανακρειοντος αμειβων,
Ει τι τοι εκ βιβλων ηλθεν εμων οφελος,
Σπεισον εμη σποδιη, σπεισον γανος, οφρα κεν οινῳ
Οστεα γηθησε ταμα νοτιζομενα,
Ὡς ὁ Διονυσου μεμελημενος ουασι κωμος,
Ὡς ὁ φιλακρητου συντροφος ἁρμονιης,
Μηδε καταφθιμενος Βακχου διχα τουτον ὑποισω
Τον γενεη μεροπων χωρον οφειλομενον.

* Oh stranger! if Anacreon's shell
Has ever taught thy heart to swell

Nor yet are all his numbers mute,
Though dark within the tomb he lies;
But living still, his amorous lute
With sleepless animation sighs!

This is the famous Simonides, whom Plato styled "divine," though Le Fevre, in his Poëtes Grecs, supposes that the epigrams under his name are all falsely imputed. The most considerable of his remains is a satirical poem upon women, preserved by Stobaeus, ψογος γυναικων.

We may judge from the lines I have just quoted, and the import of the epigram before us, that the works of Anacreon were perfect in the times of Simonides and Antipater. Obsopaeus, the commentator here, appears to exult in their destruction, and telling us they were burned by the bishops and patriarchs, he adds, "nec sane id necquicquam fecerunt," attributing to this outrage an effect which it could not possibly have produced.

* The spirit of Anacreon is supposed to utter these verses from the tomb, — somewhat "mutatus ab illo," at least in simplicity of expression.

— — *if Anacreon's shell*
Has ever taught thy heart to swell, &c.] We may guess from the

With passion's throb or pleasure's sigh,
In pity turn, as wandering nigh,
And drop thy goblet's richest tear
In tenderest libation here!

words *εκ βιβλων εμων*, that Anacreon was not merely a writer of billets-doux, as a some French critics have called him. Amongst these Mr. Le Fevre, with all his professed admiration, has given our poet a character by no means of an elevated cast: —

Aussi c'est pour cela que la posterité
L'a toujours justement d'age en age chanté
Comme un franc goguenard, ami de goinfrerie,
Ami de billets-doux et de badinerie.

See the verses prefixed to his Poëtes Grecs. This is unlike the language of Theocritus, to whom Anacreon is indebted for the following simple eulogium: —

ΕΙΣ ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ ΑΝΔΡΙΑΝΤΑ.

Θασαι τον ανδριαντα τουτον, ω ξενε,
σπουδᾳ, και λεγ', επαν ες οικον ενθης·
Ανακρεοντος εικον' ειδον εν Τεῳ,
των προσθ' ει τι περισσον ωδοποιων.
προσθεις δε χὠτι τοις νεοισιν ᾁδετο,
ερεις ατρεκεως ὅλον τον ανδρα.

UPON THE STATUE OF ANACREON.

Stranger! who near this statue chance to roam,
Let it awhile your studious eyes engage:
That you may say, returning to your home,
"I 've seen the image of the Teian sage,
Best of the bards who deck the Muse's page."
Then, if you add, "That striplings lov'd him well,"
You tell them all he was, and aptly tell.

I have endeavoured to do justice to the simplicity of this inscription by rendering it as literally, I believe, as a verse translation will allow.

And drop thy goblet's richest tear, &c.] Thus Simonides, in another of his epitaphs on our poet: —

Και μιν αει τεγγοι νοτερη δροσος, ἧς ὁ γεραιος
Λαροτερον μαλακων επνεεν εκ στοματων.

Let vines, in clustering beauty wreath'd,
Drop all their treasures on his head,
Whose lips a dew of sweetness breath'd,
Richer than vine hath ever shed!

So shall my sleeping ashes thrill
With visions of enjoyment still.
Not even in death can I resign
The festal joys that once were mine,
When Harmony pursu'd my ways,
And Bacchus wanton'd to my lays.
Oh! if delight could charm no more,
If all the goblet's bliss were o'er,
When fate had once our doom decreed,
Then dying would be death indeed;
Nor could I think, unblest by wine,
Divinity itself divine!

ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ, ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΑΥΤΟΝ.

Ἐυδεις εν φθιμενοισιν, Ανακρεον, εσθλα πονησας
εὕδει δ' ἡ γλυκερη νυκτιλαλος κιθαρα,
εὕδει και Σμερδις, το Ποθων ἑαρ, ᾧ συ μελισδων,
βαρβιτ', ανεκρουου νεκταρ εναρμονιον.
ηϊθεων γαρ Ερωτος εφυς σκοπος· ες δε σε μουνον
τοξα τε και σκολιας ειχεν ἑκηβολιας.

At length thy golden hours have wing'd their flight,
And drowsy death that eyelid steepeth;
Thy harp, that whisper'd through each lingering night,
Now mutely in oblivion sleepeth!

And Bacchus wanton'd to my lays, &c.] The original here is corrupted, the line ὡς ὁ *Διονυσου*, &c. is unintelligible.

Brunck's emendation improves the sense, but I doubt if it can be commended for elegance. He reads the line thus: —

ὡς ὁ Διωνυσοιο λελασμενος ουποτε κωμων.

See Brunck, Analecta Veter. Poet. Graec. vol. ii.

Thy harp, that whisper'd through each lingering night, &c.] In another of these poems, "the nightly-speaking lyre" of the bard is represented as not yet silent even after his death.

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She too, for whom that harp profusely shed
The purest nectar of its numbers,
She, the young spring of thy desires, hath fled,
And with her blest Anacreon slumbers!
Farewell! thou had'st a pulse for every dart
That mighty Love could scatter from his quiver;

ὡς ὁ φιλακρητος τε και οινοβαρης φιλοκωμος
*παννυχιος κρουοι * την φιλοπαιδα χελυν.*
Σιμωνιδου, εις Ανακρεοντα.

To beauty's smile and wine's delight,
To joys he lov'd on earth so well,
Still shall his spirit, all the night,
Attune the wild, aërial shell!

She, the young spring of thy desires, &c.] The original, *το Ποθων εαρ,* is beautiful. We regret that such praise should be lavished so preposterously, and feel that the poet's mistress Eurypyle would have deserved it better. Her name has been told us by Meleager, as already quoted, and in another epigram by Antipater.

ὑγρα δε δερκομενοισιν εν ομμασιν ουλον αειδοις,
αιθυσσων λιπαρης ανθος ὑπερθε κομης,
ηε προς Ευρυπυλην τετραμμενος . . .

Long may the nymph around thee play,
Eurypyle, thy soul's desire,
Basking her beauties in the ray
That lights thine eyes' dissolving fire!

Sing of her smile's bewitching power,
Her every grace that warms and blesses;
Sing of her brows' luxuriant flower,
The beaming glory of her tresses.

The expression here, *ανθος κομης,* "the flower of the hair," is borrowed from Anacreon himself, as appears by a fragment of the poet preserved in Stobaeus: *Απεκειρας δ' ἁπαλης αμομον ανθος.*

The purest nectar of its numbers, &c.] Thus, says Brunck, in the prologue to the Satires of Persius: —

Cantare credas Pegaseium nectar.

"Melos" is the usual reading in this line, and Casaubon has defended it; but "nectar" is, I think, much more spirited.

Farewell! thou had'st a pulse for every dart, &c.] *εφυς σκοπος,*

---

* Brunck has *κρουων*; but *κρουοι*, the common reading, better suits a detached quotation.

And each new beauty found in thee a heart,
Which thou, with all thy heart and soul, didst give her!

"scopus eras naturâ," not "speculator," as Barnes very falsely interprets it.

Vincentius Obsopoeus, upon this passage, contrives to indulge us with a little astrological wisdom, and talks in a style of learned scandal about Venus, "male posita cum Marte in domo Saturni."

And each new beauty found in thee a heart, &c.] This couplet is not otherwise warranted by the original, than as it dilates the thought which Antipater has figuratively expressed.

Critias, of Athens, pays a tribute to the legitimate gallantry of Anacreon, calling him, with elegant conciseness, γυναικων ηπεροπευμα.

Τον δε γυναικειων μελεων πλεξαντα ποτ' ωδας,
*Ἡδυν Ανακρειοντα *, Τεως εις Ἑλλαδ' ανηγεν*
Συμποσιων ερεθισμα, γυναικων ηπεροπευμα.

Teos gave to Greece her treasure,
Sage Anacreon, sage in loving;
Fondly weaving lays of pleasure
For the maids who blush'd approving.

When in nightly banquets sporting,
Where 's the guest could ever fly him?
When with love's seduction courting,
Where 's the nymph could e'er deny him?

---

* Thus Scaliger, in his dedicatory verses to Ronsard:—
Blandus, suaviloquus, dulcis Anacreon.

JUVENILE POEMS.

PREFACE,

BY

THE EDITOR.*

THE Poems which I take the liberty of publishing, were never intended by the author to pass beyond the circle of friends. He thought, with some justice, that what are called Occasional Poems must be always insipid and uninteresting to the greater part of their readers. The particular situations in which they were written; the character of the author and of his associates; all these peculiarities must be known and felt before we can enter into the spirit of such compositions. This consideration would have always, I believe, prevented the author himself from submitting these trifles to the eye of dispassionate criticism: and if their posthumous introduction to the world be injustice to his memory, or intrusion on the public, the error must be imputed to the injudicious partiality of friendship.

Mr. LITTLE died in his one and twentieth year; and most of these Poems were written at so early a period that their errors may lay claim to some indulgence from the critic. Their author, as unambitious as indolent, scarce ever looked beyond the moment of composition; but, in general, wrote as he pleased, careless whether he pleased as he wrote. It may likewise be remembered, that they were all the productions of an age when the passions very

* A portion of the Poems included in this and the succeeding volume were published originally as the works of "the late Thomas Little," with the Preface here given prefixed to them.

often give a colouring too warm to the imagination; and this may palliate, if it cannot excuse, that air of levity which pervades so many of them. The "aurea legge, s'ei piace ei lice," he too much pursued, and too much inculcates. Few can regret this more sincerely than myself; and if my friend had lived, the judgment of riper years would have chastened his mind, and tempered the luxuriance of his fancy.

Mr. LITTLE gave much of his time to the study of the amatory writers. If ever he expected to find in the ancients that delicacy of sentiment, and variety of fancy, which are so necessary to refine and animate the poetry of love, he was much disappointed. I know not any one of them who can be regarded as a model in that style; Ovid made love like a rake, and Propertius like a schoolmaster. The mythological allusions of the latter are called erudition by his commentators; but such ostentatious display, upon a subject so simple as love, would be now esteemed vague and puerile, and was even in his own times pedantic. It is astonishing that so many critics should have preferred him to the gentle and touching Tibullus; but those defects, I believe, which a common reader condemns, have been regarded rather as beauties by those erudite men, the commentators; who find a field for their ingenuity and research, in his Grecian learning and quaint obscurities.

Tibullus abounds with touches of fine and natural feeling. The idea of his unexpected return to Delia, "Tunc veniam subito,*" &c. is imagined with all the delicate ardour of a lover; and the sentiment of "nec te posse carere velim," however colloquial the expression may have been, is natural, and from the heart. But the poet of Verona, in my opinion, possessed more genuine feeling than any of them. His life was, I believe, unfortunate; his associates were wild and abandoned; and the warmth of his nature took too much advantage of the latitude which the morals of those times so criminally allowed to the passions. All this depraved his imagination, and made it the slave of his senses. But still a native sensibility is often very warmly perceptible; and when he touches the chord of pathos, he reaches immediately the heart.

* Lib. i. Eleg. 3.

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They who have felt the sweets of return to a home from which they have long been absent will confess the beauty of those simple unaffected lines: —

O quid solutis est beatius curis!
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus Larem ad nostrum
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.

Carm. xxix.

His sorrows on the death of his brother are the very tears of poesy; and when he complains of the ingratitude of mankind, even the inexperienced cannot but sympathize with him. I wish I were a poet; I should then endeavour to catch, by translation, the spirit of those beauties which I have always so warmly admired.*

It seems to have been peculiarly the fate of Catullus, that the better and more valuable part of his poetry has not reached us; for there is confessedly nothing in his extant works to authorize the epithet "doctus," so universally bestowed upon him by the ancients. If time had suffered his other writings to escape, we perhaps should have found among them some more purely amatory; but of those we possess, can there be a sweeter specimen of warm, yet chastened description than his loves of Acme and Septimius? and the few little songs of dalliance to Lesbia are distinguished by such an exquisite playfulness, that they have always been assumed as models by the most elegant modern Latinists. Still, it must be confessed, in the midst of all these beauties,

— Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat.**

It has often been remarked, that the ancients knew nothing of gallantry; and we are sometimes told there was too much sincerity in their love to allow them to trifle thus with the semblance of passion. But I cannot perceive that they were any thing more constant than the moderns: they felt all the same dissipation of the heart,

* In the following Poems, will be found a translation of one of his finest Carmina; but I fancy it is only a mere schoolboy's essay, and deserves to be praised for little more than the attempt.

** Lucretius.

though they knew not those seductive graces by which gallantry almost teaches it to be amiable. Wotton, the learned advocate for the moderns, deserts them in considering this point of comparison, and praises the ancients for their ignorance of such refinements. But he seems to have collected his notions of gallantry from the insipid *fadeurs* of the French romances, which have nothing congenial with the graceful levity, the "grata protervitas," of a Rochester or a Sedley.

As far as I can judge, the early poets of our own language were the models which Mr. LITTLE selected for imitation. To attain their simplicity ("ævo rarissima nostro simplicitas") was his fondest ambition. He could not have aimed at a grace more difficult of attainment;* and his life was of too short a date to allow him to perfect such a taste; but how far he was likely to have succeeded, the critic may judge from his productions.

I have found among his papers a novel, in rather an imperfect state, which, as soon as I have arranged and collected it, shall be submitted to the public eye.

Where Mr. LITTLE was born, or what is the genealogy of his parents, are points in which very few readers can be interested. His life was one of those humble streams which have scarcely a name in the map of life, and the traveller may pass it by without inquiring its source or direction. His character was well known to all who were acquainted with him; for he had too much vanity to hide its virtues, and not enough of art to conceal its defects. The lighter traits of his mind may be traced perhaps in his writings; but the few for which he was valued live only in the remembrance of his friends.

T. M.

* It is a curious illustration of the labour which simplicity requires, that the Ramblers of Johnson, elaborate as they appear, were written with fluency, and seldom required revision; while the simple language of Rousseau, which seems to come flowing from the heart, was the slow production of painful labour, pausing on every word, and balancing every sentence.

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TO
JOSEPH ATKINSON, Esq.

My dear Sir,

I feel a very sincere pleasure in dedicating to you the Second Edition of our friend Little's Poems. I am not unconscious that there are many in the collection which perhaps it would be prudent to have altered or omitted; and, to say the truth, I more than once revised them for that purpose; but, I know not why, I distrusted either my heart or my judgment; and the consequence is, you have them in their original form:

Non possunt nostros multae, Faustine, liturae
Emendare jocos; una litura potest.

I am convinced, however, that, though not quite a *casuiste relâché*, you have charity enough to forgive such inoffensive follies: you know that the pious Beza was not the less revered for those sportive *Juvenilia* which he published under a fictitious name; nor did the levity of Bembo's poems prevent him from making a very good cardinal.

Believe me, my dear friend,
With the truest esteem,
Yours,
T. M.

FRAGMENTS OF COLLEGE EXERCISES.

Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus. — Juv.

Mark those proud boasters of a splendid line,
Like glided ruins, mouldering while they shine,
How heavy sits that weight of alien show,
Like martial helm upon an infant's brow;
Those borrow'd splendours, whose contrasting light
Throws back the native shades in deeper night.

Ask the proud train who glory's shade pursue,
Where are the arts by which that glory grew?
The genuine virtues that with eagle-gaze
Sought young Renown in all her orient blaze!
Where is the heart by chymic truth refin'd,
Th' exploring soul, whose eye had read mankind?
Where are the links that twin'd, with heav'nly art,
His country's interest round the patriot's heart?

* * * * *

Justum bellum quibus necessarium, et pia arma quibus nulla nisi in armis relinquitur spes. — Livy.

* * * * *

Is there no call, no consecrating cause,
Approv'd by Heav'n, ordain'd by nature's laws,
Where justice flies the herald of our way,
And truth's pure beams upon the banners play?

Yes, there 's a call sweet as an angel's breath
To slumb'ring babes, or innocence in death;
And urgent as the tongue of Heav'n within,
When the mind's balance trembles upon sin.

Oh! 't is our country's voice, whose claim should meet
An echo in the soul's most deep retreat;
Along the heart's responding chords should run,
Nor let a tone there vibrate — but the one!

VARIETY.

Ask what prevailing, pleasing power
Allures the sportive, wandering bee
To roam, untired, from flower to flower,
He 'll tell you, 't is variety.

Look Nature round, her features trace,
Her seasons, all her changes see;

And own, upon Creation's face,
  The greatest charm's variety.

For me, ye gracious powers above!
  Still let me roam, unfix'd and free;
In all things, — but the nymph I love,
  I 'll change, and taste variety.

But, Patty, not a world of charms
  Could e'er estrange my heart from thee; —
No, let me ever seek those arms,
  There still I 'll find variety.

TO A BOY, WITH A WATCH.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

Is it not sweet, beloved youth,
  To rove through Erudition's bowers,
And cull the golden fruits of truth,
  And gather Fancy's brilliant flowers?

And is it not more sweet than this,
  To feel thy parents' hearts approving,
And pay them back in sums of bliss
  The dear, the endless debt of loving?

It must be so to thee, my youth;
  With this idea toil is lighter;
This sweetens all the fruits of truth,
  And makes the flowers of fancy brighter.

The little gift we send thee, boy,
  May sometimes teach thy soul to ponder,
If indolence or siren joy
  Should ever tempt that soul to wander.

'T will tell thee that the winged day
  Can ne'er be chain'd by man's endeavour;
That life and time shall fade away,
  While heav'n and virtue bloom for ever!

SONG.

If I swear by that eye, you 'll allow,
Its look is so shifting and new,
That the oath I might take on it now
The very next glance would undo.

Those babies that nestle so sly
Such thousands of arrows have got,
That an oath, on the glance of an eye
Such as yours, may be off in a shot.

Should I swear by the dew on your lip,
Though each moment the treasure renews,
If my constancy wishes to trip,
I may kiss off the oath when I choose.

Or a sigh may disperse from that flow'r
Both the dew and the oath that are there;
And I 'd make a new vow ev'ry hour,
To lose them so sweetly in air.

But clear up the heav'n of your brow,
Nor fancy my faith is a feather;
On my heart I will pledge you my vow,
And they both must be broken together!

TO .... ..

Remember him thou leav'st behind,
Whose heart is warmly bound to thee,
Close as the tend'rest links can bind
A heart as warm as heart can be.

Oh! I had long in freedom rov'd,
Though many seem'd my soul to share;
'T was passion when I thought I lov'd,
'T was fancy when I thought them fair.

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Ev'n she, my muse's early theme,
  Beguil'd me only while she warm'd;
'T was young desire that fed the dream,
  And reason broke what passion form'd.

But thou — ah! better had it been
  If I had still in freedom rov'd,
If I had ne'er thy beauties seen,
  For then I never should have lov'd.

Then all the pain which lovers feel
  Had never to this heart been known;
But then, the joys that lovers steal,
  Should *they* have ever been my own?

Oh! trust me, when I swear thee this,
  Dearest! the pain of loving thee,
The very pain is sweeter bliss
  Than passion's wildest ecstasy.

That little cage I would not part,
  In which my soul is prison'd now,
For the most light and winged heart
  That wantons on the passing vow.

Still, my belov'd! still keep in mind,
  However far remov'd from me,
That there is one thou leav'st behind,
  Whose heart respires for only thee!

And though ungenial ties have bound
  Thy fate unto another's care,
That arm, which clasps thy bosom round,
  Cannot confine the heart that 's there.

No, no! that heart is only mine
  By ties all other ties above,
For I have wed it at a shrine
  Where we have had no priest but Love.

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SONG.

When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The mem'ry of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew.
Then, Julia, when thy beauty's flow'r
Shall feel the wintry air,
Remembrance will recall the hour
When thou alone wert fair.
Then talk no more of future gloom;
Our joys shall always last;
For Hope shall brighten days to come,
And Mem'ry gild the past.

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,
I drink to Love and thee:
Thou never canst decay in soul,
Thou 'lt still be young for me.
And as thy lips the tear-drop chase,
Which on my cheek they find,
So hope shall steal away the trace
That sorrow leaves behind.
Then fill the bowl — away with gloom!
Our joys shall always last;
For Hope shall brighten days to come,
And Mem'ry gild the past.

But mark, at thought of future years
When love shall lose its soul,
My Chloe drops her timid tears,
They mingle with my bowl.
How like this bowl of wine, my fair,
Our loving life shall fleet;
Though tears may sometimes mingle there,
The draught will still be sweet.
Then fill the cup — away with gloom!
Our joys shall always last;

For Hope will brighten days to come,
And Mem'ry gild the past.

SONG.

Have you not seen the timid tear,
Steal trembling from mine eye?
Have you not mark'd the flush of fear,
Or caught the murmur'd sigh?
And can you think my love is chill,
Nor fix'd on you alone?
And can you rend, by doubting still,
A heart so much your own?

To you my soul's affections move,
Devoutly, warmly true;
My life has been a task of love,
One long, long thought of you.
If all your tender faith be o'er,
If still my truth you 'll try;
Alas, I know but *one* proof more —
I 'll bless your name, and die!

REUBEN AND ROSE.

A TALE OF ROMANCE.

The darkness that hung upon Willumberg's walls
Had long been remember'd with awe and dismay;
For years not a sunbeam had play'd in its halls,
And it seem'd as shut out from the regions of day.

Though the valleys were brighten'd by many a beam,
Yet none could the woods of that castle illume;
And the lightning, which flash'd on the neighbouring stream,
Flew back, as if fearing to enter the gloom!

"Oh! when shall this horrible darkness disperse!"
Said Willumberg's lord to the Seer of the Cave; —

"It can never dispel," said the wizard of verse,
"Till the bright star of chivalry sinks in the wave!"

And who was the bright star of chivalry then?
Who *could* be but Reuben, the flow'r of the age?
For Reuben was first in the combat of men,
Though Youth had scarce written his name on her page.

For Willumberg's daughter his young heart had beat, —
For Rose, who was bright as the spirit of dawn,
When with wand dropping diamonds, and silvery feet,
It walks o'er the flow'rs of the mountain and lawn.

Must Rose, then, from Reuben so fatally sever?
Sad, sad were the words of the Seer of the Cave,
That darkness should cover that castle for ever,
Or Reuben be sunk in the merciless wave!

To the wizard she flew, saying, "Tell me, oh, tell!
Shall my Reuben no more be restor'd to my eyes?"
"Yes, yes — when a spirit shall toll the great bell
Of the mouldering abbey, your Reuben shall rise!"

Twice, thrice he repeated "Your Reuben shall rise!"
And Rose felt a moment's release from her pain;
And wip'd, while she listen'd, the tears from her eyes,
And hop'd she might yet see her hero again.

That hero could smile at the terrors of death,
When he felt that he died for the sire of his Rose;
To the Oder he flew, and there, plunging beneath,
In the depth of the billows soon found his repose. —

How strangely the order of destiny falls! —
Not long in the waters the warrior lay,
When a sunbeam was seen to glance over the walls,
And the castle of Willumberg bask'd in the ray!

All, all but the soul of the maid was in light,
There sorrow and terror lay gloomy and blank:
Two days did she wander, and all the long night,
In quest of her love, on the wide river's bank.

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Oft, oft did she pause for the toll of the bell,
  And heard but the breathings of night in the air;
Long, long did she gaze on the watery swell,
  And saw but the foam of the white billow there.

And often as midnight its veil would undraw,
  As she look'd at the light of the moon in the stream,
She thought 't was his helmet of silver she saw,
  As the curl of the surge glitter'd high in the beam.

And now the third night was begemming the sky;
  Poor Rose, on the cold dewy margent reclin'd,
There wept till the tear almost froze in her eye,
  When — hark! — 't was the bell that came deep in the wind!

She startled, and saw, through the glimmering shade,
  A form o'er the waters in majesty glide;
She knew 't was her love, though his cheek was decay'd,
  And his helmet of silver was wash'd by the tide.

Was this what the Seer of the Cave had foretold? —
  Dim, dim through the phantom the moon shot a gleam;
'T was Reuben, but, ah! he was deathly and cold,
  And fleeted away like the spell of a dream!

Twice, thrice did he rise, and as often she thought
  From the bank to embrace him, but vain her endeavour!
Then, plunging beneath, at a billow she caught,
  And sunk to repose on its bosom for ever!

DID NOT.

'T was a new feeling — something more
Than we had dared to own before,
  Which then we hid not;
We saw it in each other's eye,
And wish'd, in every half-breath'd sigh,
  To speak, but did not.

She felt my lips' impassion'd touch —
'T was the first time I dared so much,
And yet she chid not;
But whisper'd o'er my burning brow,
"Oh! do you doubt I love you now?"
Sweet soul! I did not.

Warmly I felt her bosom thrill,
I press'd it closer, closer still,
Though gently bid not;
Till — oh! the world hath seldom heard
Of lovers, who so nearly err'd,
And yet, who did not.

TO

....

That wrinkle, when first I espied it
At once put my heart out of pain;
Till the eye, that was glowing beside it,
Disturb'd my ideas again.

Thou art just in the twilight at present,
When woman's declension begins;
When, fading from all that is pleasant,
She bids a good night to her sins.

Yet thou still art so lovely to me,
I would sooner, my exquisite mother!
Repose in the sunset of thee,
Than bask in the noon of another.

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TO

MRS. .....

ON SOME CALUMNIES AGAINST HER CHARACTER.

Is not thy mind a gentle mind?
Is not that heart a heart refin'd?
Hast thou not every gentle grace,
We love in woman's mind and face?
And, oh! art *thou* a shrine for Sin
To hold her hateful worship in?

No, no, be happy — dry that tear —
Though some thy heart hath harbour'd near,
May now repay its love with blame;
Though man, who ought to shield thy fame,
Ungenerous man, be first to shun thee;
Though all the world look cold upon thee,
Yet shall thy pureness keep thee still
Unharm'd by that surrounding chill;
Like the famed drop, in crystal found, *
Floating, while all was froz'n around, —
Unchill'd, unchanging shalt thou be,
Safe in thy own sweet purity.

ANACREONTIC.

— in *lachrymas* verterat omne merum.
TIB. lib. i. eleg 5.

PRESS the grape, and let it pour
Around the board its purple show'r;
And, while the drops my goblet steep,
I 'll think in woe the clusters weep.

* This alludes to a curious gem, upon which Claudian has left us some very elaborate epigrams. It was a drop of pure water enclosed within a piece of crystal. See Claudian. Epigram. "do Crystallo cui aqua inerat." Addison mentions a curiosity of this kind at Milan; and adds, "It is such a rarity as this that I saw at Vendome in France, which they there pretend is a tear that our Saviour shed over Lazarus, and

Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine!
Heav'n grant no tears, but tears of wine.
Weep on; and, as thy sorrows flow,
I 'll taste the luxury of woe.

TO

....

When I lov'd you, I can't but allow
  I had many an exquisite minute;
But the scorn that I feel for you now
  Hath even more luxury in it.

Thus, whether we 're on or we 're off,
  Some witchery seems to await you;
To love you was pleasant enough,
  And, oh! 't is delicious to hate you!

TO JULIA.

IN ALLUSION TO SOME ILLIBERAL CRITICISMS.

Why, let the stingless critic chide
With all that fume of vacant pride
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour on a stagnant pool.
Oh! if the song, to feeling true,
Can please th' elect, the sacred few,
Whose souls, by Taste and Nature taught,
Thrill with the genuine pulse of thought —
If some fond feeling maid like thee,
The warm-ey'd child of Sympathy,
Shall say, while o'er my simple theme
She languishes in Passion's dream,

was gathered up by an angel, who put it into a little crystal vial, and made a present of it to Mary Magdalen." — *Addison's Remarks on several Parts of Italy.*

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"He was, indeed, a tender soul —
"No critic law, no chill control,
"Should ever freeze, by timid art,
"The flowings of so fond a heart!"
Yes, soul of Nature! soul of Love!
That, hov'ring like a snow-wing'd dove,
Breath'd o'er my cradle warblings wild,
And hail'd me Passion's warmest child, —
Grant me the tear from Beauty's eye,
From Feeling's breast the votive sigh;
Oh! let my song, my mem'ry, find
A shrine within the tender mind;
And I will smile when critics chide,
And I will scorn the fume of pride
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour round some stagnant pool!

TO JULIA.

Mock me no more with Love's beguiling dream,
A dream, I find, illusory as sweet:
One smile of friendship, nay, of cold esteem,
Far dearer were than passion's bland deceit!

I 've heard you oft eternal truth declare;
Your heart was only mine, I once believ'd.
Ah! shall I say that all your vows were air?
And *must* I say, my hopes were all deceiv'd?

Vow, then, no longer that our souls are twin'd,
That all our joys are felt with mutual zeal;
Julia! — 't is pity, pity makes you kind;
You know I love, and you would *seem* to feel.

But shall I still go seek within those arms
A joy in which affection takes no part?
No, no, farewell! you give me but your charms,
When I had fondly thought you gave your heart.

THE SHRINE.

TO .....

My fates had destin'd me to rove
A long, long pilgrimage of love;
And many an altar on my way
Has lur'd my pious steps to stay;
For, if the saint was young and fair,
I turn'd and sung my vespers there.
This, from a youthful pilgrim's fire,
Is what your pretty saints require:
To pass, nor tell a single bead,
With them would be profane indeed!
But, trust me, all this young devotion
Was but to keep my zeal in motion;
And, ev'ry humbler altar past,
I now have reach'd THE SHRINE at last!

TO A LADY,

WITH SOME MANUSCRIPT POEMS

ON LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

When, casting many a look behind,
I leave the friends I cherish here —
Perchance some other friends to find,
But surely finding none so dear —

Haply the little simple page,
Which votive thus I 've trac'd for thee,
May now and then a look engage,
And steal one moment's thought for me.

But, oh! in pity let not those
Whose hearts are not of gentle mould,
Let not the eye that seldom flows
With feeling's tear, my song behold.

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For, trust me, they who never melt
With pity, never melt with love;
And such will frown at all I 've felt,
And all my loving lays reprove.

But if, perhaps, some gentler mind,
Which rather loves to praise than blame,
Should in my page an interest find,
And linger kindly on my name;

Tell him — or, oh! if, gentler still,
By female lips my name be blest:
For, where do all affections thrill
So sweetly as in woman's breast? —

Tell her, that he whose loving themes
Her eye indulgent wanders o'er,
Could sometimes wake from idle dreams,
And bolder flights of fancy soar;

That Glory oft would claim the lay,
And Friendship oft his numbers move;
But whisper then, that, "sooth to say,
"His sweetest song was giv'n to Love!"

TO JULIA.

Though Fate, my girl, may bid us part,
Our souls it cannot, shall not sever;
The heart will seek its kindred heart,
And cling to it as close as ever.

But must we, must we part indeed?
Is all our dream of rapture over?
And does not Julia's bosom bleed
To leave so dear, so fond a lover?

Does *she* too mourn? — Perhaps she may;
Perhaps she mourns our bliss so fleeting:

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But why is Julia's eye so gay,
  If Julia's heart like mine is beating?

I oft have lov'd that sunny glow
  Of gladness in her blue eye gleaming —
But can the bosom bleed with woe,
  While joy is in the glances beaming?

No, no! — Yet, love, I will not chide;
  Although your heart *were* fond of roving,
Nor that, nor all the world beside
  Could keep your faithful boy from loving.

You 'll soon be distant from his eye,
  And, with you, all that 's worth possessing.
Oh! then it will be sweet to die,
  When life has lost its only blessing!

TO . . . . . .

SWEET lady, look not thus again:
  Those bright deluding smiles recall
A maid remember'd now with pain,
  Who was my love, my life, my all!

Oh! while this heart bewilder'd took
  Sweet poison from her thrilling eye,
Thus would she smile, and lisp, and look,
  And I would hear, and gaze, and sigh!

Yes, I did love her — wildly love —
  She was her sex's best deceiver!
And oft she swore she 'd never rove —
  And I was destin'd to believe her!

Then, lady, do not wear the smile
  Of one whose smile could thus betray;
Alas! I think the lovely wile
  Again could steal my heart away.

For, when those spells that charm'd my mind,
On lips so pure as thine I see,
I fear the heart which she resign'd
Will err again, and fly to thee!

NATURE'S LABELS.

A FRAGMENT.

In vain we fondly strive to trace
The soul's reflection in the face;
In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,
Crooked mouth, or short proboscis;
Boobies have look'd as wise and bright
As Plato or the Stagirite:
And many a sage and learned skull
Has peep'd through windows dark and dull.
Since then, though art do all it can,
We ne'er can reach the inward man,
Nor (howsoe'er "learn'd Thebans" doubt)
The inward woman, from without,
Methinks 't were well if Nature could
(And Nature could, if Nature would)
Some pithy, short descriptions write,
On tablets large, in black and white,
Which she might hang about our throttles,
Like labels upon physic-bottles;
And where all men might read — but stay —
As dialectic sages say,
The argument most apt and ample
For common use is the example.
For instance, then, if Nature's care
Had not portray'd, in lines so fair,
The inward soul of Lucy L-nd-n,
This is the label she 'd have pinn'd on.

LABEL FIRST.

Within this form there lies enshrin'd
The purest, brightest gem of mind.
Though Feeling's hand may sometimes throw
Upon its charms the shade of woe,
The lustre of the gem, when veil'd,
Shall be but mellow'd, not conceal'd.

Now, sirs, imagine, if you 're able,
That Nature wrote a second label,
They 're her own words — at least suppose so —
And boldly pin it on Pomposo.

LABEL SECOND.

When I compos'd the fustian brain
Of this redoubted Captain Vain,
I had at hand but few ingredients,
And so was forc'd to use expedients.
I put therein some small discerning,
A grain of sense, a grain of learning;
And when I saw the void behind,
I fill'd it up with — froth and wind!

* * * * *

TO JULIA.

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

When Time was entwining the garland of years,
Which to crown my beloved was given,
Though some of the leaves might be sullied with tears,
Yet the flow'rs were all gather'd in heaven.

And long may this garland be sweet to the eye,
May its verdure for ever be new;
Young Love shall enrich it with many a sigh,
And Sympathy nurse it with dew.

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A REFLECTION AT SEA.

SEE how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,
  Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile, —
  Then murmuring subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
  Rises on time's eventful sea;
And, having swell'd a moment there,
  Thus melts into eternity!

CLORIS AND FANNY.

CLORIS! if I were Persia's king,
  I 'd make my graceful queen of thee;
While FANNY, wild and artless thing,
  Should but thy humble handmaid be.

There is but *one* objection in it —
  That, verily, I 'm much afraid
I should, in some unlucky minute,
  Forsake the mistress for the maid.

THE SHIELD.

SAY, did you not hear a voice of death!
  And did you not mark the paly form
Which rode on the silvery mist of the heath,
  And sung a ghostly dirge in the storm?

Was it the wailing bird of the gloom,
  That shrieks on the house of woe all night?
Or a shivering fiend that flew to a tomb,
  To howl and to feed till the glance of light?

'T was *not* the death-bird's cry from the wood
  Nor shivering fiend that hung on the blast;

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'T was the shade of Helderic — man of blood —
It screams for the guilt of days that are past.

See, how the red, red lightning strays,
And scares the gliding ghosts of the heath!
Now on the leafless yew it plays,
Where hangs the shield of this son of death.

That shield is blushing with murderous stains;
Long has it hung from the cold yew's spray;
It is blown by storms and wash'd by rains,
But neither can take the blood away!

Oft by that yew, on the blasted field,
Demons dance to the red moon's light;
While the damp boughs creak, and the swinging shield
Sings to the raving spirit of night!

TO JULIA.

WEEPING.

Oh! if your tears are giv'n to care,
If real woe disturbs your peace,
Come to my bosom, weeping fair!
And I will bid your weeping cease.

But if with Fancy's vision'd fears,
With dreams of woe your bosom thrill;
You look so lovely in your tears,
That I must bid you drop them still.

DREAMS.

TO

. . . . . .

In slumber, I prithee how is it
That souls are oft taking the air,
And paying each other a visit,
While bodies are heaven knows where?

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Last night, 't is in vain to deny it,
  Your Soul took a fancy to roam,
For I heard her, on tiptoe so quiet,
  Come ask, whether *mine* was at home.

And mine let her in with delight,
  And they talk'd and they laugh'd the time through;
For, when souls come together at night,
  There is no saying what they mayn't do!

And *your* little Soul, heaven bless her!
  Had much to complain and to say,
Of how sadly you wrong and oppress her
  By keeping her prison'd all day.

"If I happen," said she, "but to steal
  "For a peep now and then to her eye,
"Or, to quiet the fever I feel,
  "Just venture abroad on a sigh;

"In an instant she frightens me in
  "With some phantom of prudence or terror,
"For fear I should stray into sin,
  "Or, what is still worse, into error!

"So, instead of displaying my graces,
  "By daylight, in language and mien,
"I am shut up in corners and places,
  "Where truly I blush to be seen!"

Upon hearing this piteous confession,
  My Soul, looking tenderly at her,
Declar'd, as for grace and discretion
  He did not know much of the matter;

"But, to-morrow, sweet Spirit!" he said,
  "Be at home after midnight, and then
I will come when your lady 's in bed,
  "And we 'll talk o'er the subject again."

So she whisper'd a word in his ear,
  I suppose to her door to direct him,
And, just after midnight, my dear,
  Your polite little Soul may expect him.

TO ROSA.

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

THE wisest soul, by anguish torn,
  Will soon unlearn the lore it knew;
And when the shrining casket 's worn,
  The gem within will tarnish too.

But love 's an essence of the soul,
  Which sinks not with this chain of clay;
Which throbs beyond the chill control
  Of with'ring pain or pale decay.

And surely, when the touch of Death
  Dissolves the spirit's earthly ties,
Love still attends th' immortal breath,
  And makes it purer for the skies!

Oh Rosa, when, to seek its sphere,
  My soul shall leave this orb of men,
That love which form'd its treasure here,
  Shall be its *best* of treasures then!

And as, in fabled dreams of old,
  Some air-born genius, child of time,
Presided o'er each star that roll'd,
  And track'd it through its path sublime;

So thou, fair planet, not unled,
  Shalt through thy mortal orbit stray;
Thy lover's shade, to thee still wed,
  Shall linger round thy earthly way.

Let other spirits range the sky,
  And play around each starry gem;
I' ll bask beneath that lucid eye,
  Nor envy worlds of suns to them.

And when that heart shall cease to beat,
  And when that breath at length is free,
Then, Rosa, soul to soul we 'll meet,
  And mingle to eternity!

SONG.

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove
  Is fair — but oh, how fair,
If Pity's hand had stol'n from Love
  One leaf to mingle there!

If every rose with gold were tied,
  Did gems for dewdrops fall,
One faded leaf where Love had sigh'd
  Were sweetly worth them all.

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove
  Our emblem well may be;
Its bloom is yours, but hopeless Love
  Must keep its tears for me.

THE SALE OF LOVES.

I dreamt that, in the Paphian groves,
  My nets by moonlight laying,
I caught a flight of wanton Loves,
  Among the rose-beds playing.
Some just had left their silv'ry shell,
  While some were full in feather;
So pretty a lot of Loves to sell,
  Were never yet strung together.

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Come buy my Loves,
Come buy my Loves,
Ye dames and rose-lipp'd misses! —
They 're new and bright,
The cost is light,
For the coin of this isle is kisses.

First Cloris came, with looks sedate,
The coin on her lips was ready;
"I buy," quoth she, "my Love by weight,
"Full grown, if you please, and steady."
"Let mine be light," said Fanny, "pray —
"Such lasting toys undo one;
"A light little Love that will last to-day, —
"To-morrow I 'll sport a new one."
Come buy my Loves,
Come buy my Loves,
Ye dames and rose-lipp'd misses! —
There 's some will keep,
Some light and cheap,
At from ten to twenty kisses.

The learned Prue took a pert young thing,
To divert her virgin Muse with,
And pluck sometimes a quill from his wing,
To indite her billet-doux with.
Poor Cloe would give for a well-fledg'd pair
Her only eye, if you 'd ask it;
And Tabitha begg'd, old toothless fair,
For the youngest Love in the basket.
Come buy my Loves, &c. &c.

But *one* was left, when Susan came,
One worth them all together;
At sight of her dear looks of shame,
He smiled, and pruned his feather.
She wish'd the boy — 't was more than whim —
Her looks, her sighs betray'd it;

But kisses were not enough for him,
I ask'd a heart, and she paid it!
Good-by, my Loves,
Good-by, my Loves,
'T would make you smile to 've seen us
First trade for this
Sweet child of bliss,
And then nurse the boy between us.

TO

. . . . . .

THE world had just begun to steal
Each hope that led me lightly on;
I felt not, as I us'd to feel,
And life grew dark and love was gone.

No eye to mingle sorrow's tear,
No lip to mingle pleasure's breath,
No circling arms to draw me near —
'T was gloomy, and I wish'd for death.

But when I saw that gentle eye,
Oh! something seem'd to tell me then.
That I was yet too young to die,
And hope and bliss might bloom again.

With every gentle smile that crost
Your kindling cheek, you lighted home
Some feeling, which my heart had lost,
And peace, which far had learn'd to roam.

'T was then indeed so sweet to live,
Hope look'd so new and Love so kind,
That, though I mourn, I yet forgive
The ruin they have left behind.

I could have lov'd you — oh, so well! —
The dream, that wishing boyhood knows,

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Is but a bright, beguiling spell,
That only lives while passion glows:

But, when this early flush declines,
When the heart's sunny morning fleets,
You know not then how close it twines
Round the first kindred soul it meets.

Yes, yes, I could have lov'd, as one
Who, while his youth's enchantments fall,
Finds something dear to rest upon,
Which pays him for the loss of all.

TO
. . . . . .

NEVER mind how the pedagogue proses,
You want not antiquity's stamp;
A lip, that such fragrance discloses,
Oh! never should smell of the lamp.

Old Cloe, whose withering kiss
Hath long set the Loves at defiance,
Now, done with the science of bliss,
May take to the blisses of science.

But for *you* to be buried in books —
Ah, Fanny, they 're pitiful sages,
Who could not in *one* of your looks
Read more than in millions of pages.

Astronomy finds in those eyes
Better light than she studies above;
And Music would borrow your sighs
As the melody fittest for Love.

Your Arithmetic only can trip
If to count your own charms you endeavour;
And Eloquence glows on your lip
When you swear, that you 'll love me for ever.

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Thus you see, what a brilliant alliance
Of arts is assembled in you; —
A course of more exquisite science
Man never need wish to pursue.

And, oh! — if a Fellow like me
May confer a diploma of hearts,
With my lip thus I seal your degree,
My divine little Mistress of Arts!

ON THE

DEATH OF A LADY.

Sweet spirit! if thy airy sleep
Nor sees my tears nor hears my sighs,
Then will I weep, in anguish weep,
Till the last heart's drop fills mine eyes.

But if thy sainted soul can feel,
And mingles in our misery;
Then, then my breaking heart I 'll seal —
Thou shalt not hear one sigh from me.

The beam of morn was on the stream,
But sullen clouds the day deform:
Like thee was that young, orient beam,
Like death, alas, that sullen storm!

Thou wert not form'd for living here,
So link'd thy soul was with the sky;
Yet, ah, we held thee all so dear,
We thought thou wert not form'd to die.

INCONSTANCY.

And do I then wonder that Julia deceives me,
When surely there 's nothing in nature more common?
She vows to be true, and while vowing she leaves me —
And could I expect any more from a woman?

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Oh, woman! your heart is a pitiful treasure;
  And Mahomet's doctrine was not too severe,
When he held that you were but materials of pleasure,
  And reason and thinking were out of your sphere.

By your heart, when the fond sighing lover can win it,
  He thinks that an age of anxiety 's paid;
But, oh, while he 's blest, let him die at the minute —
  If he live but a *day*, he 'll be surely betray'd.

THE NATAL GENIUS.

A DREAM.

TO . ....,

THE MORNING OF HER BIRTHDAY.

In witching slumbers of the night,
I dreamt I was the airy sprite
  That on thy natal moment smil'd;
And thought I wafted on my wing
Those flow'rs which in Elysium spring,
  To crown my lovely mortal child.

With olive-branch I bound thy head,
Heart's ease along thy path I shed,
  Which was to bloom through all thy years;
Nor yet did I forget to bind
Love's roses, with his myrtle twin'd,
  And dew'd by sympathetic tears.

Such was the wild but precious boon
Which Fancy, at her magic noon,
  Bade me to Nona's image pay;
And were it thus my fate to be
Thy little guardian deity,
  How blest around thy steps I 'd play!

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Thy life should glide in peace along,
Calm as some lonely shepherd's song
  That 's heard at distance in the grove;
No cloud should ever dim thy sky,
No thorns along thy pathway lie,
  But all be beauty, peace, and love.

Indulgent Time should never bring
To thee one blight upon his wing,
  So gently o'er thy brow he 'd fly;
And death itself should but be felt
Like that of daybeams, when they melt,
  Bright to the last, in evening's sky!

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY JULIA, ON THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER.

Though sorrow long has worn my heart;
  Though every day I 've counted o'er
Hath brought a new and quick'ning smart
  To wounds that rankled fresh before;

Though in my earliest life bereft
  Of tender links by nature tied;
Though hope deceiv'd, and pleasure left;
  Though friends betray'd and foes belied;

I still had hopes — for hope will stay
  After the sunset of delight;
So like the star which ushers day,
  We scarce can think it heralds night! —

I hop'd that, after all its strife,
  My weary heart at length should rest,
And, fainting from the waves of life,
  Find harbour in a brother's breast.

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That brother's breast was warm with truth,
  Was bright with honour's purest ray;
He was the dearest, gentlest youth —
  Ah, why then was he torn away?

He should have stay'd, have linger'd here
  To soothe his Julia's every woe;
He should have chas'd each bitter tear,
  And not have caus'd those tears to flow.

We saw within his soul expand
  The fruits of genius, nurs'd by taste;
While Science, with a fost'ring hand,
  Upon his brow her chaplet plac'd.

We saw, by bright degrees, his mind
  Grow rich in all that makes men dear; —
Enlighten'd, social, and refin'd,
  In friendship firm, in love sincere.

Such was the youth we lov'd so well,
  And such the hopes that fate denied; —
We lov'd, but ah! could scarcely tell
  How deep, how dearly, till he died!

Close as the fondest links could strain,
  Twin'd with my very heart he grew;
And by that fate which breaks the chain,
  The heart is almost broken too.

TO THE LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL

MISS .....,

IN ALLUSION TO SOME PARTNERSHIP IN A LOTTERY SHARE.

IMPROMPTU.

— Ego pars — — VIRG.

In wedlock a species of lottery lies,
  Where in blanks and in prizes we deal;
But how comes it that you, such a capital prize,
  Should so long have remain'd in the wheel?

If ever, by Fortune's indulgent decree,
To me such a ticket should roll,
A sixteenth, Heav'n knows! were sufficient for me;
For what could *I* do with the whole?

A DREAM.

I THOUGHT this heart enkindled lay
On Cupid's burning shrine:
I thought he stole thy heart away,
And plac'd it near to mine.

I saw thy heart begin to melt,
Like ice before the sun;
Till both a glow congenial felt,
And mingled into one!

TO .....

WITH all my soul, then, let us part,
Since both are anxious to be free;
And I will send you home your heart,
If you will send back mine to me.

We 've had some happy hours together,
But joy must often change its wing;
And spring would be but gloomy weather,
If we had nothing else but spring.

'T is not that I expect to find
A more devoted, fond, and true one,
With rosier cheek or sweeter mind —
Enough for me that she 's a new one.

Thus let us leave the bower of love,
Where we have loiter'd long in bliss;
And you may down *that* pathway rove,
While I shall take my way through *this*.

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ANACREONTIC.

"SHE never look'd so kind before —
  "Yet why the wanton's smile recall?
"I 've seen this witchery o'er and o'er,
  "'T is hollow, vain, and heartless all!"

Thus I said and, sighing, drain'd
  The cup which she so late had tasted;
Upon whose rim still fresh remain'd
  The breath, so oft in falsehood wasted.

I took the harp, and would have sung
  As if 'twere not of her I sang;
But still the notes on Lamia hung —
  On whom but Lamia *could* they hang?

Those eyes of hers, that floating shine,
  Like diamonds in some Eastern river;
That kiss, for which, if worlds were mine,
  A world for every kiss I 'd give her.

That frame so delicate, yet warm'd
  With flushes of love's genial hue; —
A mould transparent, as if form'd
  To let the spirit's light shine through.

Of these I sung, and notes and words
  Were sweet, as if the very air
From Lamia's lip hung o'er the chords,
  And Lamia's voice still warbled there!

But when, alas, I turn'd the theme,
  And when of vows and oaths I spoke,
Of truth and hope's seducing dream —
  The chord beneath my finger broke.

False harp! false woman! — such, oh, such
  Are lutes too frail and hearts too willing;
Any hand, whate'er its touch,
  Can set their chords or pulses thrilling.

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And when that thrill is most awake,
  And when you think Heav'n's joys await you,
The nymph will change, the chord will break —
  Oh Love, oh Music, how I hate you!

TO JULIA.

I saw the peasant's hand unkind
  From yonder oak the ivy sever;
They seem'd in very being twin'd;
  Yet now the oak is fresh as ever!

Not so the widow'd ivy shines:
  Torn from its dear and only stay,
In drooping widowhood it pines,
  And scatters all its bloom away.

Thus, Julia, did our hearts entwine,
  Till Fate disturb'd their tender ties:
Thus gay indifference blooms in thine,
  While mine, deserted, droops and dies!

HYMN
OF
A VIRGIN OF DELPHI,
AT THE TOMB OF HER MOTHER.

Oh, lost, for ever lost — no more
  Shall Vesper light our dewy way
Along the rocks of Crissa's shore,
  To hymn the fading fires of day;
No more to Tempé's distant vale
  In holy musings shall we roam,
Through summer's glow and winter's gale,
  To bear the mystic chaplets home.*

* The laurel, for the common uses of the temple, for adorning the altars and sweeping the pavement, was supplied by a tree near the

'T was then my soul's expanding zeal,
  By nature warm'd and led by thee,
In every breeze was taught to feel
  The breathings of a Deity.
Guide of my heart! still hovering round,
  Thy looks, thy words are still my own —
I see thee raising from the ground
  Some laurel, by the winds o'erthrown,
And hear thee say, "This humble bough
  "Was planted for a doom divine;
"And, though it droop in languor now,
  "Shall flourish on the Delphic shrine!
"Thus, in the vale of earthly sense,
  "Though sunk awhile the spirit lies,
"A viewless hand shall cull it thence,
  "To bloom immortal in the skies!"

All that the young should feel and know,
  By thee was taught so sweetly well,
Thy words fell soft as vernal snow,
  And all was brightness where they fell!
Fond soother of my infant tear,
  Fond sharer of my infant joy,
Is not thy shade still lingering here?
  Am I not still thy soul's employ?
Oh yes — and, as in former days,
  When, meeting on the sacred mount,
Our nymphs awak'd their choral lays,
  And danc'd around Cassotis' fount;
As then, 't was all thy wish and care,
  That mine should be the simplest mien,

fountain of Castalia; but upon all important occasions, they sent to Tempé for their laurel. We find, in Pausanias, that this valley supplied the branches, of which the temple was originally constructed; and Plutarch says, in his Dialogue on Music, "The youth who brings the Tempic laurel to Delphi is always attended by a player on the flute." *Αλλα μην και τῳ κατακομιζοντι παιδι την Τεμπικην δαφνην εις Δελφους παρομαρτει αυλητης.*

My lyre and voice the sweetest there,
  My foot the lightest o'er the green:
So still, each look and step to mould,
  Thy guardian care is round me spread,
Arranging every snowy fold,
  And guiding every mazy tread.
And, when I lead the hymning choir,
  Thy spirit still, unseen and free,
Hovers between my lip and lyre,
  And weds them into harmony.
Flow, Plistus, flow, thy murmuring wave
  Shall never drop its silv'ry tear
Upon so pure, so blest a grave,
  To memory so entirely dear!

SYMPATHY.

TO JULIA.

— sine me sit nulla Venus. SULPICIA.

OUR hearts, my love, were form'd to be
The genuine twins of Sympathy,
  They live with one sensation:
In joy or grief, but most in love,
Like chords in unison they move,
  And thrill with like vibration.

How oft I 've heard thee fondly say,
Thy vital pulse shall cease to play
  When mine no more is moving;
Since, now, to feel a joy *alone*
Were worse to thee than feeling none
  So twinn'd are we in loving!

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THE TEAR.

On beds of snow the moonbeam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When by the damp grave Ellen wept —
Fond maid! it was her Lindor's tomb!

A warm tear gush'd, the wintry air
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away:
All night it lay an ice-drop there,
At morn it glitter'd in the ray.

An angel, wand'ring from her sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-ey'd Pity brought the tear,
And hung it on her diadem!

THE SNAKE.

My love and I, the other day,
Within a myrtle arbour lay,
When near us, from a rosy bed,
A little Snake put forth its head.

"See," said the maid with thoughtful eyes —
"Yonder the fatal emblem lies!
"Who could expect such hidden harm
"Beneath the rose's smiling charm?"

Never did grave remark occur
Less *à-propos* than this from her.

I rose to kill the snake, but she,
Half-smiling, pray'd it might not be.
"No," said the maiden — and, alas,
Her eyes spoke volumes, while she said it —
"Long as the snake is in the grass,
"One *may*, perhaps, have cause to dread it:

"But, when its wicked eyes appear,
"And when we know for what they wink so,
"One must be *very* simple, dear,
"To let it wound one — don't you think so?"

TO ROSA.

Is the song of Rosa mute?
Once such lays inspired her lute!
Never doth a sweeter song
Steal the breezy lyre along,
When the wind, in odours dying,
Wooes it with enamour'd sighing.

Is my Rosa's lute unstrung?
Once a tale of peace it sung
To her lover's throbbing breast —
Then was he divinely blest!
Ah! but Rosa loves no more,
Therefore Rosa's song is o'er;
And her lute neglected lies;
And her boy forgotten sighs.
Silent lute — forgotten lover —
Rosa's love and song are over!

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Sic juvat perire.

When wearied wretches sink to sleep,
How heavenly soft their slumbers lie!
How sweet is death to those who weep,
To those who weep and long to die!

Saw you the soft and grassy bed,
Where flowrets deck the green earth's breast?
'T is there I wish to lay my head,
'T is there I wish to sleep at rest.

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Oh, let not tears embalm my tomb, —
  None but the dews at twilight given!
Oh, let not sighs disturb the gloom, —
  None but the whispering winds of heaven!

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Eque brevi verbo ferre perenne malum.
SECUNDUS, eleg. vii.

STILL the question I must parry,
  Still a wayward truant prove:
Where I love, I must not marry;
  Where I marry, cannot love.

Were she fairest of creation,
  With the least presuming mind;
Learned without affectation;
  Not deceitful, yet refin'd;

Wise enough, but never rigid;
  Gay, but not too lightly free;
Chaste as snow, and yet not frigid;
  Fond, yet satisfied with me:

Were she all this ten times over,
  All that heav'n to earth allows,
I should be too much her lover
  Ever to become her spouse.

Love will never bear enslaving;
  Summer garments suit him best;
Bliss itself is not worth having,
  If we 're by compulsion blest.

ANACREONTIC.

I FILL'D to thee, to thee I drank,
  I nothing did but drink and fill;
The bowl by turns was bright and blank,
  'T was drinking, filling, drinking still.

At length I bid an artist paint
  Thy image in this ample cup,
That I might see the dimpled saint,
  To whom I quaff'd my nectar up.

Behold, how bright that purple lip
  Now blushes through the wave at me;
Every roseate drop I sip
  Is just like kissing wine from thee.

And still I drink the more for this;
  For, ever when the draught I drain,
Thy lip invites another kiss,
  And — in the nectar flows again.

So, here's to thee, my gentle dear,
  And may that eyelid never shine
Beneath a darker, bitterer tear
  Than bathes it in this bowl of mine!

THE SURPRISE.

CHLORIS, I swear, by all I ever swore,
That from this hour I shall not love thee more. —
"What! love no more? Oh! why this alter'd vow?'
Because I *cannot* love thee *more* — than *now!*

TO MISS .....,

ON HER ASKING THE AUTHOR WHY SHE HAD SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

I 'LL ask the sylph who round thee flies,
  And in thy breath his pinion dips,
Who suns him in thy radiant eyes,
  And faints upon thy sighing lips:

I 'll ask him where 's the veil of sleep
  That us'd to shade thy looks of light;
And why those eyes their vigil keep,
  When other suns are sunk in night?

And I will say — her angel breast
  Has never throbb'd with guilty sting;
Her bosom is the sweetest nest
  Where Slumber could repose his wing!

And I will say — her cheeks that flush,
  Like vernal roses in the sun,
Have ne'er by shame been taught to blush,
  Except for what her eyes have done!

Then tell me, why, thou child of air!
  Does slumber from her eyelids rove?
What is her heart's impassion'd care? —
  Perhaps, oh sylph! perhaps, 't is *love*.

THE WONDER.

COME, tell me where the maid is found,
  Whose heart can love without deceit,
And I will range the world around,
  To sigh one moment at her feet.

Oh! tell me where 's her sainted home,
  What air receives her blessed sigh,
A pilgrimage of years I 'll roam
  To catch one sparkle of her eye!

And if her cheek be smooth and bright,
  While truth within her bosom lies,
I 'll gaze upon her morn and night,
  Till my heart leave me through my eyes.

Show me on earth a thing so rare,
  I 'll own all miracles are true;
To make one maid sincere and fair;
  Oh, 't is the utmost Heav'n can do!

LYING.

Che con le lor bugie pajon divini. *Mauro d'Arcano.*

I DO confess, in many a sigh,
My lips have breath'd you many a lie;
And who, with such delights in view,
Would lose them, for a lie or two?

  Nay, — look not thus, with brow reproving;
Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving.
If half we tell the girls were true,
If half we swear to think and do,
Were aught but lying's bright illusion,
This world would be in strange confusion.
If ladies' eyes were, every one,
As lovers swear, a radiant sun,
Astronomy must leave the skies,
To learn her lore in ladies' eyes.
Oh, no — believe me, lovely girl,
When nature turns your teeth to pearl,
Your neck to snow, your eyes to fire,
Your amber locks to golden wire,
Then, only then can Heaven decree,
That you should live for only me,
Or I for you, as night and morn,
We 've swearing kist, and kissing sworn.

And now, my gentle hints to clear,
For once I 'll tell you truth, my dear.
Whenever you may chance to meet
Some loving youth, whose love is sweet,
Long as you 're false and he believes you,
Long as you trust and he deceives you,
So long the blissful bond endures,
And while he lies, his heart is yours:
But, oh! you 've wholly lost the youth
The instant that he tells you truth.

ANACREONTIC.

FRIEND of my soul, this goblet sip,
'T will chase that pensive tear;
'T is not so sweet as woman's lip,
But, oh! 't is more sincere.
Like her delusive beam,
'T will steal away thy mind:
But, truer than love's dream,
It leaves no sting behind.

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade;
These flow'rs were cull'd at noon; —
Like woman's love the rose will fade,
But, ah! not half so soon.
For though the flower 's decay'd,
Its fragrance is not o'er;
But once when love 's betray'd,
Its sweet life blooms no more.

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MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.

VOL. II.

OF THE LONDON EDITION.

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PREFACE

TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

The Poems suggested to me by my visit to Bermuda, in the year 1803, as well as by the tour which I made subsequently, through some parts of North America, have been hitherto very injudiciously arranged; — any distinctive character they may possess having been disturbed and confused by their being mixed up not only with trifles of a much earlier date, but also with some portions of a classical story, in the form of Letters, which I had made some progress in before my departure from England. In the present edition, this awkward jumble has been remedied; and all the Poems relating to my Transatlantic voyage will be found classed by themselves. As, in like manner, the line of route by which I proceeded through some parts of the States and the Canadas, has been left hitherto to be traced confusedly through a few detached notes, I have thought that, to future readers of these poems, some clearer account of the course of that journey might not be unacceptable, — together with such vestiges as may still linger in my memory of events now fast fading into the back ground of time.

For the precise date of my departure from England, in the Phaeton frigate, I am indebted to the Naval Recollections of Captain Scott, then a midshipman of that ship. "We were soon ready," says this gentleman, "for sea, and a few days saw Mr. Merry and suite embarked on board. Mr. Moore likewise took his passage with us on his way to Bermuda. We quitted Spithead on the 25th of September (1803), and in a short week lay becalmed under the lofty peak of Pico. In this situation, the Phaeton is depicted in the frontispiece of Moore's Poems."

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During the voyage, I dined very frequently with the officers of the gun-room; and it was not a little gratifying to me to learn, from this gentleman's volume, that the cordial regard these social and open-hearted men inspired in me was not wholly unreturned, on their part. After mentioning our arrival at Norfolk, in Virginia, Captain Scott says, "Mr. and Mrs. Merry left the Phaeton, under the usual salute, accompanied by Mr. Moore;" — then, adding some kind compliments on the score of talents, &c., he concludes with a sentence which it gave me tenfold more pleasure to read, — "The gun-room mess witnessed the day of his departure with genuine sorrow." From Norfolk, after a stay of about ten days, under the hospitable roof of the British Consul, Colonel Hamilton, I proceeded, in the Driver sloop of war, to Bermuda.

There was then on that station another youthful sailor, who has since earned for himself a distinguished name among English writers of travels, Captain Basil Hall, — then a midshipman on board the Leander. In his Fragments of Voyages and Travels, this writer has called up some agreeable reminiscences of that period; in perusing which, — so full of life and reality are his sketches, — I found all my own naval recollections brought freshly to my mind. The very names of the different ships, then so familiar to my ears, — the Leander, the Boston, the Cambrian, — transported me back to the season of youth and those Summer Isles once more.

The testimony borne by so competent a witness as Captain Hall to the truth of my sketches of the beautiful scenery of Bermuda is of far too much value to me, in my capacity of traveller, to be here omitted by me, however conscious I must feel of but ill deserving the praise he lavishes on me, as a poet. Not that I pretend to be at all indifferent to such kind tributes; — on the contrary, those are always the most alive to praise, who feel inwardly least confidence in the soundness of their own title to it. In the present instance, however, my vanity (for so this uneasy feeling is always called) seeks its food in a different direction. It is not as a poet I invoke the aid of Captain Hall's opinion, but as a traveller and observer; it is not to my invention I ask him to bear testimony, but to my matter-of-fact.

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"The most pleasing and most exact description which I know of Bermuda," says this gentleman, "is to be found in Moore's Odes and Epistles, a work published many years ago. The reason why his account excels in beauty as well as in precision that of other men probably is, that the scenes described lie so much beyond the scope of ordinary observation in colder climates, and the feelings which they excite in the beholder are so much higher than those produced by the scenery we have been accustomed to look at, that, unless the imagination be deeply drawn upon, and the diction sustained at a correspondent pitch, the words alone strike the ear, while the listener's fancy remains where it was. In Moore's account there is not only no exaggeration, but, on the contrary, a wonderful degree of temperance in the midst of a feast which, to his rich fancy, must have been peculiarly tempting. He has contrived, by a magic peculiarly his own, yet without departing from the truth, to sketch what was before him with a fervour which those who have never been on the spot might well be excused for setting down as the sport of the poet's invention." *

How truly politic it is in a poet to connect his verse with well known and interesting localities, — to wed his song to scenes already invested with fame, and thus lend it a chance of sharing the charm which encircles them, — I have myself, in more than one instance, very agreeably experienced. Among the memorials of this description, which, as I learn with pleasure and pride, still keep me remembered in some of those beautiful regions of the West which I visited, I shall mention but one slight instance, as showing how potently the Genius of the Place may lend to song a life and imperishableness to which, in itself, it boasts no claim or pretension. The following lines, in one of my Bermudian Poems,

> 'T was there, in the shade of the Calabash Tree,
> With a few who could feel and remember like me,

still live in memory, I am told, on those fairy shores, connecting my name with the picturesque spot they describe, and the noble

* Fragments of Voyages and Travels, vol. ii. chap. vi.

old tree which I believe still adorns it.* One of the few treasures (of *any* kind) I possess, is a goblet formed of one of the fruit-shells of this remarkable tree, which was brought from Bermuda, a few years since, by Mr. Dudley Costello, and which that gentleman, having had it tastefully mounted as a goblet, very kindly presented to me; the following words being part of the inscription which it bears: — "To Thomas Moore, Esq., this cup, formed of a calabash which grew on the tree that bears his name, near Walsingham, Bermuda, is inscribed by one who," &c. &c.

From Bermuda I proceeded in the Boston, with my friend Captain (now Admiral) J. E. Douglas, to New York, from whence, after a short stay, we sailed for Norfolk, in Virginia; and about the beginning of June, 1804, I set out from that city on a tour through part of the States. At Washington, I passed some days with the English minister Mr. Merry; and was, by him, presented at the levee of the President, Jefferson, whom I found sitting with General Dearborn and one or two other officers, and in the same homely costume, comprising slippers and Connemara stockings, in which Mr. Merry had been received by him — much to that formal minister's horror — when waiting upon him, in full dress, to deliver his credentials. My single interview with this remarkable person was of very short duration; but to have seen and spoken with the man who drew up the Declaration of American Independence was an event not to be forgotten.

At Philadelphia, the society I was chiefly made acquainted with, and to which (as the verses addressed to "Delaware's green banks" ** sufficiently testify) I was indebted for some of my most agreeable recollections of the United States, consisted entirely of persons of the Federalist or Anti-Democratic party. Few and transient, too, as had been my opportunities, of judging for myself of the political or social state of the country, my mind was left open too much to the influence of the feelings and prejudices of those I chiefly consorted with; and, certainly, in no quarter was I

* A representation of this calabash, taken from a drawing of it made, on the spot, by Dr. Savage of the Royal Artillery, has been introduced in the vignette prefixed to this volume.

** See Epistle to Mr. W. R. Spencer, p. 374. of this volume.

so sure to find decided hostility, both to the men and the principles then dominant throughout the Union, as among officers of the British navy, and in the ranks of an angry Federalist opposition. For any bias, therefore, that, under such circumstances, my opinions and feelings may be thought to have received, full allowance, of course, is to be made in appraising the weight due to my authority on the subject. All I can answer for, is the perfect sincerity and earnestness of the actual impressions, whether true or erroneous, under which my Epistles from the United States were written; and so strong, at the time, I confess, were those impressions, that it was the only period of my past life during which I have found myself at all sceptical as to the soundness of that Liberal creed of politics, in the profession and advocacy of which I may be almost literally said to have begun life, and shall most probably end it.

Reaching, for the second time, New York, I set out from thence on the now familiar and easy enterprise of visiting the Falls of Niagara. It is but too true, of all grand objects, whether in nature or art, that facility of access to them much diminishes the feeling of reverence they ought to inspire. Of this fault, however, the route to Niagara, at that period — at least the portion of it which led through the Genesee country — could not justly be accused. The latter part of the journey, which lay chiefly through yet but half-cleared wood, we were obliged to perform on foot; and a slight accident I met with, in the course of our rugged walk, laid me up for some days at Buffalo. To the rapid growth, in that wonderful region, of, at least, the materials of civilization, — however ultimately they may be turned to account, — this flourishing town, which stands on Lake Erie, bears most ample testimony. Though little better, at the time when I visited it, than a mere village, consisting chiefly of huts and wigwams, it is now, by all accounts, a populous and splendid city, with five or six churches, town-hall, theatre, and other such appurtenances of a capital.

In adverting to the comparatively rude state of Buffalo at that period, I should be ungrateful were I to omit mentioning, that, even then, on the shores of those far lakes, the title of "Poet," —

however unworthily in that instance bestowed, — bespoke a kind and distinguishing welcome for its wearer; and that the Captain who commanded the packet in which I crossed Lake Ontario,* in addition to other marks of courtesy, begged, on parting with me, to be allowed to decline payment for my passage.

When we arrived, at length, at the inn, in the neighbourhood of the Falls, it was too late to think of visiting them that evening; and I lay awake almost the whole night with the sound of the cataract in my ears. The day following I consider as a sort of era in my life; and the first glimpse I caught of that wonderful cataract gave me a feeling which nothing in this world can ever awaken again.** It was through an opening among the trees, as we approached the spot where the full view of the Falls was to burst upon us, that I caught this glimpse of the mighty mass of waters folding smoothly over the edge of the precipice; and so overwhelming was the notion it gave me of the awful spectacle I was approaching, that, during the short interval that followed, imagination had far outrun the reality; and, vast and wonderful as was the scene that then opened upon me, my first feeling was that of disappointment. It would have been impossible, indeed, for any thing real to come up to the vision I had, in these few seconds, formed of it; and those awful scriptural words, "The fountains of the great deep were broken up," can alone give any notion of the vague wonders for which I was prepared.

But, in spite of the start thus got by imagination, the triumph of reality was, in the end, but the greater; for the gradual glory of the scene that opened upon me soon took possession of my whole mind; presenting, from day to day, some new beauty or wonder, and, like all that is most sublime in nature or art, awakening sad as well as elevating thoughts. I retain in my memory but one other dream — for such do events so long past appear — which can in any respect be associated with the grand vision I have just been describing; and, however different the nature of

* The Commodore of the Lakes, as he is styled.

** The two first sentences of the above paragraph, as well as a passage that occurs in page xvii. of this Preface, stood originally as part of the Notes on one of the American Poems.

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their appeals to the imagination, I should find it difficult to say on which occaion I felt most deeply affected, when looking on the Falls of Niagara, or when standing by moonlight among the ruins of the Coliseum.

Some changes, I understand, injurious to the beauty of the scene, have taken place in the shape of the Falls since the time of my visit to them; and among these is the total disappearance, by the gradual crumbling away of the rock, of the small leafy island which then stood near the edge of the Great Fall, and whose tranquillity and unapproachableness, in the midst of so much turmoil, lent it an interest which I thus tried to avail myself of, in a Song of the Spirit of that region*: —

> There, amid the island-sedge,
> Just above the cataract's edge,
> Where the foot of living man
> Never trod since time began,
> Lone I sit at close of day, &c. &c.

Another characteristic feature of the vicinity of the Falls, which, I understand, no longer exists, was the interesting settlement of the Tuscarora Indians. With the gallant Brock**, who then commanded at Fort George, I passed the greater part of my time during the few weeks I remained at Niagara; and a visit I paid to these Indians, in company with him and his brother officers, on his going to distribute among them the customary presents and prizes, was not the least curious of the many new scenes I witnessed. These people received us in all their ancient costume. The young men exhibited for our amusement in the race, the bat-game, and other sports, while the old and the women sat in groups under the surrounding trees; and the whole scene was as picturesque and beautiful as it was new to me. It is said that West, the American painter, when he first saw the Apollo, at Rome,

* Introduced in the Epistle to Lady Charlotte Rawdon, p. 381. of this volume.

** This brave and amiable officer was killed at Queenston, in Upper Canada, soon after the commencement of the war with America, in the year 1812. He was in the act of cheering on his men when he fell. The inscription on the mounment raised to his memory, on Queenston Heights, does but due honour to his manly character.

exclaimed instantly, "A young Indian warrior!" — and, however startling the association may appear, some of the graceful and agile forms which I saw that day among the Tuscaroras were such as would account for its arising in the young painter's mind.

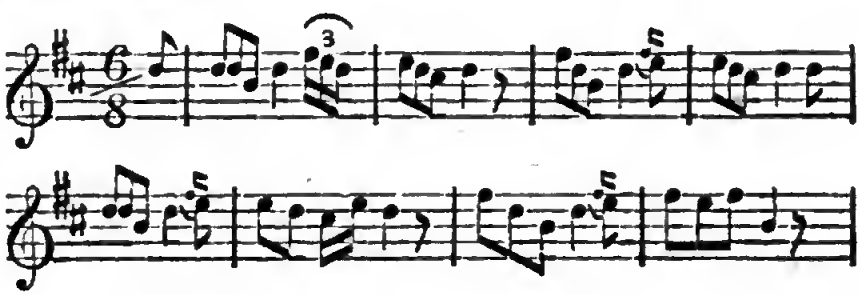
After crossing "the fresh-water ocean" of Ontario, I passed down the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec, staying for a short time at each of these places; and this part of my journey, as well as my voyage on from Quebec to Halifax, is sufficiently traceable through the few pieces of poetry that were suggested to me by scenes and events on the way. And here I must again venture to avail myself of the valuable testimony of Captain Hall to the truth of my descriptions of some of those scenes through which his more practised eye followed me; — taking the liberty to omit in my extracts, as far as may be done without injury to the style or context, some of that generous surplusage of praise in which friendly criticism delights to indulge.

In speaking of an excursion he had made up the river Ottawa, — "a stream," he adds, "which has a classical place in every one's imagination from Moore's Canadian Boat Song," Captain Hall proceeds as follows: — "While the poet above alluded to has retained all that is essentially characteristic and pleasing in these boat songs, and rejected all that is not so, he has contrived to borrow his inspiration from numerous surrounding circumstances, presenting nothing remarkable to the dull senses of ordinary travellers. Yet these highly poetical images, drawn in this way, as it were carelessly and from every hand, he has combined with such graphic — I had almost said geographical — truth, that the effect is great even upon those who have never, with their own eyes, seen the 'Utawa's tide,' nor 'flown down the Rapids,' nor heard the 'bell of St. Anne's toll its evening chime;' while the same lines give to distant regions, previously consecrated in our imagination, a vividness of interest, when viewed on the spot, of which it is difficult to say how much is due to the magic of the poetry, and how much to the beauty of the real scene." *

* "It is singularly gratifying," the author adds, "to discover that, to this hour, the Canadian *voyageurs* never omit their offerings to the shrine of St. Anne, before engaging in any enterprise; and that, during

While on the subject of the Canadian Boat Song, an anecdote connected with that once popular ballad may, for my musical readers at least, possess some interest. A few years since, while staying in Dublin, I was presented, at his own request, to a gentleman who told me that his family had in their possession a curious relic of my youthful days, — being the first notation I had made, in pencilling, of the air and words of the Canadian Boat Song, while on my way down the St. Lawrence, — and that it was their wish I should add my signature to attest the authenticity of the autograph. I assured him with truth that I had wholly forgotten even the existence of such a memorandum; that it would be as much a curiosity to myself as it could be to any one else, and that I should feel thankful to be allowed to see it. In a day or two after, my request was complied with, and the following is the history of this musical "relic."

In my passage down the St. Lawrence, I had with me two travelling companions, one of whom, named Harkness, the son of a wealthy Dublin merchant, has been some years dead. To this young friend, on parting with him, at Quebec, I gave, as a keepsake, a volume I had been reading on the way, — Priestley's Lectures on History; and it was upon a fly-leaf of this volume I found I had taken down, in pencilling, both the notes and a few of the words of the original song by which my own boat-glee had been suggested. The following is the form of my memorandum of the original air: —



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its performance, they omit no opportunity of keeping up so propitious an intercourse. The flourishing village which surrounds the church on the 'Green Isle' in question owes its existence and support entirely to these pious contributions."

Then follows, as pencilled down at the same moment, the first verse of my Canadian Boat Song, with air and words as they are at present. From all this it will be perceived, that, in my own setting of the air, I departed in almost every respect but the time from the strain our *voyageurs* had sung to us, leaving the music of the glee nearly as much my own as the words. Yet, how strongly impressed I had become with the notion that this was the identical air sung by the boatmen, — how closely it linked itself in my imagination with the scenes and sounds amidst which it had occurred to me, — may be seen by reference to a note appended to the glee as first published, which will be found in the following pages. *

To the few desultory and, perhaps, valueless recollections I have thus called up, respecting the contents of our second volume, I have only to add, that the heavy storm of censure and criticism, — some of it, I fear, hut too well deserved, — which, both in America and in England, the publication of my "Odes and Epistles" drew down upon me, was followed by results which have far more than compensated for any pain such attacks at the time may have inflicted. In the most formidable of all my censors, at that period, — the great master of the art of criticism, in our day, — I have found ever since one of the most cordial and highly valued of all my friends; while the good-will I have experienced from more than one distinguished American sufficiently assures me that any injustice I may have done to that land of freemen, if not long since wholly forgotten, is now remembered only to be forgiven.

As some consolation to me for the onsets of criticism, I received, shortly after the appearance of my volume, a letter from Stockholm, addressed to "the author of Epistles, Odes, and other Poems," and informing me that "the Princes, Nobles, and Gentlemen, who composed the General Chapter of the most Illustrious, Equestrian, Secular, and Chapteral Order of St. Joachim," had elected me as a Knight of this Order. Notwithstanding the grave and official style of the letter, I regarded it, I own, at first, as a mere ponderous piece of pleasantry; and even suspected that in the name of St. "Joachim" I could detect the low and irreverent pun of St. Jokehim.

* Page 379. of this volume.

On a little inquiry, however, I learned that there actually existed such an order of knighthood; that the title, insignia, &c. conferred by it had, in the instances of Lord Nelson, the Duke of Bouillon, and Colonel Imhoff, who were all Knights of St. Joachim, been authorized by the British court; but that since then, this sanction of the order had been withdrawn. Of course, to the reduction thus caused in the value of the honour was owing its descent in the scale of distinction to "such small deer" of Parnassus as myself. I wrote a letter, however, full of grateful acknowledgment, to Monsieur Hansson, the Vice-Chancellor of the Order, saying that I was unconscious of having entitled myself, by any public service, to a reward due only to the benefactors of mankind; and therefore begged leave most respectfully to decline it.

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JUVENILE POEMS.

(CONTINUED.)

THE PHILOSOPHER ARISTIPPUS*

TO A LAMP

WHICH HAD BEEN GIVEN HIM BY LAIS.

Dulcis conscia lectuli lucerna.
MARTIAL., lib. xiv. epig. 39.

"OH! love the Lamp" (my Mistress said),
"The faithful Lamp that, many a night,
"Beside thy Lais' lonely bed
"Has kept its little watch of light.

* It does not appear to have been very difficult to become a philosopher amongst the ancients. A moderate store of learning, with a considerable portion of confidence, and just wit enough to produce an occasional apophthegm, seem to have been all the qualifications necessary for the purpose. The principles of moral science were so very imperfectly understood that the founder of a new sect, in forming his ethical code, might consult either fancy or temperament, and adapt it to his own passions and propensities; so that Mahomet, with a little more learning, might have flourished as a philosopher in those days, and would have required but the polish of the schools to become the rival of Aristippus in morality. In the science of nature, too, though some valuable truths were discovered by them, they seemed hardly to know they were truths, or at least were as well satisfied with errors; and Xenophanes, who asserted that the stars were igneous clouds, lighted up every night and extinguished again in the morning, was thought and styled a philosopher, as generally as he who anticipated Newton in developing the arrangement of the universe.

For this opinion of Xenophanes, see Plutarch. de Placit. Philosoph. lib. ii. cap. 13. It is impossible to read this treatise of Plutarch, without alternately admiring the genius, and smiling at the absurdities of the philosophers.

"Full often has it seen her weep,
"And fix her eye upon its flame,
'Till, weary, she has sunk to sleep,
"Repeating her beloved's name.

"Then love the Lamp — 't will often lead
"Thy step through learning's sacred way;
"And when those studious eyes shall read,
"At midnight, by its lonely ray,
"Of things sublime, of nature's birth,
"Of all that 's bright in heaven or earth,
"Oh, think that she, by whom 't was given,
"Adores thee more than earth or heaven!"

Yes — dearest Lamp, by every charm
On which thy midnight beam has hung; *
The head reclin'd, the graceful arm
Across the brow of ivory flung;

The heaving bosom, partly hid,
The sever'd lip's unconscious sighs,
The fringe that from the half-shut lid
Adown the cheek of roses lies:

By these, by all that bloom untold,
And long as all shall charm my heart,
I 'll love my little Lamp of gold —
My Lamp and I shall never part.

And often, as she smiling said,
In fancy's hour, thy gentle rays
Shall guide my visionary tread
Through poesy's enchanting maze.

* The ancients had their lucernae cubiculariae or bedchamber lamps, which, as the Emperor Galienus said, "nil cras meminere;" and, with the same commendation of secrecy, Praxagora addresses her lamp in Aristophanes, Εκκλης. We may judge how fanciful they were, in the use and embellishment of their lamps, from the famous symbolic Lucerna, which we find in the Romanum Museum Mich. Ang. Causei, p. 127.

Thy flame shall light the page refin'd,
  Where still we catch the Chian's breath,
  Where still the bard, though cold in death,
Has left his soul unquench'd behind.
Or, o'er thy humbler legend shine,
  Oh man of Ascra's dreary glades.*
To whom the nightly warbling Nine **
  A wand of inspiration gave, ***
Pluck'd from the greenest tree, that shades
  The crystal of Castalia's wave.

Then, turning to a purer lore,
We 'll cull the sages' deep-hid store,
From Science steal her golden clue.
And every mystic path pursue,
Where Nature, far from vulgar eyes,
Through labyrinths of wonder flies.
'T is thus my heart shall learn to know
How fleeting is this world below,
Where all that meets the morning light,
Is chang'd before the fall of night! †

I 'll tell thee, as I trim thy fire,
  "Swift, swift the tide of being runs,
"And Time, who bids thy flame expire,
  "Will also quench yon heaven of suns."

Oh, then if earth's united power
Can never chain one feathery hour;

* Hesiod, who tells us in melancholy terms of his father's flight to the wretched village of Ascra. *Εργ. και Ἡμερ.* v. 251.

** *Εννυχιαι στειχον, περικαλλεα οσσαν ιεισαι.* Theog. v. 10.

*** *Και μοι σκηπτρον εδον, δαφνης εριθηλεα οζον.* Id. v. 30.

† *Ῥειν τα ὁλα ποταμου δικην*, as expressed among the dogmas of Heraclitus the Ephesian, and with the same image by Seneca, in whom we find a beautiful diffusion of the thought. "Nemo est mane, qui fuit pridie. Corpora nostra rapiuntur fluminum more; quidquid vides currit cum tempore. Nihil ex his quae videmus manet. Ego ipse, dum loquor mutari ipsa, mutatus sum," &c.

If every print we leave to-day
To-morrow's wave will sweep away
Who pauses to inquire of heaven
Why were the fleeting treasures given,
The sunny days, the shady nights,
And all their brief but dear delights,
Which heaven has made for man to use,
And man should think it crime to lose?
Who that has cull'd a fresh-blown rose
Will ask it why it breathes and glows,
Unmindful of the blushing ray,
In which it shines its soul away;
Unmindful of the scented sigh,
With which it dies and loves to die.

Pleasure, thou only good on earth! *
One precious moment giv'n to thee —
Oh! by my Lais' lip, 't is worth
The sage's immortality.

Then far be all the wisdom hence,
That would our joys one hour delay!
Alas, the feast of soul and sense
Love calls us to in youth's bright day,
If not soon tasted, fleets away.
Ne'er wert thou formed, my Lamp, to shed
Thy splendour on a lifeless page; —
Whate'er my blushing Lais said
Of thoughtful lore and studies sage,
'T was mockery all — her glance of joy
Told me thy dearest, best employ. **

* Aristippus considered motion as the principle of happiness, in which idea he differed from the Epicureans, who looked to a state of repose as the only true voluptuousness, and avoided even the too lively agitations of pleasure, as a violent and ungraceful derangement of the senses.

** Maupertuis has been still more explicit than this philosopher, in ranking the pleasures of sense above the sublimest pursuits of wisdom. Speaking of the infant man, in his production, he calls him, "une

And, soon as night shall close the eye
  Of heaven's young wanderer in the west;
When seers are gazing on the sky,
  To find their future orbs of rest;
Then shall I take my trembling way,
  Unseen but to those worlds above,
And, led by thy mysterious ray,
  Steal to the night-bower of my love.

TO MRS. —

ON HER BEAUTIFUL TRANSLATION OF

"VOITURE'S KISS."

Mon âme sur mon lèvre étoit lors toute entière,
  Pour savourer le miel qui sur la vôtre etoit;
Mais en me retirant, elle resta derrière,
  Tant de ce doux plaisir l'amorce l'a restoit. VOITURE.

How heav'nly was the poet's doom,
  To breathe his spirit through a kiss;
And lose within so sweet a tomb
  The trembling messenger of bliss!

And, sure his soul return'd to feel
  That it *again* could ravish'd be;
For in the kiss that thou didst steal,
  His life and soul have fled to thee.

nouvelle créature, qui pourra comprendre les choses les plus sublimes, et ce qui est bien au-dessus, qui pourra gouter les mêmes plaisirs." See his Vénus Physique. This appears to be one of the efforts at Fontenelle's gallantry of manner, for which the learned President is so well and justly ridiculed in the Akakia of Voltaire.

Maupertuis may be thought to have borrowed from the ancient Aristippus that indiscriminate theory of pleasures which he has set forth in his Essai de Philosophe Morale, and for which he was so very justly condemned. Aristippus, according to Laertius, held *μη διαφερειν τε ἡδονην ἡδονης*, which irrational sentiment has been adopted by Maupertuis: "Tant qu' on ne considère que l'état présent, tous les plaisirs sont du même genre," &c. &c.

RONDEAU.

"Good night! good night!" — And is it so?
And must I from my Rosa go?
Oh Rosa, say "Good night!" once more,
And I 'll repeat it o'er and o'er,
Till the first glance of dawning light
Shall find us saying, still, "Good night!"

And still "Good night," my Rosa, say —
But whisper still, "A minute stay;"
And I will stay, and every minute
Shall have an age of transport in it;
Till Time himself shall stay his flight,
To listen to our sweet "Good night."

"Good night!" you 'll murmur with a sigh,
And tell me it is time to fly:
And I will vow, will swear to go,
While still that sweet voice murmurs "No!"
Till slumber seal our weary sight —
And then, my love, my soul, "Good night!"

SONG.

Why does azure deck the sky?
'T is to be like thy looks of blue;
Why is red the rose's dye?
Because it is thy blushes' hue.
All that 's fair, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee

Why is falling snow so white,
But to be like thy bosom fair?
Why are solar beams so bright?
That they may seem thy golden hair!
All that 's bright, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

Why are nature's beauties felt?
  Oh! 't is thine in her we see!
Why has music power to melt?
  Oh! because it speaks like thee.
All that 's sweet, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

TO ROSA.

Like one who trusts to summer skies,
  And puts his little bark to sea,
Is he who, lur'd by smiling eyes,
  Consigns his simple heart to thee.

For fickle is the summer wind,
  And sadly may the bark be tost;
For thou art sure to change thy mind,
  And then the wretched heart is lost!

WRITTEN IN A COMMONPLACE BOOK,

CALLED

"THE BOOK OF FOLLIES;"

IN WHICH EVERY ONE THAT OPENED IT WAS TO CONTRIBUTE SOMETHING.

TO THE BOOK OF FOLLIES.

This tribute 's from a wretched elf,
Who hails thee, emblem of himself.
The book of life, which I have trac'd,
Has been, like thee, a motley waste
Of follies scribbled o'er and o'er,
One folly bringing hundreds more.
Some have indeed been writ so neat,
In characters so fair, so sweet,

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That those who judge not too severely,
Have said they lov'd such follies dearly
Yet still, O book! the allusion stands;
For these were penn'd by *female* hands:
The rest — alas! I own the truth —
Have all been scribbled so uncouth
That Prudence, with a with'ring look,
Disdainful, flings away the book.
Like thine, its pages here and there
Have oft been stain'd with blots of care;
And sometimes hours of peace, I own,
Upon some fairer leaves have shown,
White as the snowings of that heav'n
By which those hours of peace were given.
But now no longer — such, oh, such
The blast of Disappointment's touch! —
No longer now those hours appear;
Each leaf is sullied by a tear:
Blank, blank is ev'ry page with care,
Not ev'n a folly brightens there.
Will they yet brighten? — never, never!
Then *shut the book*, O God, for ever!

TO ROSA.

Say, why should the girl of my soul be in tears
At a meeting of rapture like this,
When the glooms of the past and the sorrow of years
Have been paid by one moment of bliss?

Are they shed for that moment of blissful delight,
Which dwells on her memory yet?
Do they flow, like the dews of the love-breathing night,
From the warmth of the sun that has set?

Oh! sweet is the tear on that languishing smile,
That smile, which is loveliest then;
And if such are the drops that delight can beguile,
Thou shalt weep them again and again.

LIGHT SOUNDS THE HARP.

Light sounds the harp when the combat is over,
When heroes are resting, and joy is in bloom;
When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,
And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.
But, when the foe returns,
Again the hero burns;
High flames the sword in his hand once more:
The clang of mingling arms
Is then the sound that charms,
And brazen notes of war, that stirring trumpets pour; —
Then, again comes the Harp, when the combat is over —
When heroes are resting, and Joy is in bloom —
When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,
And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.
Light went the harp when the War-God, reclining,
Lay lull'd on the white arm of Beauty to rest,
When round his rich armour the myrtle hung twining,
And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest.
But, when the battle came,
The hero's eye breathed flame:
Soon from his neck the white arm was flung;
While, to his wakening ear,
No other sounds were dear
But brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets sung.
But then came the light harp, when danger was ended,
And Beauty once more lull'd the War-God to rest;
When tresses of gold with his laurels lay blended,
And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest.

FROM

THE GREEK OF MELEAGER. *

FILL high the cup with liquid flame,
And speak my Heliodora's name.
Repeat its magic o'er and o'er,
And let the sound my lips adore,
Live in the breeze, till every tone,
And word, and breath, speaks her alone.

Give me the wreath that withers there,
It was but last delicious night,
It circled her luxuriant hair,
And caught her eyes' reflected light.
Oh! haste, and twine it round my brow.
'T is all of her that 's left me now.
And see — each rosebud drops a tear,
To find the nymph no longer here —
No longer, where such heavenly charms
As hers *should* be — within these arms.

SONG.

FLY from the world, O Bessy! to me,
Thou wilt never find any sincerer;
I 'll give up the world, O Bessy! for thee,
I can never meet any that 's dearer.
Then tell me no more, with a tear and a sigh,
That our loves will be censur'd by many;

* *Εγχει, και παλιν ειπε, παλιν, παλιν, Ἡλιοδωρας*
Ειπε, συν ακρητῳ το γλυκυ μισγ' ονομα.
Και μοι τον βρεχθεντα μυρσις και χθιζον εοντα,
Μναμοσυνον κεινας, αμφιτιθει στεφανον·
Δακρυει φιλεραστον ιδου ῥοδον, οὐνεκα κειναν
Αλλοθι κ' ου κολποις ἡμετεροις εσορα.

BRUNCK. *Analect.* tom. i. p. 28.

All, all have their follies, and who will deny
That ours is the sweetest of any?

When your lip has met mine, in communion so sweet,
Have we felt as if virtue forbid it? —
Have we felt as if heav'n denied them to meet? —
No, rather 't was heav'n that did it.
So innocent, love, is the joy we then sip,
So little of wrong is there in it,
That I wish all my errors were lodg'd on your lip,
And I 'd kiss them away in a minute.

Then come to your lover, oh! fly to his shed,
From a world which I know thou despisest;
And slumber will hover as light o'er our bed
As e'er on the couch of the wisest.
And when o'er our pillow the tempest is driven,
And thou, pretty innocent, fearest,
I 'll tell thee, it is not the chiding of heav'n,
'T is only our lullaby, dearest.

And, oh! while we lie on our deathbed, my love,
Looking back on the scene of our errors,
A sigh from my Bessy shall plead then above,
And Death be disarm'd of his terrors.
And each to the other embracing will say,
"Farewell! let us hope we 're forgiven."
Thy last fading glance will illumine the way,
And a kiss be our passport to heaven!

THE RESEMBLANCE.

— — — vo cercand' io,
Donna, quant' e possibile, in altrui
La desiata vostra forma vera.
PETRARC. *Sonett.* 14.

YES, if 't were any common love,
That led my pliant heart astray,

I grant, there 's not a power above,
  Could wipe the faithless crime away.

But, 't was my doom to err with one
  In every look so like to thee
That, underneath yon blessed sun,
  So fair there are but thou and she.

Both born of beauty, at a birth,
  She held with thine a kindred sway,
And wore the only shape on earth
  That could have lured my soul to stray.

Then blame me not, if false I be,
  'T was love that wak'd the fond excess;
My heart had been more true to thee,
  Had mine eye priz'd thy beauty less.

FANNY, DEAREST.

Yes! had I leisure to sigh and mourn,
  Fanny, dearest, for thee I 'd sigh;
And every smile on my cheek should turn
  To tears when thou art nigh.
But, between love, and wine, and sleep,
  So busy a life I live,
That even the time it would take to weep
  Is more than my heart can give.
Then bid me not to despair and pine,
  Fanny, dearest of all the dears!
The Love that 's order'd to bathe in wine,
  Would be sure to take cold in tears.

Reflected bright in this heart of mine,
  Fanny, dearest, thy image lies;
But, ah, the mirror would cease to shine,
  If dimm'd too often with sighs.
They lose the half of beauty's light,
  Who view it through sorrow's tear.

And 't is but to see thee truly bright
That I keep my eye-beam clear.
Then wait no longer till tears shall flow,
Fanny, dearest — the hope is vain;
If sunshine cannot dissolve thy snow,
I shall never attempt it with rain.

THE RING.

TO

. . . . . .

No — Lady! Lady! keep the ring:
Oh! think, how many a future year,
Of placid smile and downy wing,
May sleep within its holy sphere.

Do not disturb their tranquil dream,
Though love hath ne'er the mystery warm'd;
Yet heav'n will shed a soothing beam,
To bless the bond itself hath form'd.

But then, that eye, that burning eye, —
Oh! it doth ask, with witching power,
If heaven can ever bless the tie
Where love inwreaths no genial flower?

Away, away, bewildering look,
Or all the boast of virtue 's o'er;
Go — hie thee to the sage's book,
And learn from him to feel no more.

I cannot warn thee: every touch,
That brings my pulses close to thine,
Tells me I want thy aid as much —
Ev'n more, alas, than thou dost mine.

Yet, stay, — one hope, one effort yet —
A moment turn those eyes away,
And let me, if I can, forget
The light that leads my soul astray.

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Thou say'st, that we were born to meet,
  That our hearts bear one common seal; —
Think, Lady, think, how man's deceit
  Can seem to sigh and feign to feel.

When, o'er thy face some gleam of thought,
  Like daybeams through the morning air,
Hath gradual stole, and I have caught
  The feeling ere it kindled there;

The sympathy I then betray'd,
  Perhaps was but the child of art,
The guile of one, who long hath play'd
  With all these wily nets of heart.

Oh! thine is not my earliest vow;
  Though few the years I yet have told,
Canst thou believe I 've lived till now,
  With loveless heart or senses cold?

No — other nymphs to joy and pain
  This wild and wandering heart hath mov'd;
With some it sported, wild and vain,
  While some it dearly, truly, lov'd.

The cheek to thine I fondly lay,
  To theirs hath been as fondly laid,
The words to thee I warmly say,
  To them have been as warmly said.

Then, scorn at once a worthless heart,
  Worthless alike, or fix'd or free;
Think of the pure, bright soul thou art,
  And — love not me, oh love not me.

Enough — now, turn thine eyes again;
  What, still that look and still that sigh!
Dost thou not feel my counsel then?
  Oh! no, beloved, — nor do I.

TO

THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

They try to persuade me, my dear little sprite,
That you 're *not* a true daughter of ether and light,
Nor have any concern with those fanciful forms
That dance upon rainbows and ride upon storms;
That, in short, you 're a woman; your lip and your eye
As mortal as ever drew gods from the sky.
But I *will* not believe them — no, Science, to you
I have long bid a last and a careless adieu:
Still flying from Nature to study her laws,
And dulling delight by exploring its cause,
You forget how superior, for mortals below,
Is the fiction they dream to the truth that they know.
Oh! who, that has e'er enjoyed rapture complete,
Would ask *how* we feel it, or *why* it is sweet;
How rays are confus'd, or how particles fly
Through the medium refin'd of a glance or a sigh;
Is there one, who but once would not rather have known it,
Than written, with Harvey, whole volumes upon it?

As for you, my sweet-voiced and invisible love,
You must surely be one of those spirits, that rove
By the bank where, at twilight, the poet reclines,
When the star of the west on his solitude shines,
And the magical fingers of fancy have hung
Every breeze with a sigh, every leaf with a tongue.
Oh! hint to him then, 't is retirement alone
Can hallow his harp or ennoble its tone;
Like you, with a veil of seclusion between,
His song to the world let him utter unseen,
And like you, a legitimate child of the spheres,
Escape from the eye to enrapture the ears.

Sweet spirit of mystery! how I should love,
In the wearisome ways I am fated to rove,

To have you thus ever invisibly nigh,
Inhaling for ever your song and your sigh!
Mid the crowds of the world and the murmurs of care,
I might sometimes converse with my nymph of the air,
And turn with distaste from the clamorous crew,
To steal in the pauses one whisper from you.

Then, come and be near me, for ever be mine,
We shall hold in the air a communion divine,
As sweet as, of old, was imagin'd to dwell
In the grotto of Numa, or Socrates' cell.
And oft, at those lingering moments of night,
When the heart's busy thoughts have put slumber to flight,
You shall come to my pillow and tell me of love,
Such as angel to angel might whisper above.
Sweet spirit! — and then, could you borrow the tone
Of that voice, to my ear like some fairy-song known,
The voice of the one upon earth, who has twin'd
With her being for ever my heart and my mind,
Though lonely and far from the light of her smile,
An exile, and weary and hopeless the while,
Could you shed for a moment her voice on my ear,
I will think, for that moment, that Cara is near;
That she comes with consoling enchantment to speak,
And kisses my eyelid and breathes on my cheek,
And tells me, the night shall go rapidly by,
For the dawn of our hope, of our heaven is nigh.

Fair spirit! if such be your magical power,
It will lighten the lapse of full many an hour;
And, let fortune's realities frown as they will,
Hope, fancy, and Cara may smile for me still.

THE RING.*

A TALE.

Annulus ille viri. — Ovid. *Amor.* lib. ii. eleg. 15.

The happy day at length arriv'd
When Rupert was to wed
The fairest maid in Saxony,
And take her to his bed.

As soon as morn was in the sky,
The feast and sports began;
The men admir'd the happy maid,
The maids the happy man.

In many a sweet device of mirth
The day was pass'd along;
And some the featly dance amus'd,
And some the dulcet song.

The younger maids with Isabel
Disported through the bowers,
And deck'd her robe, and crown'd her head
With motley bridal flowers.

The matrons all in rich attire,
Within the castle walls,
Sat listening to the choral strains
That echo'd through the halls.

Young Rupert and his friends repair'd
Unto a spacious court,

* I should be sorry to think that my friend had any serious intentions of frightening the nursery by this story: I rather hope — though the manner of it leads me to doubt — that his design was to ridicule that distempered taste which prefers those monsters of the fancy to the "speciosa miracula" of true poetic imagination.

I find, by a note in the manuscript, that he met with this story in a German author, *Fromman upon Fascination*, book iii. part vi. ch. 18. On consulting the work, I perceive that Fromman quotes it from Beluacensis, among many other stories equally diabolical and interesting.

E.

To strike the bounding tennis-ball
In feat and manly sport.

The bridegroom on his finger wore
The wedding-ring so bright,
Which was to grace the lily hand
Of Isabel that night.

And fearing he might break the gem,
Or lose it in the play,
He look'd around the court, to see
Where he the ring might lay.

Now, in the court a statue stood,
Which there full long had been,
It might a Heathen goddess be,
Or else, a Heathen queen.

Upon its marble finger then
He tried the ring to fit;
And, thinking it was safest there,
Thereon he fasten'd it.

And now the tennis sports went on,
Till they were wearied all,
And messengers announc'd to them
Their dinner in the hall.

Young Rupert for his wedding-ring
Unto the statue went;
But, oh, how shock'd was he to find
The marble finger bent!

The hand was clos'd upon the ring
With firm and mighty clasp;
In vain he tried, and tried, and tried,
He could not loose the grasp!

Then sore surpris'd was Rupert's mind —
As well his mind might be;
'I 'll come," quoth he, "at night again,
"When none are here to see."

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He went unto the feast, and much
  He thought upon his ring;
And marvell'd sorely what could mean
  So very strange a thing!

The feast was o'er, and to the court
  He hied without delay,
Resolv'd to break the marble hand
  And force the ring away.

But, mark a stranger wonder still —
  The ring was there no more,
And yet the marble hand ungrasp'd,
  And open as before!

He search'd the base, and all the court,
  But nothing could he find;
Then to the castle hied he back
  With sore bewilder'd mind.

Within he found them all in mirth,
  The night in dancing flew;
The youth another ring procur'd,
  And none the adventure knew.

And now the priest has join'd their hands,
  The hours of love advance:
Rupert almost forgets to think
  Upon the morn's mischance.

Within the bed fair Isabel
  In blushing sweetness lay,
Like flowers, half-open'd by the dawn,
  And waiting for the day.

And Rupert, by her lovely side,
  In youthful beauty glows,
Like Phœbus, when he bends to cast
  His beams upon a rose.

And here my song would leave them both,
  Nor let the rest be told,

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If 't were not for the horrid tale
It yet has to unfold.

Soon Rupert, 't wixt his bride and him,
A death cold carcass found;
He saw it not, but thought he felt
Its arms embrace him round.

He started up, and then return'd,
But found the phantom still;
In vain he shrunk, it clipp'd him round,
With damp and deadly chill!

And when he bent, the earthy lips
A kiss of horror gave;
'T was like the smell from charnel vaults,
Or from the mould'ring grave!

Ill fated Rupert! — wild and loud
Then cried he to his wife,
"Oh! save me from this horrid fiend,
"My Isabel! my life!"

But Isabel had nothing seen,
She look'd around in vain;
And much she mourn'd the mad conceit
That rack'd her Rupert's brain.

At length from this invisible
These words to Rupert came:
(Oh God! while he did hear the words
What terrors shook his frame!)

"Husband, husband, I 've the ring
"Thou gav'st to-day to me;
"And thou 'rt to me for ever wed,
"As I am wed to thee!"

And all the night the demon lay
Cold-chilling by his side,
And strain'd him with such deadly grasp,
He thought he should have died.

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But when the dawn of day was near,
  The horrid phantom fled,
And left th' affrighted youth to weep
  By Isabel in bed.

And all that day a gloomy cloud
  Was seen on Rupert's brows;
Fair Isabel was likewise sad,
  But strove to cheer her spouse.

And, as the day advanc'd, he thought
  Of coming night with fear:
Alas, that he should dread to view
  The bed that should be dear!

At length the second night arriv'd,
  Again their couch they press'd;
Poor Rupert hop'd that all was o'er,
  And look'd for love and rest.

But oh! when midnight came, again
  The fiend was at his side,
And, as it strain'd him in its grasp,
  With howl exulting cried: —

"Husband, husband, I 've the ring,
  "The ring thou gav'st to me;
"And thou 'rt to me for ever wed,
  "As I am wed to thee!"

In agony of wild despair,
  He started from the bed;
And thus to his bewilder'd wife
  The trembling Rupert said:

"Oh Isabel! dost thou not see
  "A shape of horrors here,
"That strains me to its deadly kiss,
  "And keeps me from my dear?"

"No, no, my love! my Rupert, I
  "No shape of horrors see;

"And much I mourn the phantasy
"That keeps my dear from me."

This night, just like the night before,
In terrors pass'd away,
Nor did the demon vanish thence
Before the dawn of day.

Said Rupert then, "My Isabel,
"Dear partner of my woe,
"To Father Austin's holy cave
"This instant will I go."

Now Austin was a reverend man,
Who acted wonders maint —
Whom all the country round believ'd
A devil or a saint!

To Father Austin's holy cave
Then Rupert straightway went;
And told him all, and ask'd him how
These horrors to prevent.

The father heard the youth, and then
Retir'd awhile to pray;
And, having pray'd for half an hour
Thus to the youth did say:

"There is a place where four roads meet,
"Which I will tell to thee;
"Be there this eve, at fall of night,
"And list what thou shalt see.

"Thou 'lt see a group of figures pass
"In strange disorder'd crowd,
"Travelling by torchlight through the roads,
"With noises strange and loud.

"And one that 's high above the rest,
"Terrific towering o'er,
"Will make thee know him at a glance,
"So I need say no more.

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"To him from me these tablets give,
"They 'll quick be understood;
"Thou need'st not fear, but give them straight,
"I 've scrawl'd them with my blood!"

The night-fall came, and Rupert all
In pale amazement went
To where the cross-roads met, as he
Was by the Father sent.

And lo! a group of figures came
In strange disorder'd crowd,
Travelling by torchlight through the roads,
With noises strange and loud.

And, as the gloomy train advanc'd,
Rupert beheld from far
A female form of wanton mien
High seated on a car.

And Rupert, as he gaz'd upon
The loosely vested dame,
Thought of the marble statue's look,
For hers was just the same.

Behind her walk'd a hideous form,
With eyeballs flashing death;
Whene'er he breath'd, a sulphur'd smoke
Came burning in his breath.

He seem'd the first of all the crowd,
Terrific towering o'er;
"Yes, yes," said Rupert, "this is he,
"And I need ask no more."

Then slow he went, and to this fiend
The tablets trembling gave,
Who look'd and read them with a yell
That would disturb the grave.

And when he saw the blood-scrawl'd name,
His eyes with fury shine;

"I thought," cries he, "his time was out,
"But he must soon be mine!"

Then darting at the youth a look
Which rent his soul with fear
He went unto the female fiend,
And whisper'd in her ear.

The female fiend no sooner heard
Than, with reluctant look,
The very ring that Rupert lost,
She from her finger took.

And, giving it unto the youth,
With eyes that breath'd of hell,
She said, in that tremendous voice,
Which he remember'd well:

"In Austin's name take back the ring,
"The ring thou gav'st to me;
"And thou 'rt to me no longer wed,
"Nor longer I to thee."

He took the ring, the rabble pass'd,
He home return'd again;
His wife was then the happiest fair,
The happiest he of men.

TO

. . . . . .

ON SEEING HER WITH A WHITE VEIL AND A RICH GIRDLE.

Μαργαριται δηλουσι δακρυων ῥοον.
Ap. NICEPHOR. *in Oneirocritico.*

PUT off the vestal veil, nor, oh!
Let weeping angels view it;
Your cheeks belie its virgin snow,
And blush repenting through it.

Put off the fatal zone you wear;
  The shining pearls around it
Are tears, that fell from Virtue there,
  The hour when Love unbound it.

WRITTEN IN THE BLANK LEAF
OF
A LADY'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

HERE is one leaf reserv'd for me,
From all thy sweet memorials free;
And here my simple song might tell
The feelings thou must guess so well.
But could I thus, within thy mind,
One little vacant corner find,
Where no impression yet is seen,
Where no memorial yet hath been,
Oh! it should be my sweetest care
To *write my name* for ever *there!*

TO
MRS. BL—.
WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

THEY say that Love had once a book
  (The urchin likes to copy you),
Where, all who came, the pencil took,
  And wrote, like us, a line or two.

'T was Innocence, the maid divine,
  Who kept this volume bright and fair,
And saw that no unhallow'd line
  Or thought profane should enter there;

And daily did the pages fill
  With fond device and loving lore,

And every leaf she turn'd was still
  More bright than that she turn'd before.

Beneath the touch of Hope, how soft,
  How light the magic pencil ran!
Till Fear would come, alas, as oft,
  And trembling close what Hope began.

A tear or two had dropp'd from Grief,
  And Jealousy would, now and then,
Ruffle in haste some snow-white leaf,
  Which Love had still to smooth again.

But, ah! there came a blooming boy,
  Who often turn'd the pages o'er,
And wrote therein such words of joy,
  That all who read them sigh'd for more.

And Pleasure was this spirit's name,
  And though so soft his voice and look,
Yet Innocence, whene'er he came,
  Would tremble for her spotless book.

For, oft a Bacchant cup he bore,
  With earth's sweet nectar sparkling bright;
And much she fear'd lest, mantling o'er,
  Some drops should on the pages light.

And so it chanc'd, one luckless night,
  The urchin let that goblet fall
O'er the fair book, so pure, so white,
  And sullied lines and marge and all!

In vain now, touch'd with shame, he tried
  To wash those fatal stains away;
Deep, deep had sunk the sullying tide,
  The leaves grew darker every day.

And Fancy's sketches lost their hue,
  And Hope's sweet lines were all effac'd,
And Love himself now scarcely knew
  What Love himself so lately trac'd.

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At length the urchin Pleasure fled,
  (For how, alas! could Pleasure stay?)
And Love, while many a tear he shed,
  Reluctant flung the book away.

The index now alone remains,
  Of all the pages spoil'd by Pleasure,
And though it bears some earthy stains,
  Yet Memory counts the leaf a treasure.

And oft, they say, she scans it o'er,
  And oft, by this memorial aided,
Brings back the pages now no more,
  And thinks of lines that long have faded.

I know not if this tale be true,
  But thus the simple facts are stated;
And I refer their truth to you,
  Since Love and you are near related.

TO

C A R A,

AFTER AN INTERVAL OF ABSENCE.

CONCEAL'D within the shady wood
  A mother left her sleeping child,
And flew, to cull her rustic food,
  The fruitage of the forest wild.

But storms upon her pathway rise,
  The mother roams, astray and weeping;
Far from the weak appealing cries
  Of him she left so sweetly sleeping.

She hopes, she fears; a light is seen,
  And gentler blows the night wind's breath;
Yet no — 't is gone — the storms are keen,
  The infant may be chill'd to death!

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Perhaps, ev'n now, in darkness shrouded,
  His little eyes lie cold and still; —
And yet, perhaps, they are not clouded,
  Life and love may light them still.

Thus, Cara, at our last farewell,
  When, fearful ev'n thy hand to touch,
I mutely asked those eyes to tell
  If parting pain'd thee half so much:

I thought, — and, oh! forgive the thought,
  For none was e'er by love inspir'd
Whom fancy had not also taught
  To hope the bliss his soul desir'd.

Yes, I *did* think, in Cara's mind,
  Though yet to that sweet mind unknown,
I left one infant wish behind,
  One feeling, which I called my own.

Oh blest! though but in fancy blest,
  How did I ask of Pity's care,
To shield and strengthen, in thy breast,
  The nursling I had cradled there.

And, many an hour, beguil'd by pleasure,
  And many an hour of sorrow numbering,
I ne'er forgot the new-born treasure,
  I left within thy bosom slumbering.

Perhaps, indifference has not chill'd it,
  Haply, it yet a throb may give —
Yet, no — perhaps, a doubt has kill'd it;
  Say, dearest — *does* the feeling live?

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TO

C A R A,

ON THE DAWNING OF A NEW YEAR'S DAY

When midnight came to close the year.
  We sigh'd to think it thus should take
The hours it gave us — hours as dear
  As sympathy and love could make
Their blessed moments, — every sun
Saw us, my love, more closely one.

But, Cara, when the dawn was nigh
  Which came a new year's light to shed,
That smile we caught from eye to eye
  Told us, those moments were not fled:
Oh, no, — we felt, some future sun
Should see us still more closely one.

Thus may we ever, side by side,
From happy years to happier glide;
And still thus may the passing sigh
  We give to hours, that vanish o'er us,
Be follow'd by the smiling eye,
  That Hope shall shed on scenes before us!

TO

. . . . . , 1801.

To be the theme of every hour
The heart devotes to Fancy's power,
When her prompt magic fills the mind
With friends and joys we 've left behind,
And joys return and friends are near,
And all are welcom'd with a tear: —
In the mind's purest seat to dwell,
To be remember'd oft and well
By one whose heart, though vain and wild,

By passion led, by youth beguil'd,
Can proudly still aspire to be
All that may yet win smiles from thee: —
If thus to live in every part
Of a lone, weary wanderer's heart;
If thus to be its sole employ
Can give thee one faint gleam of joy,
Believe it, Mary, — oh! believe
A tongue that never can deceive,
Though, erring, it too oft betray
Ev'n more than Love should dare to say, —
In Pleasure's dream or Sorrow's hour,
In crowded hall or lonely bower,
The business of my life shall be,
For ever to remember thee.
And though that heart be dead to mine,
Since Love is life and wakes not thine,
I 'll take thy image, as the form
Of one whom Love had fail'd to warm,
Which, though it yield no answering thrill,
Is not less dear, is worshipp'd still —
I 'll take it, wheresoe'er I stray,
The bright, cold burden of my way.
To keep this semblance fresh in bloom,
My heart shall be its lasting tomb,
And Memory, with embalming care,
Shall keep it fresh and fadeless there.

THE GENIUS OF HARMONY

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

Ad harmoniam canere mundum,
CICERO *de Nat. Deor.* lib. iii.

THERE lies a shell beneath the waves,
In many a hollow winding wreath'd,
Such as of old

Echoed the breath that warbling sea-maids breath'd;
This magic shell,
From the white bosom of a syren fell,
As once she wander'd by the tide that laves
Sicilia's sands of gold.
It bears
Upon its shining side the mystic notes
Of those entrancing airs,*
The genii of the deep were wont to swell,
When heaven's eternal orbs their midnight music roll'd!
Oh! seek it, wheresoe'er it floats;
And, if the power
Of thrilling numbers to thy soul be dear,
Go, bring the bright shell to my bower,
And I will fold thee in such downy dreams
As lap the Spirit of the Seventh Sphere,
When Luna's distant tone falls faintly on his ear! **

* In the "Histoire Naturelle des Antilles," there is an account of some curious shells, found at Curacoa, on the back of which were lines, filled with musical characters so distinct and perfect, that the writer assures us a very charming trio was sung from one of them. "On le nomme musical, parcequ'il porte sur le dos des lignes noirâtres pleines de notes, qui ont une espèce de clé pour les mettre en chant, de sorte que l'on diroit qu'il ne manque que la lettre à cette tablature naturelle. Ce curieux gentilhomme (M. du Montel) rapporte qu'il en a vû qui avoient cinq lignes, une clé, et des notes, qui formoient un accord parfait. Quelqu'un y avoit ajouté la lettre, que la nature avoit oubliée, et la faisoit chanter en forme de trio, dont l'air étoit fort agréable." — Chap. xix. art. 11. The author adds, a poet might imagine that these shells were used by the syrens at their concerts.

* According to Cicero, and his commentator, Macrobius, the lunar tone is the gravest and faintest on the planetary heptachord. "Quam ob causam summus ille coeli stellifer cursus, cujus conversio est concitatior, acuto et excitato movetur sono; gravissimo autem hic lunaris atque infimus." — *Somn. Scip.* Because, says Macrobius, "spiritu ut in extremitate languescente jam volvitur, et propter angustias quibus penultimus orbis arctatur impetu leniore convertitur." — In *Somn. Scip.* lib. ii. cap. 4. In their musical arrangement of the heavenly bodies, the ancient writers are not very intelligible. — See *Ptolem.* lib. iii.

Leone Hebreo, pursuing the idea of Aristotle, that the heavens are animal, attributes their harmony to perfect and reciprocal love. "Non

And thou shalt own,
That, through the circle of creation's zone,
Where matter slumbers or where spirit beams;
From the pellucid tides, * that whirl
The planets through their maze of song,
To the small rill, that weeps along
Murmuring o'er beds of pearl;
From the rich sigh
Of the sun's arrow through an evening sky,**
To the faint breath the tuneful osier yields
On Afric's burning fields; ***
Thou 'lt wondering own this universe divine
Is mine!
That I respire in all and all in me,
One mighty mingled soul of boundless harmony.

Welcome, welcome, mystic shell!
Many a star has ceas'd to burn, †

pero manca fra loro il perfetto et reciproco amore: la causa principale, che ne mostra it loro amore, è la lor amicitia armonica et la concordanza, che perpetuamente si trova in loro." — Dialog. ii. di Amore, p. 58. This "reciproco amore" of Leone is the φιλοτης of the ancient Empedocles, who seems, in his Love and Hate of the Elements, to have given a glimpse of the principles of attraction and repulsion. See the fragment to which I allude in Laertius, Ἄλλοτε μεν φιλοτητι, συνερχομεν', κ. τ. λ., lib. viii. cap. 2. n. 12.

* Leucippus, the atomist, imagined a kind of vortices in the heavens, which he borrowed from Anaxagoras, and possibly suggested to Descartes.

** Heraclides, upon the allegories of Homer, conjectures that the idea of the harmony of the spheres originated with this poet, who, in representing the solar beams as arrows, supposes them to emit a peculiar sound in the air.

*** In the account of Africa which D'Ablancourt has translated, there is mention of a tree in that country, whose branches when shaken by the hand produce very sweet sounds. "Le même auteur (Abenzégar) dit, qu'il y a un certain arbre, qui produit des gaules comme d'osier, et qu'en les prenant à la main et les branlant, elles font une espèce d'harmonie fort agréable," &c. &c. — *L'Afrique de Marmol.*

† Alluding to the extinction, or at least the disappearance, of some of those fixed stars, which we are taught to consider as suns, attended

Many a tear has Saturn's urn
O'er the cold bosom of the ocean wept, *
Since thy aërial spell
Hath in the waters slept.
Now blest I 'll fly
With the bright treasure to my choral sky,
Where she, who wak'd its early swell,
The Syren of the heavenly choir,
Walks o'er the great string of my Orphic Lyre; **
Or guides around the burning pole
The winged chariot of some blissful soul: ***
While thou —
Oh son of earth, what dreams shall rise for thee!
Beneath Hispania's sun,
Thou 'lt see a streamlet run,
Which I 've imbued with breathing melody; †
And there, when night-winds down the current die,
Thou 'lt hear how like a harp its waters sigh:

each by its system. Descartes thought that our earth might formerly have been a sun, which became obscured by a thick incrustation over its surface. This probably suggested the idea of a central fire.

* Porphyry says, that Pythagoras held the sea to be a tear, *Την θαλατταν μεν εκαλει ειναι δακρυον* (De Vitâ); and some one else, if I mistake not, has added the planet Saturn as the source of it. Empedocles, with similar affectation, called the sea "the sweat of the earth:" *ἱδρωτα της γης*. See *Rittershusius upon Porphyry*, Num. 41.

** The system of the harmonized orbs was styled by the ancients the Great Lyre of Orpheus, for which Lucian thus accounts:— *ἡ δε Λυρη ἑπταμιτος ουσα την των κινουμενων αστρων ἁρμονιαν συνεβαλλετο. κ. τ. λ.* in *Astrolog.*

*** *Διειλε ψυχας ισαριθμους τοις αστροις, ενειμε θ' ἑκαστην προς ἑκαστον, και εμβιβασας ὡΣ ΕΙΣ ΟΧΗΜΑ* — "Distributing the souls severally among the stars, and mounting each soul upon a star as on its chariot." — *Plato, Timaeus.*

† This musical river is mentioned in the romance of Achilles Tatius. *Επει ποταμου . . ην δε ακουσαι θελης του ὑδατος λαλουντος.* The Latin version, in supplying the hiatus which is in the original, has placed the river in Hispania. "In Hispaniâ quoque fluvius est, quem primo aspectu," &c. &c.

A liquid chord is every wave that flows,
An airy plectrum every breeze that blows.*

There, by that wondrous stream,
Go, lay thy languid brow,
And I will send thee such a godlike dream,
As never bless'd the slumbers even of him,**
Who, many a night, with his primordial lyre,***
Sate on the chill Pangæan mount, †
And, looking to the orient dim,
Watch'd the first flowing of that sacred fount,
From which his soul had drunk its fire.
Oh! think what visions, in that lonely hour,
Stole o'er his musing breast;
What pious ecstasy ††
Wafted his prayer to that eternal Power,

* These two lines are translated from the words of Achilles Tatius. *Εαν γαρ ολιγος ανεμος εις τας δινας εμπεση, το μεν ὑδωρ ὡς χορδη κρουεται. το δε πνευμα του ὑδατος πληκτρον γινεται. το ῥευμα δε ὡς κιθαρα λαλει.* Lib. ii.

** Orpheus.

*** They called his lyre *αρχαιοτροπον ἑπταχορδον Ορφεως.* See a curious work by a professor of Greek at Venice, entitled "Hebdomades, sive septem de septenario libri." — Lib. iv. cap. 3. p. 177.

† Eratosthenes, in mentioning the extreme veneration of Orpheus for Apollo, says that he was accustomed to go to the Pangaean mountain at day-break, and there wait the rising of the sun, that he might be the first to hail its beams. *Επεγειρομενος τε της νυκτος, κατα την ἑωθινην επι το ορος το καλουμενον Παγγαιον, προσεμενε τας ανατολας, ἱνα ιδη τον Ἡλιον πρωτον. — Καταστερισμ.* 24.

†† There are some verses of Orpheus preserved to us, which contain sublime ideas of the unity and magnificence of the Deity. For instance, those which Justin Martyr has produced:

Οὑτος μεν χαλκειον ες ουρανον εστηρικται
Χρυσειω ενι θρονω, κ. τ. λ. *Ad Graec. Cohortat.*

It is thought by some, that these are to be reckoned amongst the fabrications, which were frequent in the early times of Christianity. Still, it appears doubtful to whom they are to be attributed, being too pious for the Pagans, and too poetical for the Fathers.

Whose seal upon this new-born world imprest *
The various forms of bright divinity!
Or, dost thou know what dreams I wove,
'Mid the deep horror of that silent bower,**
Where the rapt Samian slept his holy slumber?
When, free
From every earthly chain,
From wreaths of pleasure and from bonds of pain,
His spirit flew through fields above,
Drank at the source of nature's fontal number,***
And saw, in mystic choir, around him move
The stars of song, Heaven's burning minstrelsy!
Such dreams, so heavenly bright,
I swear
By the great diadem that twines my hair,
And by the seven gems that sparkle there,†
Mingling their beams
In a soft iris of harmonious light,
Oh, mortal! such shall be thy radiant dreams.

* In one of the Hymns of Orpheus, he attributes a figured seal to Apollo, with which he imagines that deity to have stamped a variety of forms upon the universe.

** Alluding to the cave near Samos, where Pythagoras devoted the greater part of his days and nights to meditation and the mysteries of his philosophy. *Iamblich. de Vit.* This, as Holsteinius remarks, was in imitation of the Magi.

*** The tetractys, or sacred number of the Pythagoreans, on which they solemnly swore, and which they called *παγαν αιναον φυσεως*, "the fountain of perennial nature." Lucian has ridiculed this religious arithmetic very cleverly in his Sale of Philosophers.

† This diadem is intended to represent the analogy between the notes of music and the prismatic colours. We find in Plutarch a vague intimation of this kindred harmony in colours and sounds. — *Οψις τε και ακοη, μετα φωνης τε και φωτος την ἁρμονιαν επιφαινουσι.* — *De Musica.*

Cassiodorus, whose idea I may be supposed to have borrowed, says, in a letter upon music to Boetius, "Ut diadema oculis, varia luce gemmarum, sic cythara diversitate soni, blanditur auditui." This is indeed the only tolerable thought in the letter. — Lib. ii. Variar.

I FOUND her not — the chamber seem'd
Like some divinely haunted place,
Where fairy forms had lately beam'd,
And left behind their odorous trace!

It felt, as if her lips had shed
A sigh around her, ere she fled,
Which hung, as on a melting lute,
When all the silver chords are mute,
There lingers still a trembling breath
After the note's luxurious death,
A shade of song, a spirit air
Of melodies which had been there.

I saw the veil, which, all the day,
Had floated o'er her cheek of rose;
I saw the couch, where late she lay
In languor of divine repose;

And I could trace the hallow'd print
Her limbs had left, as pure and warm,
As if 't were done in rapture's mint,
And Love himself had stamp'd the form.

Oh my sweet mistress, where wert thou?
In pity fly not thus from me;
Thou art my life, my essence now,
And my soul dies of wanting thee.

TO

MRS. HENRY TIGHE,

ON READING HER "PSYCHE."

TELL me the witching tale again
For never has my heart or ear
Hung on so sweet, so pure a strain,
So pure to feel, so sweet to hear.

Say, Love, in all thy prime of fame,
When the high heaven itself was thine;

When piety confess'd the flame,
  And even thy errors were divine;

Did ever Muse's hand, so fair,
  A glory round thy temples spread?
Did ever lip's ambrosial air
  Such fragrance o'er thy altars shed?

One maid there was, who round her lyre
  The mystic myrtle wildly wreath'd; —
But all *her* sighs were sighs of fire,
  The myrtle wither'd as she breath'd.

Oh! you, that love's celestial dream,
  In all its purity, would know,
Let not the senses' ardent beam
  Too strongly through the vision glow.

Love safest lies, conceal'd in night,
  The night where heaven has bid him lie;
Oh! shed not there unhallow'd light,
  Or, Psyche knows, the boy will fly. *

* See the story in Apuleius. With respect to this beautiful allegory of Love and Psyche, there is an ingenious idea suggested by the senator Buonarotti, in his "Osservazioni sopra alcuni frammenti di vasi antici." He thinks the fable is taken from some very occult mysteries, which had long been celebrated in honour of Love; and accounts, upon this supposition, for the silence of the more ancient authors upon the subject, as it was not till towards the decline of pagan superstition, that writers could venture to reveal or discuss such ceremonies. Accordingly, observes this author, we find Lucian and Plutarch treating, without reserve, of the Dea Syria, as well as of Isis and Osiris; and Apuleius, to whom we are indebted for the beautiful story of Cupid and Psyche, has also detailed some of the mysteries of Isis. See the Giornale di Litterati d'Italia, tom. xxvii. articol. 1. See also the observations upon the ancient gems in the Museum Florentinum, vol. i. p. 156.

I cannot avoid remarking here an error into which the French Encyclopédistes have been led by M. Spon, in their article Psyche. They say "Petrone fait un récit de la pompe nuptiale de ces deux amans (Amour et Psyche). Déjà, dit-il," &c. &c. The Psyche of Petronius, however, is a servant-maid, and the marriage which he describes is that of the young Pannychis. See Spon's Recherches curieuses, &c. Dissertat. 5.

Sweet Psyche, many a charmed hour,
  Through many a wild and magic waste,
To the fair fount and blissful bower *
  Have I, in dreams, thy light foot trac'd!

Where'er thy joys are number'd now,
  Beneath whatever shades of rest,
The Genius of the starry brow **
  Hath bound thee to thy Cupid's breast;

Whether above the horizon dim,
  Along whose verge our spirits stray, —
Half sunk beneath the shadowy rim,
  Half brighten'd by the upper ray, — ***

Thou dwellest in a world, all light,
  Or, lingering here, dost love to be,
To other souls, the guardian bright
  That Love was, through this gloom, to thee;

Still be the song to Psyche dear,
  The song, whose gentle voice was given
To be, on earth, to mortal ear,
  An echo of her own, in heaven.

FROM

THE HIGH PRIEST OF APOLLO

TO

A VIRGIN OF DELPHI. †

Cum digno digna ..... SULPICIA.

"WHO is the maid, with golden hair,
"With eye of fire, and foot of air,
"Whose harp around my altar swells,
"The sweetest of a thousand shells?"

* Allusions to Mrs. Tighe's Poem.
** Constancy.
*** By this image the Platonists expressed the middle state of the soul between sensible and intellectual existence.
† This poem, as well as a few others in the following volume, formed

'T was thus the deity, who treads
The arch of heaven, and proudly sheds
Day from his eyelids — thus he spoke,
As through my cell his glories broke.

Aphelia is the Delphic fair, *
With eyes of fire and golden hair,
Aphelia's are the airy feet,
And hers the harp divinely sweet;
For foot so light has never trod
The laurel'd caverns ** of the god,
Nor harp so soft hath ever given
A sigh to earth or hymn to heaven.

"Then tell the virgin to unfold,
"In looser pomp, her locks of gold,
"And bid those eyes more fondly shine
"To welcome down a Spouse Divine;
"Since He, who lights the path of years —
"Even from the fount of morning's tears
"To where his setting splendours burn
"Upon the western sea-maid's urn —

part of a work which I had early projected, and even announced to the public, but which, luckily, perhaps, for myself, had been interrupted, by my visit to America in the year 1803.

Among those impostures in which the priests of the pagan temples are known to have indulged, one of the most favourite was that of announcing to some fair votary of the shrine, that the God himself had become enamoured of her beauty, and would descend in all his glory, to pay her a visit within the recesses of the fane. An adventure of this description formed an episode in the classic romance which I had sketched out; and the short fragment, given above, belongs to an epistle by which the story was to have been introduced.

* In the 9th Pythic of Pindar, where Apollo, in the same manner, requires of Chiron some information respecting the fair Cyrene, the Centaur, in obeying, very gravely apologizes for telling the God what his omniscience must know so perfectly already:

Ει δε γε χρη και παρ σοφον αντιφεριξαι,
Ερεω·

** *Αλλ' εις δαφνωδη γυαλα βησομαι ταδε.*

EURIPID. *Ion.* v. 76.

"Doth not, in all his course, behold
"Such eyes of fire, such hair of gold.
"Tell her, he comes, in blissful pride,
"His lip yet sparkling with the tide
"That mantles in Olympian bowls, —
"The nectar of eternal souls!
"For her, for her he quits the skies,
"And to her kiss from nectar flies.
"Oh, he would quit his star-thron'd height,
"And leave the world to pine for light,
"Might he but pass the hours of shade,
"Beside his peerless Delphic maid,
"She, more than earthly woman blest,
"He, more than god on woman's breast!"

There is a cave beneath the steep, *
Where living rills of crystal weep
O'er herbage of the loveliest hue
That ever spring begemm'd with dew:
There oft the greensward's glossy tint
Is brighten'd by the recent print
Of many a faun and naiad's feet, —
Scarce touching earth, their step so fleet, —
That there, by moonlight's ray, had trod,
In light dance, o'er the verdant sod.
"There, there," the god, impassion'd, said,
"Soon as the twilight tinge is fled,
"And the dim orb of lunar souls **
"Along its shadowy pathway rolls —

* The Corycian Cave, which Pausanias mentions. The inhabitants of Parnassus held it sacred to the Corycian nymphs, who were children of the river Plistus.

** See a preceding note, Vol. I. p. 127. It should seem that lunar spirits were of a purer order than spirits in general, as Pythagoras was said by his followers to have descended from the regions of the moon. The heresiarch Manes, in the same manner, imagined that the sun and moon are the residence of Christ, and that the ascension was nothing more than his flight to those orbs.

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"There shall we meet, — and not ev'n He,
"The God who reigns immortally,
"Where Babel's turrets paint their pride
"Upon th' Euphrates' shining tide, — *
"Not ev'n when to his midnight loves
"In mystic majesty he moves,
"Lighted by many an odorous fire,
"And hymn'd by all Chaldæa's choir, —
"E'er yet, o'er mortal brow, let shine
"Such effluence of Love Divine,
"As shall to-night, blest maid, o'er thine."

Happy the maid, whom heaven allows
To break for heaven her virgin vows!
Happy the maid! — her robe of shame
Is whiten'd by a heavenly flame,
Whose glory, with a lingering trace,
Shines through and deifies her race! **

FRAGMENT.

Pity me, love! I 'll pity thee,
If thou indeed has felt like me.
All, all my bosom's peace is o'er!
At night, which *was* my hour of calm,

* The temple of Jupiter Belus, at Babylon; in one of whose towers there was a large chapel set apart for these celestial assignations. "No man is allowed to sleep here," says Herodotus; "but the apartment is appropriated to a female, whom, if we believe the Chaldaean priests, the deity selects from the women of the country, as his favourite." Lib. i. cap. 181.

** Fontenelle, in his playful *rifacimento* of the learned materials of Van-Dale, has related in his own inimitable manner an adventure of this kind which was detected and exposed at Alexandria. See L'Histoire des Oracles, dissert. 2. chap. vii. Crebillon, too, in one of his most amusing little stories, has made the Génie Mange-Taupes, of the Isle Jonquille, assert this privilege of spiritual beings in a manner rather formidable to the husbands of the island.

When from the page of classic lore,
From the pure fount of ancient lay
My soul has drawn the placid balm,
Which charm'd its every grief away,
Ah! there I find that balm no more.
Those spells, which make us oft forget
The fleeting troubles of the day,
In deeper sorrows only whet
The stings they cannot tear away.
When to my pillow rack'd I fly,
With wearied sense and wakeful eye.
While my brain maddens, where, oh, where
Is that serene consoling pray'r,
Which once has harbinger'd my rest,
When the still soothing voice of Heaven
Hath seem'd to whisper in my breast,
"Sleep on, thy errors are forgiven!"
No, though I still in semblance pray,
My thoughts are wandering far away
And ev'n the name of Deity
Is murmur'd out in sighs for thee.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

How oft a cloud, with envious veil,
  Obscures yon bashful light,
Which seems so modestly to steal
  Along the waste of night!

'T is thus the world's obtrusive wrongs
  Obscure with malice keen
Some timid heart, which only longs
  To live and die unseen.

THE KISS.

Grow to my lip, thou sacred kiss,
On which my soul's beloved swore
That there should come a time of bliss,
When she would mock my hopes no more.
And fancy shall thy glow renew,
In sighs at morn, and dreams at night,
And none shall steal thy holy dew
Till thou 'rt absolv'd by rapture's rite.
Sweet hours that are to make me blest,
Fly, swift as breezes, to the gaol,
And let my love, my more than soul
Come blushing to this ardent breast.
Then, while in every glance I drink
The rich o'erflowings of her mind,
Oh! let her all enamour'd sink
In sweet abandonment resign'd,
Blushing for all our struggles past,
And murmuring, "I am thine at last!"

S O N G.

Think on that look whose melting ray
For one sweet moment mix'd with mine,
And for that moment seem'd to say,
"I dare not, or I would be thine!"

Think on thy ev'ry smile and glance,
On all thou hast to charm and move;
And then forgive my bosom's trance,
Nor tell me it is sin to love.

Oh, *not* to love thee were the sin;
For sure, if Fate's decrees be done,
Thou, thou art destin'd still to win,
As I am destin'd to be won!

THE CATALOGUE.

"Come, tell me," says Rosa, as kissing and kist,
One day she reclin'd on my breast;
"Come, tell me the number, repeat me the list
"Of the nymphs you have lov'd and carest." —
Oh Rosa! 't was only my fancy that roved,
My heart at the moment was free;
But I 'll tell thee, my girl, how many I 've loved,
And the number shall finish with thee.

My tutor was Kitty; in infancy wild
She taught me the way to be blest;
She taught me to love her, I lov'd like a child,
But Kitty could fancy the rest.
This lesson of dear and enrapturing lore
I have never forgot, I allow:
I have had it *by rote* very often before,
But never *by heart* until now.

Pretty Martha was next, and my soul was all flame,
But my head was so full of romance
That I fancied her into some chivalry dame,
And I was her knight of the lance.
But Martha was not of this fanciful school,
And she laugh'd at her poor little knight;
While I thought her a goddess, she thought me a fool,
And I 'll swear *she* was most in the right.

My soul was now calm, till, by Cloris's looks,
Again I was tempted to rove;
But Cloris, I found, was so learned in books
That she gave me more logic than love.
So I left this young Sappho, and hasten'd to fly
To those sweeter logicians in bliss,
Who argue the point with a soul-telling eye,
And convince us at once with a kiss.

Oh! Susan was then all the world unto me,
But Susan was piously given;

And the worst of it was, we could never agree
On the road that was shortest to Heaven.
"Oh, Susan!" I've said, in the moments of mirth,
"What's devotion to thee or to me?
"I devoutly believe there's a heaven on earth,
"And believe that that heaven's in *thee!*"

IMITATION OF CATULLUS.

TO HIMSELF.

Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire, &c.

Cease the sighing fool to play;
Cease to trifle life away;
Nor vainly think those joys thine own,
Which all, alas, have falsely flown.
What hours, Catullus, once were thine,
How fairly seem'd thy day to shine,
When lightly thou didst fly to meet
The girl whose smile was then so sweet —
The girl thou lov'dst with fonder pain
Than e'er thy heart can feel again.

Ye met — your souls seem'd all in one,
Like tapers that commingling shone;
Thy heart was warm enough for both,
And hers, in truth, was nothing loath.

Such were the hours that once were thine;
But, ah! those hours no longer shine.
For now the nymph delights no more
In what she lov'd so much before;
And all Catullus now can do,
Is to be proud and frigid too;
Nor follow where the wanton flies,
Nor sue the bliss that she denies.
False maid! he bids farewell to thee,
To love, and all love's misery;

The heyday of his heart is o'er,
Nor will he court one favour more.

Fly, perjur'd girl! — but whither fly?
Who now will praise thy cheek and eye?
Who now will drink the syren tone,
Which tells him thou art all his own?
Oh, none: — and he who lov'd before
Can never, never love thee more.

"Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more!"
St. John, chap. viii.

Oh woman, if through sinful wile
Thy soul hath stray'd from honour's track,
'T is mercy only can beguile,
By gentle ways, the wanderer back.

The stain that on thy virtue lies,
Wash'd by those tears, not long will stay;
As clouds that sully morning skies
May all be wept in show'rs away.

Go, go, be innocent, — and live;
The tongues of men may wound thee sore;
But Heav'n in pity can forgive,
And bids thee "go, and sin no more!"

NONSENSE.

Good reader! if you e'er have seen,
When Phœbus hastens to his pillow,
The mermaids, with their tresses green,
Dancing upon the western billow:
If you have seen, at twilight dim,
When the lone spirit's vesper hymn
Floats wild along the winding shore,

If you have seen, through mist of eve,
The fairy train their ringlets weave,
Glancing along the spangled green: —
If you have seen all this, and more,
God bless me, what a deal you 've seen!

EPIGRAM,

FROM THE FRENCH.

"I NEVER give a kiss (says Prue),
"To naughty man, for I abhor it."
She will not *give* a kiss, 't is true;
She 'll *take* one though, and thank you for it.

ON A SQUINTING POETESS.

To no *one* Muse does she her glance confine.
But has an eye, at once, to *all the Nine!*

TO . . . . . .

Moria pur quando vuol, non è bisogna mutar ni faccia ni voce per esser un Angelo.*

DIE when you will, you need not wear
At Heaven's Court a form more fair
Than Beauty here on earth has given;
Keep but the lovely looks we see —
The voice we hear — and you will be
An angel *ready-made* for Heaven!

* The words addressed by Lord Herbert of Cherbury to the beautiful Nun at Murano. — *See his Life.*

TO ROSA.

A far conserva, e cumulo d'amanti. *Past. Fid.*

And are you then a thing of art,
  Seducing all, and loving none;
And have I strove to gain a heart
  Which every coxcomb thinks his own?

Tell me at once if this be true,
  And I will calm my jealous breast;
Will learn to join the dangling crew,
  And share your simpers with the rest.

But if your heart be *not* so free, —
  Oh! if another share that heart,
Tell not the hateful tale to me,
  But mingle mercy with your art.

I 'd rather think you "false as hell,"
  Than find you to be all divine, —
Than know that heart could love so well,
  Yet know that heart would *not* be mine!

TO PHILLIS.

Phillis, you little rosy rake,
  That heart of yours I long to rifle:
Come, give it me, and do not make
  So much ado about a *trifle!*

TO A LADY,

ON HER SINGING.

Thy song has taught my heart to feel
  Those soothing thoughts of heav'nly love,
Which o'er the sainted spirits steal
  When list'ning to the spheres above!

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When, tir'd of life and misery,
  I wish to sigh my latest breath,
Oh, Emma! I will fly to thee,
  And thou shalt sing me into death.

And if along thy lip and cheek
  That smile of heav'nly softness play,
Which, — ah! forgive a mind that 's weak, —
  So oft has stol'n my mind away;

Thou 'lt seem an angel of the sky,
  That comes to charm me into bliss:
I 'll gaze and die — Who would not die,
  If death were half so sweet as this?

SONG.

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF MRS. —

WRITTEN IN IRELAND. 1799.

Of all my happiest hours of joy,
  And even I have had my measure,
When hearts were full, and ev'ry eye
  Hath kindled with the light of pleasure,
An hour like this I ne'er was given,
  So full of friendship's purest blisses;
Young Love himself looks down from heaven,
  To smile on such a day as this is.
    Then come, my friends, this hour improve,
      Let 's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
    And may the birth of her we love
      Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

Oh! banish ev'ry thought to-night,
  Which could disturb our soul's communion;
Abandon'd thus to dear delight,
  We 'll ev'n for once forget the Union!

On that let statesmen try their pow'rs,
  And tremble o'er the rights they 'd die for;
The union of the soul be ours,
  And ev'ry union else we sigh for.
                Then come, my friends, &c.

In ev'ry eye around I mark
  The feelings of the heart o'erflowing;
From ev'ry soul I catch the spark
  Of sympathy, in friendship glowing.
Oh! could such moments ever fly;
  Oh! that we ne'er were doom'd to lose 'em;
And all as bright as Charlotte's eye,
  And all as pure as Charlotte's bosom.
                Then come, my friends, &c.

For me, whate'er my span of years,
  Whatever sun may light my roving;
Whether I waste my life in tears,
  Or live, as now, for mirth and loving;
This day shall come with aspect kind,
  Wherever fate may cast your rover;
He 'll think of those he left behind,
  And drink a health to bliss that 's over!
                Then come, my friends, &c.

SONG.*

Mary, I believ'd thee true,
  And I was blest in thus believing;
But know I mourn that e'er I knew
  A girl so fair and so deceiving.
    Fare thee well.

Few have ever lov'd like me, —
  Yes, I have lov'd thee too sincerely!

* These words were written to the pathetic Scotch air "Galla Water."

And few have e'er deceiv'd like thee, —
  Alas! deceiv'd me too severely.

Fare thee well! — yet think awhile
  On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
  And die with thee than live without thee.

Fare thee well! I 'll think of thee,
  Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;
For see, distracting woman, see,
  My peace is gone, my heart is broken! —
    Fare thee well!

MORALITY.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

ADDRESSED TO

J. AT—NS—N, ESQ. M. R. I. A.

THOUGH long at school and college dozing,
O'er books of verse and books of prosing,
And copying from their moral pages
Fine recipes for making sages;
Though long with those divines at school,
Who think to make us good by rule;
Who, in methodic forms advancing,
Teaching morality like dancing,
Tell us, for Heav'n or money's sake,
What *steps* we are through life to take:
Though thus, my friend, so long employ'd,
With so much midnight oil destroy'd,
I must confess, my searches past,
I 've only learn'd *to doubt* at last.
I find the doctors and the sages
Have differ'd in all climes and ages,
And two in fifty scarce agree
On what is pure morality.

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'T is like the rainbow's shifting zone,
And every vision makes its own.

The doctors of the Porch advise,
As modes of being great and wise,
That we should cease to own or know
The luxuries that from feeling flow: —
"Reason alone must claim direction,
"And Apathy 's the soul's perfection.
"Like a dull lake the heart must lie;
"Nor passion's gale nor pleasure's sigh,
"Though Heav'n the breeze, the breath, supplied,
"Must curl the wave or swell the tide!"

Such was the rigid Zeno's plan
To form his philosophic man;
Such were the modes *he* taught mankind
To weed the garden of the mind;
They tore from thence some weeds, 't is true,
But all the flow'rs were ravaged too!

Now listen to the wily strains,
Which, on Cyrené's sandy plains,
When Pleasure, nymph with loosen'd zone,
Usurp'd the philosophic throne, —
Hear what the courtly sage's * tongue
To his surrounding pupils sung: —
"Pleasure 's the only noble end
"To which all human pow'rs should tend,
"And Virtue gives her heav'nly lore,
"But to make Pleasure please us more.
"Wisdom and she were both design'd
"To make the senses more refin'd,
"That man might revel, free from cloying,
"Then most a sage when most enjoying!"

Is this morality? — Oh, no!
Ev'n I a wiser path could show.

* Aristippus.

The flow'r within this vase confin'd,
The pure, the unfading flow'r of mind,
Must not throw all its sweets away
Upon a mortal mould of clay:
No, no, — its richest breath should rise
In virtue's incense to the skies.

But thus it is, all sects we see
Have watchwords of morality:
Some cry out Venus, others Jove;
Here 't is Religion, there 't is Love.
But while they thus so widely wander,
While mystics dream, and doctors ponder;
And some, in dialectics firm,
Seek virtue in a middle term;
While thus they strive, in Heaven's defiance,
To chain morality with science;
The plain good man, whose actions teach
More virtue than a sect can preach,
Pursues his course, unsagely blest,
His tutor whisp'ring in his breast;
Nor could he act a purer part,
Though he had Tully all by heart.
And when he drops the tear on woe,
He little knows or cares to know
That Epictetus blam'd that tear,
By Heav'n approv'd, to virtue dear!

Oh! I when 've seen the morning beam
Floating within the dimpled stream;
While Nature, wak'ning from the night,
Has just put on her robes of light,
Have I, with cold optician's gaze,
Explor'd the *doctrine* of those rays?
No, pedants, I have left to you
Nicely to sep'rate hue from hue.
Go, give that moment up to art,
When Heav'n and nature claim the heart;

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And, dull to all their best attraction,
Go — measure *angles of refraction.*
While I, in feeling's sweet romance,
Look on each daybeam as a glance
From the great eye of Him above,
Wak'ning his world with looks of love!

THE

TELL-TALE LYRE.

I 've heard, there was in ancient days
  A Lyre of most melodious spell;
'T was heav'n to hear its fairy lays,
  If half be true that legends tell.

'T was play'd on by the gentlest sighs,
  And to their breath it breath'd again
In such entrancing melodies
  As ear had never drunk till then!

Not harmony's serenest touch
  So stilly could the notes prolong;
They were not heavenly song so much
  As they were dreams of heav'nly song!

If sad the heart, whose murmuring air
  Along the chords in languor stole,
The numbers it awaken'd there
  Were eloquence from pity's soul.

Or if the sigh, serene and light,
  Was but the breath of fancied woes,
The string, that felt its airy flight,
  Soon whisper'd it to kind repose.

And when young lovers talk'd alone,
  If, mid their bliss that Lyre was near,
It made their accents all its own,
  And sent forth notes that heav'n might hear.

There was a nymph, who long had lov'd,
  But dar'd not tell the world how well:
The shades, where she at evening rov'd,
  Alone could know, alone could tell.

'T was there, at twilight time, she stole,
  When the first star announc'd the night, —
With him who claim'd her inmost soul,
  To wander by that soothing light.

It chanc'd that, in the fairy bower
  Where blest they wooed each other's smile,
This Lyre, of strange and magic power,
  Hung whisp'ring o'er their heads the while.

And as, with eyes commingling fire,
  They listen'd to each other's vow,
The youth full oft would make the Lyre
  A pillow for the maiden's brow:

And, while the melting words she breath'd
  Were by its echoes wafted round.
Her locks had with the chords so wreath'd,
  One knew not which gave forth the sound.

Alas, their hearts but little thought,
  While thus they talk'd the hours away,
That every sound the Lyre was taught
  Would linger long, and long betray.

So mingled with its tuneful soul
  Were all their tender murmurs grown,
That other sighs unanswer'd stole,
  Nor words it breath'd but theirs alone.

Unhappy nymph! thy name was sung
  To every breeze that wander'd by;
The secrets of thy gentle tongue
  Were breath'd in song to earth and sky.

The fatal Lyre, by Envy's hand
  Hung high amid the whisp'ring groves,

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To every gale by which 't was fann'd,
  Proclaimed the mystery of your loves.

Nor long thus rudely was thy name
  To earth's derisive echoes given;
Some pitying spirit downward came,
  And took the Lyre and thee to heaven.

There, freed from earth's unholy wrongs,
  Both happy in Love's home shall be;
Thou, uttering nought but seraph songs,
  And that sweet Lyre still echoing thee!

PEACE AND GLORY.

WRITTEN ON THE APPROACH OF WAR.

WHERE is now the smile, that lighten'd
  Every hero's couch of rest?
Where is now the hope, that brighten'd
  Honour's eye and Pity's breast?
Have we lost the wreath we braided
  For our weary warrior men?
Is the faithless olive faded?
  Must the bay be pluck'd again?

Passing hour of sunny weather
  Lovely, in your light awhile,
Peace and Glory, wed together,
  Wander'd through our blessed isle.
And the eyes of Peace would glisten,
  Dewy as a morning sun,
When the timid maid would listen
  To the deeds her chief had done.

Is their hour of dalliance over?
  Must the maiden's trembling feet
Waft her from her warlike lover
  To the desert's still retreat?

Fare you well! with sighs we banish
  Nymph so fair and guests so bright;
Yet the smile, with which you vanish,
  Leaves behind a soothing light; —

Soothing light, that long shall sparkle
  O'er your warrior's sanguin'd way,
Through the field where horrors darkle,
  Shedding hope's consoling ray.
Long the smile his heart will cherish,
  To its absent idol true;
While around him myriads perish,
  Glory still will sigh for you!

SONG.

Take back the sigh, thy lips of art
  In passion's moment breath'd to me;
Yet, no — it must not, will not part,
'T is now the life-breath of my heart,
  And has become too pure for thee.

Take back the kiss, that faithless sigh
  With all the warmth of truth imprest
Yet, no — the fatal kiss may lie,
Upon *thy* lip its sweets would die,
  Or bloom to make a rival blest.

Take back the vows that, night and day,
  My heart receiv'd, I thought, from thine;
Yet, no — allow them still to stay,
They might some other heart betray,
  As sweetly as they 've ruin'd mine.

LOVE AND REASON.

"Quand l'homme commence à raisonner, il cesse de sentir."
J. J. Rousseau.

'T was in the summer time so sweet,
When hearts and flowers are both in season,
That — who, of all the world, should meet,
One early dawn, but Love and Reason!

Love told his dream of yesternight,
While Reason talked about the weather;
The morn, in sooth, was fair and bright,
And on they took their way together.

The boy in many a gambol flew,
While Reason, like a Juno, stalk'd,
And from her portly figure threw
A lengthen'd shadow, as she walk'd.

No wonder Love, as on they pass'd,
Should find that sunny morning chill,
For still the shadow Reason cast
Fell o'er the boy, and cool'd him still.

In vain he tried his wings to warm,
Or find a pathway not so dim,
For still the maid's gigantic form
Would stalk between the sun and him.

"This must not be," said little Love —
"The sun was made for more than you."
So, turning through a myrtle grove,
He bid the portly nymph adieu.

Now gaily roves the laughing boy
O'er many a mead, by many a stream;
In every breeze inhaling joy,
And drinking bliss in every beam.

* Quoted somewhere in St. Pierre's Etudes de la Nature.

From all the gardens, all the bowers,
He cull'd the many sweets they shaded,
And ate the fruits and smell'd the flowers,
Till taste was gone and odour faded.

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,
Look'd blazing o'er the sultry plains;
Alas! the boy grew languid soon,
And fever thrill'd through all his veins.

The dew forsook his baby brow,
No more with healthy bloom he smil'd —
Oh! where was tranquil Reason now,
To cast her shadow o'er the child?

Beneath a green and aged palm,
His foot at length for shelter turning,
He saw the nymph reclining calm,
With brow as cool as his was burning.

"Oh! take me to that bosom cold,"
In murmurs at her feet he said;
And Reason op'd her garment's fold,
And flung it round his fever'd head.

He felt her bosom's icy touch,
And soon it lull'd his pulse to rest;
For, ah! the chill was quite too much,
And Love expir'd on Reason's breast!

Nay, do not weep, my Fanny dear;
While in these arms you lie,
This world hath not a wish, a fear,
That ought to cost that eye a tear,
That heart, one single sigh.

The world! — ah, Fanny, Love must shun
The paths where many rove;

One bosom to recline upon,
One heart to be his only-one,
  Are quite enough for Love.

What can we wish, that is not here
  Between your arms and mine?
Is there, on earth, a space so dear
As that within the happy sphere
  Two loving arms entwine?

For me, there 's not a look of jet
  Adown your temples curl'd,
Within whose glossy, tangling net,
My soul doth not, at once, forget
  All, all this worthless world.

'T is in those eyes, so full of love,
  My only worlds I see;
Let but *their* orbs in sunshine move,
And earth below and skies above
  May frown or smile for me.

ASPASIA.

'Twas in the fair Aspasia's bower,
That Love and Learning, many an hour,
In dalliance met; and Learning smil'd
With pleasure on the playful child,
Who often stole, to find a nest
Within the folds of Learning's vest.

  There, as the listening statesman hung
In transport on Aspasia's tongue,
The destinies of Athens took
Their colour from Aspasia's look.
Oh happy time, when laws of state
When all that rul'd the country's fate,
Its glory, quiet, or alarms,
Was plann'd between two snow-white arms!

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Blest times! they could not always last —
And yet, ev'n now, they *are* not past.
Though we have lost the giant mould,
In which their men were cast of old,
Woman, dear woman, still the same,
While beauty breathes through soul or frame,
While man possesses heart or eyes,
Woman's bright empire never dies!

No, Fanny, love, they ne'er shall say,
That beauty's charm hath pass'd away;
Give but the universe a soul
Attun'd to woman's soft control,
And Fanny hath the charm, the skill,
To wield a universe at will.

THE

GRECIAN GIRL'S DREAM

OF THE BLESSED ISLANDS.*

TO HER LOVER.

— — ἦχι τε καλος
Πυθαγορης, ὁσσοι τε χορον στηριξαν ερωτος.
Απολλων περι Πλωτινου. *Oracul. Metric. a Joan. Opsop. collecta.*

Was it the moon, or was it morning's ray,
That call'd thee, dearest, from these arms away?
Scarce had'st thou left me, when a dream of night
Came oe'r my spirit so distinct and bright,
That, while I yet can vividly recall
Its witching wonders, thou shalt hear them all.

* It was imagined by some of the ancients that there is an ethereal ocean above us, and that the sun and moon are two floating, luminous islands, in which the spirits of the blest reside. Accordingly we find that the word *Ωκεανος* was sometimes synonymous with *αηρ*, and death was not unfrequently called *Ωκεανοιο πορος*, or "the passage of the ocean."

Methought I saw, upon the lunar beam,
Two winged boys, such as thy muse might dream,
Descending from above, at that still hour,
And gliding, with smooth step, into my bower.
Fair as the beauteous spirits that, all day,
In Amatha's warm founts imprison'd stay,*
But rise at midnight, from th' enchanted rill,
To cool their plumes upon some moonlight hill.

At once I knew their mission; — 't was to bear
My spirit upward, through the paths of air,
To that elysian realm, from whence stray beams
So oft, in sleep, had visited my dreams.
Swift at their touch dissolv'd the ties, that clung
All earthly round me, and aloft I sprung;
While, heav'nward guides, the little genii flew
Thro' paths of light, refresh'd by heaven's own dew,
And fann'd by airs still fragrant with the breath
Of cloudless climes and worlds that know not death.

Thou know'st, that, far beyond our nether sky,
And shown but dimly to man's erring eye,
A mighty ocean of blue ether rolls,**
Gemm'd with bright islands, where the chosen souls,

* Eunapius, in his life of Iamblichus, tells us of two beautiful little spirits or loves, which Iamblichus raised by enchantment from the warm springs at Gadara; "dicens astantibus (says the author of the Dii Fatidici, p. 160.) illos esse loci Genios:" which words, however, are not in Eunapius.

I find from Cellarius, that Amatha, in the neighbourhood of Gadara, was also celebrated for its warm springs, and I have preferred it as a more poetical name than Gadara. Cellarius quotes Hieronymus. "Est et alia villa in vicinia Gadarae nomine Amatha, ubi calidae aquae erumpunt." — *Geograph. Antiq.* lib. iii. cap. 13.

** This belief of an ocean in the heavens, or "waters above the firmament," was one of the many physical errors in which the early fathers bewildered themselves. Le P. Baltus, in his "Défense des Saints Pères accusés de Platonisme," taking it for granted that the ancients were more correct in their notions (which by no means appears from what I have already quoted), adduces the obstinacy of the fathers, in this whimsical opinion, as a proof of their repugnance to even truth from the

Who 've pass'd in lore and love their earthly hours,
Repose for ever in unfading bowers.
That very moon, whose solitary light
So often guides thee to my bower at night,
Is no chill planet, but an isle of love,
Floating in splendour through those seas above,
And peopled with bright forms, aërial grown,
Nor knowing aught of earth but love alone.
Thither, I thought, we wing'd our airy way: —
Mild o'er its valleys stream'd a silvery day,
While, all around, on lily beds of rest,
Reclin'd the spirits of the immortal Blest.*
Oh! there I met those few congenial maids,
Whom love hath warm'd, in philosophic shades;
There still Leontium,** on her sage's breast,
Found lore and love, was tutor'd and carest;

hands of the philosophers. This is a strange way of defending the fathers, and attributes much more than they deserve to the philosophers. For an abstract of this work of Baltus, (the opposer of Fontenelle, Van Dale, &c. in the famous Oracle controversy,) see "Bibliothèque des Auteurs Ecclésiast. du 18e siècle, part. 1. tom. ii."

* There were various opinions among the ancients with respect to their lunar establishment; some made it an elysium, and others a purgatory; while some supposed it to be a kind of *entrepôt* between heaven and earth, where souls which had left their bodies, and those that were on their way to join them, were deposited in the valleys of Hecate, and remained till further orders. *Τοις περι σεληνην αερι λεγειν αυτας κατοικειν, 'και απ' αυτης κατω χωρειν εις την περιγειον γενεσιν.* — *Stob.* lib. i. Eclog. Physic.

** The pupil and mistress of Epicurus, who called her his "dear little Leontium" (*Λεονταριον*), as appears by a fragment of one of his letters in Laertius. This Leontium was a woman of talent; "she had the impudence (says Cicero) to write against Theophrastus;" and Cicero, at the same time, gives her a name which is neither polite nor translatable. "Meretricula etiam Leontium contra Theophrastum scribere ausa est." — *De Natur. Deor.* She left a daughter called Danae, who was just as rigid an Epicurean as her mother; something like Wieland's Danae in Agathon.

It would sound much better, I think, if the name were Leontia, as it occurs the first time in Laertius; but M. Ménage will not hear of this reading.

And there the clasp of Pythia's * gentle arms
Repaid the zeal which deified her charms.
The Attic Master, ** in Aspasia's eyes,
Forgot the yoke of less endearing ties;
While fair Theano, *** innocently fair,
Wreath'd playfully her Samian's flowing hair, †
Whose soul now fix'd, its transmigrations past,
Found in those arms a resting-place, at last;
And smiling own'd, whate'er his dreamy thought
In mystic numbers long had vainly sought,
The One that 's form'd of Two whom love hath bound,
Is the best number gods or men e'er found.

* Pythias was a woman whom Aristotle loved, and to whom after her death he paid divine honours, solemnizing her memory by the same sacrifices which the Athenians offered to the Goddess Ceres. For this impious gallantry the philosopher was, of course, censured; but it would be well if certain of our modern Stagyrites showed a little of this superstition about the memory of their mistresses.

** Socrates, who used to console himself in the society of Aspasia for those "less endearing ties" which he found at home with Xantippe. For an account of this extraordinary creature, Aspasia, and her school of erudite luxury at Athens, see L'Histoire de l'Académie, &c. tom. xxxi. p. 69. Ségur rather fails on the inspiring subject of Aspasia. — "Les Femmes," tom. i. p. 122.

The Author of the "Voyage du Monde de Descartes" has also placed these philosophers in the moon, and has allotted seigneuries to them, as well as to the astronomers (part ii. p. 143.); but he ought not to have forgotten their wives and mistresses; "curae non ipsâ in morte relinquunt."

*** There are some sensible letters extant under the name of this fair Pythagorean. They are addressed to her female friends upon the education of children, the treatment of servants, &c. One, in particular, to Nicostrata, whose husband had given her reasons for jealousy, contains such truly considerate and rational advice, that it ought to be translated for the edification of all married ladies. See Gale's Opuscul. Myth. Phys. p. 741.

† Pythagoras was remarkable for fine hair, and Doctor Thiers (in his Histoire des Perruques) seems to take for granted it was all his own; as he has not mentioned him among those ancients who were obliged to have recourse to the "coma appositiitia." L'Hist. des Perruques, chap. i.

But think, my Theon, with what joy I thrill'd,
When near a fount, which through the valley rill'd,
My fancy's eye beheld a form recline,
Of lunar race, but so resembling thine
That, oh! 't was but fidelity in me,
To fly, to clasp, and worship it for thee.
No aid of words the unbodied soul requires,
To waft a wish or embassy desires;
But by a power, to spirits only given,
A deep, mute impulse, only felt in heaven,
Swifter than meteor shaft through summer skies,
From soul to soul the glanc'd idea flies.

Oh, my beloved, how divinely sweet
Is the pure joy, when kindred spirits meet!
Like him, the river-god,* whose waters flow,
With love their only light, through caves below,
Wafting in triumph all the flowery braids,
And festal rings, with which Olympic maids
Have deck'd his current, as an offering meet
To lay at Arethusa's shining feet.
Think, when he meets at last his fountain-bride,
What perfect love must thrill the blended tide!
Each lost in each, till, mingling into one,
Their lot the same for shadow or for sun,
A type of true love, to the deep they run.
'T was thus —
But, Theon, 't is an endless theme,
And thou grow'st weary of my half-told dream.
Oh would, my love, we were together now,
And I would woo sweet patience to thy brow,

* The river Alpheus, which flowed by Pisa or Olympia, and into which it was customary to throw offerings of different kinds, during the celebration of the Olympic games. In the pretty romance of Clitophon and Leucippe, the river is supposed to carry these offerings as bridal gifts to the fountain Arethusa. *Και επι την Αρεθουσαν ούτω τον Αλφειον νυμφοστολει. ὅταν ουν ἡ των ολυμπιων ἑορτη, κ. τ. λ.* Lib. i.

And make thee smile at all the magic tales
Of starlight bowers and planetary vales,
Which my fond soul, inspir'd by thee and love,
In slumber's loom hath fancifully wove.
But no; no more — soon as to-morrow's ray
O'er soft Ilissus shall have died away,
I 'll come, and, while love's planet in the west
Shines o'er our meeting, tell thee all the rest.

TO CLOE.

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

I COULD resign that eye of blue,
  Howe'er its splendour used to thrill me;
And ev'n that check of roseate hue, —
  To lose it, Cloe, scarce would kill me.

That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
  However much I 've rav'd about it;
And sweetly as that lip can kiss,
  I *think* I could exist without it.

In short, so well I 've learn'd to fast,
  That, sooth my love, I know not whether
I might not bring myself at last,
  To — do without you altogether.

THE

WREATH AND THE CHAIN.

I BRING thee, love, a golden chain,
  I bring thee too a flowery wreath;
The gold shall never wear a stain,
  The flow'rets long shall sweetly breathe.
Come, tell me which the tie shall be,
To bind thy gentle heart to me.

The Chain is form'd of golden threads,
  Bright as Minerva's yellow hair,
When the last beam of evening sheds
  Its calm and sober lustre there.
The Wreath's of brightest myrtle wove,
  With sun-lit drops of bliss among it,
And many a rose-leaf, cull'd by Love,
  To heal his lip when bees have stung it.
Come, tell me which the tie shall be,
To bind thy gentle heart to me.

Yes, yes, I read that ready eye,
  Which answers when the tongue is loath,
Thou lik'st the form of either tie,
  And spread'st thy playful hands for both.
Ah! — if there were not something wrong,
  The world would see them blended oft;
The Chain would make the Wreath so strong!
  The Wreath would make the Chain so oft!
Then might the gold, the flow'rets be
Sweet fetters for my love and me.

But, Fanny, so unblest they twine,
  That (heaven alone can tell the reason)
When mingled thus they cease to shine,
  Or shine but for a transient season.
Whether the Chain may press too much,
  Or that the Wreath is slightly braided,
Let but the gold the flow'rets touch,
  And all their bloom, their glow is faded;
Oh! better to be always free,
Than thus to bind my love to me.

The timid girl now hung her head,
  And, as she turn'd an upward glance,
I saw a doubt its twilight spread
  Across her brow's divine expanse.

Just then, the garland's brightest rose
  Gave one of its love-breathing sighs —
Oh! who can ask how Fanny chose,
  That ever look'd in Fanny's eyes?
"The Wreath, my life, the Wreath shall be
"The tie to bind my soul to thee."

TO

. . . . . .

And hast thou mark'd the pensive shade,
  That many a time obscures my brow,
Midst all the joys, beloved maid,
  Which thou canst give, and only thou?

Oh! 't is not that I then forget
  The bright looks that before me shine;
For never throbb'd a bosom yet
  Could feel their witchery, like mine.

When bashful on my bosom hid,
  And blushing to have felt so blest,
Thou dost but lift thy languid lid,
  Again to close it on my breast; —

Yes, — these are minutes all thine own,
  Thine own to give, and mine to feel;
Yet ev'n in them, my heart has known
  The sigh to rise, the tear to steal.

For I have thought of former hours,
  When he who first thy soul possess'd,
Like me awak'd its witching powers,
  Like me was lov'd, like me was blest.

Upon *his* name thy murmuring tongue
  Perhaps hath all as sweetly dwelt;
Upon his words thine ear hath hung,
  With transport all as purely felt.

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For him — yet why the past recall,
To damp and wither present bliss?
Thou 'rt now my own, heart, spirit, all,
And heaven could grant no more than this!

Forgive me, dearest, oh! forgive;
I would be first, be sole to thee,
Thou shouldst have but begun to live,
The hour that gave thy heart to me.

Thy book of life till then effac'd,
Love should have kept that leaf alone
On which he first so brightly trac'd
That thou wert, soul and all, my own.

TO

. . . . . .'S PICTURE.

Go then, if she, whose shade thou art,
No more will let thee soothe my pain;
Yet, tell her, it has cost this heart
Some pangs, to give thee back again.

Tell her, the smile was not so dear,
With which she made thy semblance mine,
As bitter is the burning tear,
With which I now the gift resign.

Yet go — and could she still restore,
As some exchange for taking thee,
The tranquil look which first I wore,
When her eyes found me calm and free;

Could she give back the careless flow,
The spirit that my heart then knew —
Yet, no, 't is vain — go, picture, go —
Smile at me once, and then — adieu!

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FRAGMENT

OF

A MYTHOLOGICAL HYMN TO LOVE. *

BLEST infant of eternity!
Before the day-star learn'd to move,
In pomp of fire, along his grand career,
Glancing the beamy shafts of light
From his rich quiver to the farthest sphere,
Thou wert alone, oh Love!
Nestling beneath the wings of ancient Night,
Whose horrors seem'd to smile in shadowing thee.

No form of beauty sooth'd thine eye,
As through the dim expanse it wander'd wide,
No kindred spirit caught thy sigh,
As o'er the watery waste it lingering died.

Unfelt the pulse, unknown the power,
That latent in his heart was sleeping, —
Oh Sympathy! that lonely hour
Saw Love himself thy absence weeping.

But look, what glory through the darkness beams!
Celestial airs along the water glide: —
What Spirit art thou, moving o'er the tide
So beautiful? oh, not of earth,
But, in that glowing hour, the birth
Of the young Godhead's own creative dreams.
'T is she!
Psyche, the firstborn spirit of the air.

* Love and Psyche are here considered as the active and passive principles of creation, and the universe is supposed to have received its first harmonizing impulse from the nuptial sympathy between these two powers. A marriage is generally the first step in cosmogony. Timaeus held Form to be the father, and Matter the mother of the World; Elion and Berouth, I think, are Sanchoniatho's first spiritual lovers, and Manco-capac and his wife introduced creation amongst the Peruvians. In short, Harlequin seems to have studied cosmogonies, when he said "tutto il mondo è fatto come la nostra famiglia."

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To thee, oh Love, she turns,
On thee her eyebeam burns:
Blest hour, before all worlds ordain'd to be!
They meet —
The blooming god — the spirit fair
Meet in communion sweet.
Now, Sympathy, the hour is thine;
All nature feels the thrill divine,
The veil of Chaos is withdrawn,
And their first kiss is great Creation's dawn!

TO

HIS SERENE HIGHNESS

THE DUKE OF MONTPENSIER,

ON HIS

PORTRAIT OF THE LADY ADELAIDE FORBES.

Donington Park, 1802.

To catch the thought, by painting's spell,
Howe'er remote, howe'er refin'd,
And o'er the kindling canvass tell
The silent story of the mind;

O'er nature's form to glance the eye,
And fix, by mimic light and shade,
Her morning tinges, ere they fly,
Her evening blushes, ere they fade; —

Yes, these are Painting's proudest powers;
The gift, by which her art divine
Above all others proudly towers, —
And these, oh Prince! are richly thine.

And yet, when Friendship sees thee trace,
In almost living truth exprest,
This bright memorial of a face
On which her eye delights to rest;

While o'er the lovely look serene,
  The smile of peace, the bloom of youth,
The cheek, that blushes to be seen,
  The eye that tells the bosom's truth;

While o'er each line, so brightly true,
  Our eyes with lingering pleasure rove,
Blessing the touch whose various hue
  Thus brings to mind the form we love;

We feel the magic of thy art,
  And own it with a zest, a zeal,
A pleasure, nearer to the heart
  Than critic taste can *ever* feel.

THE

FALL OF HEBE.

A DITHYRAMBIC ODE.*

'T was on a day
When the immortals at their banquet lay;
The bowl
Sparkled with starry dew,

* Though I have styled this poem a Dithyrambic Ode, I cannot presume to say that it possesses, in any degree, the chracteristics of that species of poetry. The nature of the ancient Dithyrambic is very imperfectly known. According to M. Burette, a licentious irregularity of metre, an extravagant research of thought and expression, and a rude embarrassed construction, are among its most distinguishing features; and in all these respects, I have but too closely, I fear, followed my models. Burette adds, "Ces caractères des dityrambes se font sentir à ceux qui lisent attentivement les odes de Pindare." — *Mémoires de l'Acad.* vol. x. p. 306. The same opinion may be collected from Schmidt's dissertation upon the subject. I think, however, if the Dithyrambics of Pindar were in our possession, we should find that, however wild and fanciful, they were by no means the tasteless jargon they are represented, and that even their irregularity was what Boileau calls "un beau désordre." Chiabrera, who has been styled the Pindar of Italy, and from whom all its poetry upon the Greek model was called Chiabreresco (as Crescimbeni informs us, lib. i. cap. 12.), has given, amongst his Ven-

The weeping of those myriad urns of light,
Within whose orbs, the almighty Power,
At nature's dawning hour,
Stor'd the rich fluid of ethereal soul.*
Around,
Soft odorous clouds, that upward wing their flight
From eastern isles
(Where they have bath'd them in the orient ray,
And with rich fragrance all their bosoms fill'd),
In circles flew, and, melting as they flew,
A liquid daybreak o'er the board distill'd.

All, all was luxury!
All *must* be luxury, where Lyæus smiles.
His locks divine
Were crown'd
With a bright meteor-braid,

demmie, a Dithyrambic, "all' uso de' Greci;" full of those compound epithets, which, we are told, were a chief characteristic of the style (*συνθετους δε λεξεις εποιουν — Suid. Διθυραμβοδιδ.*); such as

Briglindorato Pegaso
Nubicalpestator.

But I cannot suppose that Pindar, even admidst all the licence of dithyrambics, would ever have descended to ballad-language like the following:

Bella Filli, e bella Clori,
Non più dar pregio a tue bellezze e taci,
Che se Bacco fa vezzi alle mie labbra
Fo le fiche a' vostri baci.
— — — — — — — esser vorrei Coppier,
E se troppo desiro
Deh fossi io Bottiglier.

Rime del CHIABRERA, part ii. p. 352.

* This is a Platonic fancy. The philosopher supposes, in his Timaeus, that, when the Deity had formed the soul of the world, he proceeded to the composition of other souls, in which process, says Plato, he made use of the same cup, though the ingredients he mingled were not quite so pure as for the former; and having refined the mixture with a little of his own essence, he distributed it among the stars, which served as reservoirs of the fluid. — *Ταυτ' ειπε και παλιν επι τον προτερον κρατηρα εν ᾧ την του παντος ψυχην κεραννυς εμισγε, κ. τ. λ.*

Which, like an ever-springing wreath of vine,
Shot into brilliant leafy shapes,
And o'er his brow in lambent tendrils play'd:
While mid the foliage hung,
Like lucid grapes,
A thousand clustering buds of light,
Cull'd from the gardens of the galaxy.

Upon his bosom Cytherea's head
Lay lovely, as when first the Syrens sung
Her beauty's dawn,
And all the curtains of the deep, undrawn,
Reveal'd her sleeping in its azure bed.
The captive deity
Hung lingering on her eyes and lip,
With looks of ecstasy.
Now, on his arm,
In blushes she repos'd,
And, while he gazed on each bright charm,
To shade his burning eyes her hand in dalliance stole.

And now she rais'd her rosy mouth to sip
The nectar'd wave
Lyæus gave,
And from her eyelids, half-way clos'd,
Sent forth a melting gleam,
Which fell, like sun-dew, in the bowl:
While her bright hair, in mazy flow
Of gold descending
Adown her cheek's luxurious glow,
Hung o'er the goblet's side,
And was reflected in its crystal tide,
Like a bright crocus flower,
Whose sunny leaves, at evening hour
With roses of Cyrene blending,*
Hang o'er the mirror of some silvery stream.

* We learn from Theophrastus, that the roses of Cyrene were particularly fragrant. — *Ευοσματα τα δε τα εν Κυρηνη ῥοδα.*

The Olympian cup
Shone in the hands
Of dimpled Hebe, as she wing'd her feet
Up
The empyreal mount,
To drain the soul-drops at their stellar fount;*
And still
As the resplendent rill
Gushed forth into the cup with mantling heat,
Her watchful care
Was still to cool its liquid fire
With snow-white sprinklings of that feathery air
The children of the Pole respire,
In those enchanted lands,**
Where life is all a spring, and north winds never blow.

But oh!
Bright Hebe, what a tear,
And what a blush were thine,
When, as the breath of every Grace
Wafted thy feet along the studded sphere,

* Heraclitus (Physicus) held the soul to be a spark of the stellar essence — "Scintilla stellaris essentiae." — MACROBIUS, in *Somn. Scip.* lib. i. cap. 14.

** The country of the Hyperboreans. These people were supposed to be placed so far north that the north wind could not affect them; they lived longer than any other mortals; passed their whole time in music and dancing, &c. &c. But the most extravagant fiction related of them is that to which the two lines preceding allude. It was imagined that, instead of our vulgar atmosphere, the Hyperboreans breathed nothing but feathers! According to Herodotus and Pliny, this idea was suggested by the quantity of snow which was observed to fall in those regions; thus the former: *Τα ὦν πτερα εικαζοντας την χιονα τους Σκυθας τε και τους περιοικους δοκεω λεγειν.* — HERODOT. lib. iv. cap. 31. Ovid tells the fable otherwise: see Metamorph. lib. xv.

Mr. O'Halloran, and some other Irish Antiquarians, have been at great expense of learning to prove that the strange country, where they took snow for feathers, was Ireland, and that the famous Abaris was an Irish Druid. Mr. Rowland, however, will have it that Abaris was a Welshman, and that his name is only a corruption of Ap Rees!

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With a bright cup for Jove himself to drink,
Some star, that shone beneath thy tread,
Raising its amorous head
To kiss those matchless feet,
Check'd thy career too fleet;
And all heaven's host of eyes
Entranc'd, but fearful all,
Saw thee, sweet Hebe, prostrate fall
Upon the bright floor of the azure skies;*
Where, mid its stars, thy beauty lay,
As blossom, shaken from the spray
Of a spring thorn
Lies mid the liquid sparkles of the morn.
Or, as in temples of the Paphian shade,
The worshippers of Beauty's queen behold
An image of their rosy idol, laid
Upon a diamond shrine.

The wanton wind,
Which had pursued the flying fair,
And sported mid the tresses unconfined
Of her bright hair,
Now, as she fell, — oh wanton breeze!
Ruffled the robe, whose graceful flow
Hung o'er those limbs of unsunn'd snow,
Purely as the Eleusinian veil
Hangs o'er the Mysteries!**

The brow of Juno flush'd —
Love bless'd the breeze!

* It is Servius, I believe, who mentions this unlucky trip which Hebe made in her occupation of cup-bearer; and Hoffman tells it after him: "Cum Hebe pocula Jovi administrans, perque lubricum minus cauté incedens, cecidisset," &c.

** The arcane symbols of this ceremony were deposited in the cista, where they lay religiously concealed from the eyes of the profane. They were generally carried in the procession by an ass; and hence the proverb, which one may so often apply in the world, "asinus portat mysteria." See the Divine Legation, book ii. sect. 4.

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The Muses blush'd;
And every cheek was hid behind a lyre,
While every eye looked laughing through the strings.

But the bright cup? the nectar'd draught
Which Jove himself was to have quaff'd?
Alas, alas, upturn'd it lay
By the fall'n Hebe's side;
While, in slow lingering drops, th' ethereal tide,
As conscious of its own rich essence, ebb'd away.

Who was the Spirit that remember'd Man,
In that blest hour,
And, with a wing of love,
Brush'd off the goblet's scatter'd tears,
As, trembling near the edge of heaven they ran.
And sent them floating to our orb below?*
Essence of immortality!
The shower
Fell glowing through the spheres;
While all around new tints of bliss,
New odours and new light,
Enrich'd its radiant flow.
Now, with a liquid kiss,
It stole along the thrilling wire
Of Heaven's luminous Lyre,**

* In the Geoponica, lib. ii. cap. 17., there is a fable somewhat like this descent of the nectar to earth. *Εν ουρανῳ των θεων ευωχουμενων, και του νεκταρος πολλου παρακειμενου, ανασκιρτησαι χορεια τον Ερωτα και συσσεισαι τῳ πτερῳ του κρατηρος την βασιν, και περιτρεψαι μεν αυτον· το δε νεκταρ εις την γην εκχυθεν, κ. τ. λ.* Vid. Autor. de Re Rust. edit. Cantab. 1704.

** The constellation Lyra. The astrologers attribute great virtues to this sign in ascendenti, which are enumerated by Pontano, in his Urania:

— — Ecce novem cum pectine chordas
Emodulans, mulcetque novo vaga sidera cantu,
Quo captae nascentum animae concordia ducunt
Pectora, &c.

Stealing the soul of music in its flight:
And now, amid the breezes bland,
That whisper from the planets as they roll,
The bright libation, softly fann'd
By all their sighs, meandering stole.
They who, from Atlas' height,
Beheld this rosy flame
Descending through the waste of night,
Thought 't was some planet, whose empyreal frame
Had kindled, as it rapidly revolv'd
Around its fervid axle, and dissolv'd
Into a flood so bright!

The youthful Day,
Within his twilight bower,
Lay sweetly sleeping
On the flush'd bosom of a lotos-flower; *
When round him, in profusion weeping,
Dropp'd the celestial shower,
Steeping
The rosy clouds, that curl'd
About his infant head,
Like myrrh upon the locks of Cupid shed.
But, when the waking boy
Wav'd his exhaling tresses through the sky,
O morn of joy! —
The tide divine,
All glorious with the vermil dye
It drank beneath his orient eye,

* The Egyptians represented the dawn of day by a young boy seated upon a lotos. *Ειτε Αιγυπτους ἑωρακως αρχην ανατολης παιδιον νεογνον γραφοντας επι λωτῳ καθεζομενον. — Plutarch. περι του μη χραν εμμετρ.* See also his Treatise de Isid. et Osir. Observing that the lotos showed its head above water at sunrise, and sank again at his setting, they conceived the idea of consecrating this flower to Osiris, or the sun.

This symbol of a youth sitting upon a lotos is very frequent on the Abraxases, or Basilidian stones. See Montfaucon, tom. ii. planche 158., and the "Supplement," &c, tom. ii. lib. vii. chap. 5.

Distill'd, in dews, upon the world,
And every drop was wine, was heavenly WINE!
Blest be the sod, and blest the flower
On which descended first that shower,
All fresh from Jove's nectareous springs; —
Oh far less sweet the flower, the sod,
O'er which the Spirit of the Rainbow flings
The magic mantle of her solar God!*

RINGS AND SEALS.

Ὥσπερ σφραγιδες τα φιλήματα.
ACHILLES TATIUS, lib. ii.

"Go!" said the angry, weeping maid,
"The charm is broken! — once betray'd,
"Never can this wrong'd heart rel
"On word or look, on oath or sigh.
"Take back the gifts, so fondly given,
"With promis'd faith and vows to heaven;
"That little ring which, night and morn,
"With wedded truth my hand hath worn;
"That seal which oft, in moments blest,
"Thou hast upon my lip imprest,
"And sworn its sacred spring should be
"A fountain seal'd** for only thee:

* The ancients esteemed those flowers and trees the sweetest upon which the rainbow had appeared to rest; and the wood they chiefly burned in sacrifices, was that which the smile of Iris had consecrated. Plutarch. Sympos. lib. iv. cap. 2. where (as Vossius remarks) *καιουσι*, instead of *καλουσι*, is undoubtedly the genuine reading. See Vossius, for some curious particularities of the rainbow, De Origin. et Progress. Idololat. lib. iii. cap. 13.

** "There are gardens, supposed to be those of King Solomon, in the neighbourhood of Bethlehem. The friars show a fountain, which, they say, is the 'sealed fountain' to which the holy spouse in the Canticles is compared; and they pretend a tradition, that Solomon shut up these springs and put his signet upon the door, to keep them for his own drinking." — *Maundrell's Travels.* See also the notes to Mr. Good's Translation of the Song of Solomon.

"Take, take them back, the gift and vow,
"All sullied, lost and hateful now!"

I took the ring — the seal I took,
While, oh, her every tear and look
Were such as angels look and shed,
When man is by the world misled.
Gently I whisper'd, "Fanny, dear!
"Not half thy lover's gifts are here:
"Say, where are all the kisses given,
"From morn to noon, from noon to even, —
"Those signets of true love, worth more
"Than Solomon's own seal of yore, —
"Where are those gifts, so sweet, so many?
"Come, dearest, — give back all, if any."

While thus I whisper'd, trembling too,
Lest all the nymph had sworn was true,
I saw a smile relenting rise
'Mid the moist azure of her eyes,
Like daylight o'er a sea of blue,
While yet in mid-air hangs the dew.
She let her cheek repose on mine,
She let my arms around her twine;
One kiss was half allowed, and then —
The ring and seal were hers again.

TO

MISS SUSAN B—CKF—D.*

ON HER SINGING.

I MORE than once have heard, at night,
A song, like those thy lip hath given,
And it was sung by shapes of light,
Who look'd and breath'd, like thee, of heaven.

* The present Duchess of Hamilton.

But this was all a dream of sleep,
  And I have said, when morning shone,
"Why should the night-witch, Fancy, keep
  "These wonders for herself alone?"

I knew not then that fate had lent
  Such tones to one of mortal birth;
I knew not then that Heaven had sent
  A voice, a form like thine on earth.

And yet, in all that flowery maze
  Through which my path of life has led,
When I have heard the sweetest lays
  From lips of rosiest lustre shed;

When I have felt the warbled word
  From Beauty's lip, in sweetness vying
With music's own melodious bird,
  When on the rose's bosom lying;

Though form and song at once combin'd
  Their loveliest bloom and softest thrill,
My heart hath sigh'd, my ear hath pin'd
  For something lovelier, softer still: —

Oh, I have found it all, at last,
  In thee, thou sweetest living lyre,
Through which the soul of song e'er pass'd,
  Or feeling breath'd its sacred fire.

All that I e'er, in wildest flight
  Of fancy's dreams, could hear or see
Of music's sigh or beauty's light
  Is realiz'd, at once, in thee!

IMPROMPTU,

ON LEAVING SOME FRIENDS.

O dulces comitum valete coetus! CATULLUS.

No, never shall my soul forget
The friends I found so cordial-hearted;
Dear shall be the day we met,
And dear shall be the night we parted.

If fond regrets, however sweet,
Must with the lapse of time decay,
Yet still, when thus in mirth you meet,
Fill high to him that 's far away!

Long be the light of memory found
Alive within your social glass;
Let that be still the magic round,
O'er which Oblivion dares not pass.

A WARNING.

TO

. . . . . .

Oh fair as heaven and chaste as light!
Did nature mould thee all so bright,
That thou shouldst e'er be brought to weep
O'er languid virtue's fatal sleep,
O'er shame extinguish'd, honour fled,
Peace lost, heart wither'd, feeling dead?

No, no! a star was born with thee,
Which sheds eternal purity.
Thou hast, within those sainted eyes,
So fair a transcript of the skies,
In lines of light such heavenly lore,
That man should read them and adore.

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Yet have I known a gentle maid
Whose mind and form were both array'd
In nature's purest light, like thine; —
Who wore that clear, celestial sign,
Which seems to mark the brow that 's fair
For destiny's peculiar care:
Whose bosom too, like Dian's own,
Was guarded by a sacred zone,
Where the bright gem of virtue shone;
Whose eyes had, in their light, a charm
Against all wrong, and guile, and harm.
Yet, hapless maid, in one sad hour,
These spells have lost their guardian power;
The gem has been beguil'd away;
Her eyes have lost their chastening ray;
The modest pride, the guiltless shame,
The smiles that from reflection came,
All, all have fled, and left her mind
A faded monument behind;
The ruins of a once pure shrine,
No longer fit for guest divine.
Oh! 't was a sight I wept to see —
Heaven keep the lost one's fate from thee!

TO

. . . . . .

'T is time, I feel, to leave thee now,
While yet my soul is something free;
While yet those dangerous eyes allow
One minute's thought to stray from thee.

Oh! thou becom'st each moment dearer;
Every chance that brings me nigh thee,
Brings my ruin nearer, nearer, —
I am lost, unless I fly thee.

Nay, if thou dost not scorn and hate me,
  Doom me not thus so soon to fall;
Duties, fame, and hopes await me, —
  But that eye would blast them all!

For, thou hast heart as false and cold
  As ever yet allur'd or sway'd,
And couldst, without a sigh, behold
  The ruin which thyself had made.

Yet, — *could* I think that, truly fond,
  That eye but once would smile on me,
Ev'n as thou art, how far beyond
  Fame, duty, wealth, that smile would be!

Oh! but to win it, night and day,
  Inglorious at thy feet reclin'd,
I 'd sigh my dreams of fame away,
  The world for thee forgot, resign'd.

But no, 't is o'er, and — thus we part,
  Never to meet again, — no, never.
False woman, what a mind and heart
  Thy treachery has undone for ever!

WOMAN.

Away, away — you 're all the same,
  A smiling, fluttering, jilting throng;
And, wise too late, I burn with shame,
  To think I 've been your slave so long.

Slow to be won, and quick to rove,
  From folly kind, from cunning loath,
Too cold for bliss, too weak for love,
  Yet feigning all that 's best in both;

Still panting o'er a crowd to reign, —
  More joy it gives to woman's breast

To make ten frigid coxcombs vain,
Than one true, manly lover blest.

Away, away — your smile 's a curse —
Oh! blot me from the race of men,
Kind pitying Heaven, by death or worse,
If e'er I love such things again.

TO

. . . . . .

Νοσει τα φιλτατα. EURIPIDES.

COME, take thy harp — 't is vain to muse
Upon the gathering ills we see;
Oh! take thy harp and let me lose
All thoughts of ill in hearing thee.

Sing to me, love! — though death were near,
Thy song could make my soul forget —
Nay, nay, in pity, dry that tear,
All may be well, be happy yet.

Let me but see that snowy arm
Once more upon the dear harp lie,
And I will cease to dream of harm,
Will smile at fate, while thou art nigh.

Give me that strain of mournful touch,
We us'd to love long, long ago,
Before our hearts had known as much
As now, alas! they bleed to know.

Sweet notes! they tell of former peace,
Of all that look'd so smiling then,
Now vanish'd, lost — oh pray thee, cease,
I cannot bear those sounds again.

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Art *thou*, too, wretched? yes, thou art;
I see thy tears flow fast with mine —
Come, come to this devoted heart,
'T is breaking, but it still is thine!

A VISION OF PHILOSOPHY.

'T WAS on the Red Sea coast, at morn, we met
The venerable man; * a healthy bloom
Mingled its softness with the vigorous thought
That tower'd upon his brow; and, when he spoke,
'T was language sweeten'd into song — such holy sounds
As oft, they say, the wise and virtuous hear,
Prelusive to the harmony of heaven,
When death is nigh; ** and still, as he unclos'd
His sacred lips, an odour, all as bland
As ocean-breezes gather from the flowers
That blossom in elyseum, *** breath'd around.

* In Plutarch's Essay on the Decline of the Oracles, Cleombrotus, one of the interlocutors, describes an extraordinary man whom he had met with, after long research, upon the banks of the Red Sea. Once in every year this supernatural personage appeared to mortals, and conversed with them; the rest of his time he passed among the Genii and the Nymphs. *Περι την ερυθραν θαλασσαν εὑρον, ανθρωποις ανα παν ετος ἅπαξ εντυγχανοντα, ταλλα δε συν ταις νυμφαις, νομασι και δαιμοσι, ὡς εφασκε.* He spoke in a tone not far removed from singing, and whenever he opened his lips, a fragrance filled the place: *φθεγγομενου δε τον τοπον ευωδια κατειχε, του στοματος ἡδιστον αποπνεοντος.* From him Cleombrotus learned the doctrine of a plurality of worlds.

** The celebrated Janus Dousa, a little before his death, imagined that he heard a strain of music in the air. See the poem of Heinsius "In harmoniam quam paulo ante obitum audire sibi visus est Dousa." Page 501.

*** — — *ενθα μακαρων*
νασον ωκεανιδες
αυραι περιπνεουσιν· αν-
θεμα δε χρυσου φλεγει. PINDAR. *Olymp.* ii.

With silent awe we listen'd, while he told
Of the dark veil which many an age had hung
O'er Nature's form, till, long explored by man,
The mystic shroud grew thin and luminous,
And glimpses of that heavenly form shone through: —
Of magic wonders, that were known and taught
By him (or Cham or Zoroaster named)
Who mus'd amid the mighty cataclysm,
O'er his rude tablets of primeval lore; *
And gathering round him, in the sacred ark,
The mighty secrets of that former globe,
Let not the living star of science ** sink
Beneath the waters, which ingulph'd a world! —
Of visions, by Calliope reveal'd
To him, *** who trac'd upon his typic lyre

* Cham, the son of Noah, is supposed to have taken with him into the ark the principal doctrines of magical, or rather of natural, science, which he had inscribed upon some very durable substances, in order that they might resist the ravages of the deluge, and transmit the secrets of antediluvian knowledge to his posterity. See the extracts made by Bayle, in his article, Cham. The identity of Cham and Zoroaster depends upon the authority of Berosus (or rather the impostor Annius), and a few more such respectable testimonies. See Naudé's Apologie pour les Grands Hommes, &c. chap viii., where he takes more trouble than is necessary in refuting this gratuitous supposition.

** Chamum à posteris hujus artis admiratoribus Zoroastrum, seu vivum astrum, propterea fuisse dictum et pro Deo habitum. — *Bochart. Geograph. Sacr.* lib. iv. cap. 1.

*** Orpheus. — Paulinus, in his Hebdomades, cap. 2. lib. iii. has endeavoured to show, after the Platonists, that man is a diapason, or octave, made up of a diatesseron, which is his soul, and a diapente, which is his body. Those frequent allusions to music, by which the ancient philosophers illustrated their sublime theories, must have tended very much to elevate the character of the art, and to enrich it with associations of the grandest and most interesting nature. See a preceding note, for their ideas upon the harmony of the spheres. Heraclitus compared the mixture of good and evil in this world, to the blended varieties of harmony in a musical instrument (Plutarch. de Animae Procreat.); and Euryphamus, the Pythagorean, in a fragment preserved by Stobaeus, describes human life, in its perfection, as a sweet and well tuned lyre. Some of the ancients were so fanciful as to suppose that the opera-

The diapason of man's mingled frame,
And the grand Doric heptachord of heaven.
With all of pure, of wondrous and arcane,
Which the grave sons of Mochus, many a night,
Told to the young and bright-hair'd visitant
Of Carmel's sacred mount.* — Then, in a flow

tions of the memory were regulated by a kind of musical cadence, and that ideas occurred to it "per arsin et thesin," while others converted the whole man into a mere harmonized machine, whose motion depended upon a certain tension of the body, analogous to that of the strings in an instrument. Cicero indeed ridicules Aristoxenus for this fancy, and says, "Let him teach singing, and leave philosophy to Aristotle;" but Aristotle himself, though decidedly opposed to the harmonic speculations of the Pythagoreans and Platonists, could sometimes condescend to enliven his doctrines by reference to the beauties of musical science; as, in the treatise *Περι κοσμου* attributed to him, *Καθαπερ δε εν χορῳ, κορυφαιου καταρξαντος, κ. τ. λ.*

The Abbé Batteux, in his enquiry into the doctrine of the Stoics, attributes to those philosophers the same mode of illustration. "L'âme étoit cause active *ποιειν αιτιος*; le corps cause passive *ἠδε του πασχειν*: — l'une agissant dans l'autre; et y prenant, par son action même, un caractère, des formes, des modifications, qu'elle n'avoit pas par elle-même; à peu près comme l'air, qui, chassé dans un instrument de musique, fait connoître, par les différens sons qu'il produit, les différentes modifications qu'il y recoit." See a fine simile founded upon this notion in Cardinal Polignac's poem, lib. 5. v. 734.

* Pythagoras is represented in Iamblichus as descending with great solemnity from Mount Carmel, for which reason the Carmelites have claimed him as one of their fraternity. This Mochus or Moschus, with the descendants of whom Pythagoras conversed in Phoenicia, and from whom he derived the doctrines of atomic philosophy, is supposed by some to be the same with Moses. Huett has adopted this idea, Démonstration Evangélique, Prop. iv. chap. 2. § 7.; and Le Clerc, amongst others, has refuted it. See Biblioth. Choisie, tom. i. p. 75. It is certain, however, that the doctrine of atoms was known and promulgated long before Epicurus. "With the fountains of Democritus," says Cicero, "the gardens of Epicurus were watered;" and the learned author of the Intellectual System has shown, that all the early philosophers, till the time of Plato, were atomists. We find Epicurus, however, boasting that his tenets were new and unborrowed, and perhaps few among the ancients had any stronger claim to originality. In truth, if we examine their schools of philosophy, notwithstanding the peculiarities which seem to distinguish them from each other, we may generally

Of calmer converse, he beguil'd us on
Through many a maze of Garden and of Porch,

observe that the difference is but verbal and trifling; and that, among those various and learned heresies, there is scarcely one to be selected, whose opinions are its own, original and exclusive. The doctrine of the world's eternity may be traced through all the sects. The continual metempsychosis of Pythagoras, the grand periodic year of the Stoics, (at the conclusion of which the universe is supposed to return to its original order, and commence a new revolution,) the successive dissolution and combination of atoms maintained by the Epicureans — all these tenets are but different intimations of the same general belief in the eternity of the world. As explained by St. Austin, the periodic year of the Stoics disagrees only so far with the idea of the Pythagoreans, that instead of an endless transmission of the soul through a variety of bodies, it restores the same body and soul to repeat their former round of existence, so that the "identical Plato, who lectured in the Academy of Athens, shall again and again, at certain intervals, during the lapse of eternity, appear in the same Academy and resume the same functions —" ——sic eadem tempora temporaliumque rerum volumina repeti, ut v. g. sicut in isto saeculo Plato philosophus in urbe Atheniensi, in eâ scholâ quae Academia dicta est, discipulos docuit, ita per innumerabilia retro saecula, multum plexis quidem intervallis, sed certis, et idem Plato, et eadem civitas, eademque schola, iidemque discipuli repetiti et per innumerabilia deinde saecula repetendi sint. — *De Civitat. Dei*, lib. xii. cap. 13. Vanini, in his dialogues, has given us a similar explication of the periodic revolutions of the world. "Eâ de causâ, qui nunc sunt in usu ritus, centies millies fuerunt, totiesque renascentur quoties ceciderunt." 52.

The paradoxical notions of the Stoics upon the beauty, the riches, the dominion of their imaginary sage, are among the most distinguishing characteristics of their school, and, according to their advocate Lipsius, were peculiar to that sect. "Priora illa (decreta) quae passim in philosophantium scholis ferè obtinent, ista quae peculiaria huic sectae et habent contradictionem: i. e. paradoxa." — *Manuduct. ad Stoic. Philos.* lib. iii. dissertat. 2. But it is evident (as the Abbé Garnier has remarked, Mémoires de l'Acad. tom. xxxv.) that even these absurdities of the Stoics are borrowed, and that Plato is the source of all their extravagant paradoxes. We find their dogma, "dives qui sapiens," (which Clement of Alexandria has transferred from the Philosopher to the Christian (Paedagog. lib. iii. cap. 6.) expressed in the prayer of Socrates at the end of the Phaedrus. *Ω φιλε Παν τε και αλλοι ὅσοι τηδε θεοι, δοιητε μοι καλω γενεσθαι τανδοθεν· ταξωθεν δε ὅσα εχω, τοις εντος ειναι μοι φιλια· πλουσιον δε νομιζοιμι τον σοφον.* And many other instances might be adduced from the *Αντερασται*, the *Πολιτικος*, &c. to prove that these weeds of paradox were all gathered among the bowers

Through many a system, where the scatter'd light
Of heavenly truth lay, like a broken beam

of the Academy. Hence it is that Cicero, in the preface to his Paradoxes, calls them Socratica; and Lipsius, exulting in the patronage of Socrates, says "Ille totus est noster." This is indeed a coalition, which evinces as much as can be wished the confused similitude of ancient philosophical opinions: the father of scepticism is here enrolled amongst the founders of the Portico; he, whose best knowledge was that of his own ignorance, is called in to authorize the pretensions of the most obstinate dogmatists in all antiquity.

Rutilius, in his Itinerarium, has ridiculed the sabbath of the Jews, as "lassati mollis imago Dei;" but Epicurus gave an eternal holyday to his gods, and, rather than disturb the slumbers of Olympus, denied at once the interference of a Providence. He does not, however, seem to have been singular in this opinion. Theophilus of Antioch, if he deserve any credit, imputes a similar belief to Pythagoras: — *φησι (Πυθαγορας) τε των παντων θεους ανθρωπων μηδεν φροντιζειν.* And Plutarch, though so hostile to the followers of Epicurus, has unaccountably adopted the very same theological error. Thus, after quoting the opinions of Anaxagoras and Plato upon divinity, he adds, *Κοινως ουν ἁμαρτανουσιν αμφοτεροι, ὁτι τον θεον εποιησαν επιστεφομενον των ανθρωπινων.* — *De Placit. Philosoph.* lib. i. cap. 7. Plato himself has attributed a degree of indifference to the gods, which is not far removed from the apathy of Epicurus's heaven; as thus, in his Philebus, where Protarchus asks, *Ουκουν εικος γε ουτε χαιρειν θεους, ουτε το εναντιον;* and Socrates answers, *Παυ μεν ουν εικος, ασχημον γουν αυτων ἑκατερον γιγνομενον εστιν;* — while Aristotle supposes a still more absurd neutrality, and concludes, by no very flattering analogy, that the deity is as incapable of virtue as of vice. *Και γαρ ὡσπερ ουδεν θηριου εστι κακια, ουδ' αρετη, οὑτως ουδε θεου.* — *Ethic. Nicomach.* lib. vii. cap. 1. In truth, Aristotle, upon the subject of Providence, was little more correct than Epicurus. He supposed the moon to be the limit of divine interference, excluding of course this sublunary world from its influence. The first definition of the world, in his treatise *Περι Κοσμου* (if this treatise be really the work of Aristotle) agrees, almost verbum verbo, with that in the letter of Epicurus to Pythocles; and both omit the mention of a deity. In his Ethics, too, he intimates a doubt whether the gods feel any interest in the concerns of mankind. — *Ει γαρ τις επιμελεια των ανθρωπινων ὑπο θεων γινεται.* It is true, he adds *Ὡσπερ δοκει,* but even this is very sceptical.

In these erroneous conceptions of Aristotle, we trace the cause of that general neglect which his philosophy experienced among the early Christians. Plato is seldom much more orthodox, but the obscure enthusiasm of his style allowed them to accommodate all his fancies to

From the pure sun, which, though refracted all
Into a thousand hues, is sunshine still,*

* Lactantius asserts that all the truths of Christianity may be found dispersed through the ancient philosophical sects, and that any one who would collect these scattered fragments of orthodoxy might form a code in no respect differing from that of the Christian. "Si extitisset aliquis, qui veritatem sparsam per singulos per sectasque diffusam colligeret in unum, ac redigeret in corpus, is profecto non dissentiret a nobis." — *Inst.* lib. vi. c. 7.

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their own purpose. Such glowing steel was easily moulded, and Platonism became a sword in the hands of the fathers.

The Providence of the Stoics, so vaunted in their school, was a power as contemptibly inefficient as the rest. All was fate in the system of the Portico. The chains of destiny were thrown over Jupiter himself, and their deity was like the Borgia of the epigrammatist, "et Caesar et nihil." Not even the language of Seneca can reconcile this degradation of divinity. "Ille ipse omnium conditor ac rector scripsit quidam fata, sed sequitur; semper paret, semel jussit." — *Lib. de Providentiâ*, cap. 5.

With respect to the difference between the Stoics, Peripatetics, and Academicians, the following words of Cicero prove that he saw but little to distinguish them from each other: — "Peripateticos et Academicos, nominibus differentes, re congruentes; a quibus Stoici ipsi verbis magis quam sententiis dissenserunt." — *Academic.* lib. ii. 5.; and perhaps what Reid has remarked upon one of their points of controversy might be applied as effectually to the reconcilement of all the rest. "The dispute between the Stoics and Peripatetics was probably all for want of definition. The one said they were good under the control of reason, the other that they should be eradicated." — *Essays*, vol. iii. In short, it appears a no less difficult matter to establish the boundaries of opinion between any two of the philosophical sects, than it would be to fix the landmarks of those estates in the moon, which Ricciolus so generously allotted to his brother astronomers. Accordingly we observe some of the greatest men of antiquity passing without scruple from school to school, according to the fancy or convenience of the moment. Cicero, the father of Roman philosophy, is sometimes an Academician. sometimes a Stoic; and, more than once, he acknowledges a conformity with Epicurus; "non sine causa igitur Epicurus ausus est dicere semper in pluribus bonis esse sapientem, quia semper sit in voluptatibus." — *Tusculan. Quaest.* lib. v. Though often pure in his theology, Cicero sometimes smiles at futurity as a fiction; thus, in his Oration for Cluentius, speaking of punishments in the life to come, he says, "Quae si falsa sunt, id quod omnes intelligunt, quid ei tandem aliud mors eripuit, praeter sensum doloris?": — though here we should, perhaps, do him but justice by agreeing with his commentator Sylvius, who remarks upon this passage, "Haec autem dixit, ut causae suae subserviret."

And oright through every change! — he spoke of Him,
The lone,* eternal One, who dwells above,

* *Το μονον και ερημον.*

The poet, Horace, roves like a butterfly through the schools, and now wings along the walls of the Porch, now basks among the flowers of the Garden; while Virgil, with a tone of mind strongly philosophical, has yet left us wholly uncertain as to the sect which he espoused. The balance of opinion declares him to have been an Epicurean, but the ancient author of his life assorts that he was an Academician; and we trace through his poetry the tenets of almost all the leading sects. The same kind of eclectic indifference is observable in most of the Roman writers. Thus Propertius, in the fine elegy to Cynthia, on his departure for Athens,

Illic vel studiis animum emendare Platonis,
Incipiam, aut hortis, docte Epicure, tuis.
Lib. lii. Eleg. 21.

Though Broeckhusius here reads, "dux Epicure," which seems to fix the poet under the banners of Epicurus. Even the Stoic Seneca, whose doctrines have been considered so orthodox, that St. Jerome has ranked him amongst the ecclesiastical writers, while Boccaccio doubts (in consideration of his supposed correspondence with St. Paul) whether Dante should have placed him in Limbo with the rest of the Pagans — even the rigid Seneca has bestowed such commendations on Epicurus, that if only those passages of his works were preserved to us, we could not hesitate, I think, in pronouncing him a confirmed Epicurean. With similar inconsistency, we find Porphyry, in his work upon abstinence, referring to Epicurus as an example of the most strict Pythagorean temperance; and Lancelotti (the author of "Farfalloni degli antici Istorici") has been seduced by this grave reputation of Epicurus into the absurd error of associating him with Chrysippus, as a chief of the Stoic school. There is no doubt, indeed, that however the Epicurean sect might have relaxed from its original purity, the morals of its founder were as correct as those of any among the ancient philosophers; and his doctrines upon pleasure, as explained in the letter to Menoeceus, are rational, amiable, and consistent with our nature. A late writer, De Sablons, in his Grands Hommes vengés, expresses strong indignation against the Encyclopédistes for their just and animated praises of Epicurus, and discussing the question, "si ce philosophe étoit vertueux," denies it upon no other authority than the calumnies collected by Plutarch, who himself confesses that, on this particular subject, he consulted only opinion and report, without pausing to investigate their truth. — *Αλλα την δοξαν, ου την αληθειαν σκοπουμεν.* To the factious zeal of his illiberal rivals, the Stoics, Epicurus chiefly owed these gross misrepresentations of the life and opinions of himself and his associates, which,

And of the soul's untraceable descent
From that high fount of spirit, through the grades
Of intellectual being, till it mix
With atoms vague, corruptible, and dark;
Nor yet ev'n then, though sunk in earthly dross,
Corrupted all, nor its ethereal touch
Quite lost, but tasting of the fountain still.
As some bright river, which has roll'd along
Through meads of flowery light and mines of gold,
When pour'd at length into the dusky deep,
Disdains to take at once its briny taint,
But keeps unchanged awhile the lustrous tinge,
Or balmy freshness, of the scenes it left.*

And here the old man ceased — a winged train
Of nymphs and genii bore him from our eyes.
The fair illusion fled! and, as I wak'd,
'T was clear that my rapt soul had roamed, the while,
To that bright realm of dreams, that spirit-world,
Which mortals know by its long track of light
O'er midnight's sky, and call the Galaxy.**

notwithstanding the learned exertions of Gassendi, have still left an odium on the name of his philosophy; and we ought to examine the ancient accounts of this philosopher with about the same degree of cautious belief which, in reading ecclesiastical history, we yield to the invectives of the fathers against the heretics, — trusting as little to Plutarch upon a dogma of Epicurus, as we would to the vehement St. Cyril upon a tenet of Nestorius. (1801.)

The preceding remarks, I wish the reader to observe, were written at a time, when I thought the studies to which they refer much more important as well as more amusing than, I freely confess, they appear to me at present.

* This bold Platonic image I have taken from a passage in Father Bouchet's letter upon the Metempsychosis, inserted in Picart's Cérém. Relig. tom. iv.

** According to Pythagoras, the people of Dreams are souls collected together in the Galaxy. — *Δημος δε ονειρων, κατα Πυθαγοραν, αἱ ψυχαι ἁς συναγεσθαι φησιν εις τον γαλαξιαν.* — *Porphyr. de Antro Nymph.*

TO

MRS. . . . . .

To see thee every day that came,
And find thee still each day the same;
In pleasure's smile, or sorrow's tear
To me still ever kind and dear; —
To meet thee early, leave thee late,
Has been so long my bliss, my fate,
That life, without this cheering ray,
Which came, like sunshine, every day,
And all my pain, my sorrow chas'd,
Is now a lone and loveless waste.

Where are the chords she us'd to touch?
The airs, the songs she lov'd so much?
Those songs are hush'd, those chords are still,
And so, perhaps, will every thrill
Of feeling soon be lull'd to rest,
Which late I wak'd in Anna's breast.
Yet, no — the simple notes I play'd
From memory's tablet soon may fade;
The songs, which Anna lov'd to hear,
May vanish from her heart and ear;
But friendship's voice shall ever find
An echo in that gentle mind,
Nor memory lose nor time impair
The sympathies that tremble there.

TO

LADY HEATHCOTE,

ON AN

OLD RING FOUND AT TUNBRIDGE-WELLS.

"Tunnebridge est à la même distance de Londres, que Fontainebleau l'est de Paris. Ce qu'il y a de beau et de galant dans l'un et dans l'autre sexe s'y rassemble au tems des eaux. La compagnie," &c. &c.

See *Mémoires de Grammont*, Second Part. chap. iii.

Tunbridge-Wells

When Grammont grac'd these happy springs,
And Tunbridge saw, upon her Pantiles,
The merriest wight of all the kings
That ever rul'd these gay, gallant isles;

Like us, by day, they rode, they walk'd,
At eve, they did as we may do,
And Grammont just like Spencer talk'd,
And lovely Stewart smil'd like you.

The only different trait is this,
That woman then, if man beset her,
Was rather given to saying "yes,"
Because, — as yet, she knew no better.

Each night they held a coterie,
Where, every fear to slumber charm'd,
Lovers were all they ought to be,
And husbands not the least alarm'd.

Then call'd they up their schoolday pranks,
Nor thought it much their sense beneath
To play at riddles, quips, and cranks,
And lords show'd wit, and ladies teeth.

As — "Why are husbands like the mint?"
Because, forsooth, a husband's duty
Is but to set the name and print
That give a currency to beauty.

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"Why is a rose in nettles hid
"Like a young widow, fresh and fair?"
Because 't is sighing to be rid
Of *weeds*, that "have no business there!"

And thus they miss'd and thus they hit,
And now they struck and now they parried;
And some lay in of full grown wit,
While others of a pun miscarried.

'T was one of those facetious nights
That Grammont gave this forfeit ring
For breaking grave conundrum-rites,
Or punning ill, or — some such thing: —

From whence it can be fairly trac'd,
Through many a branch and many a bough,
From twig to twig, until it grac'd
The snowy hand that wears it now.

All this I 'll prove, and then, to you
Oh Tunbridge! and your springs *ironical*,
I swear by Heathcote's eye of blue
To dedicate th' important chronicle.

Long may your ancient inmates give
Their mantles to your modern lodgers,
And Charles's loves in Heathcote live,
And Charles's bards revive in Rogers.

Let no pedantic fools be there;
For ever be those fops abolish'd,
With heads as wooden as thy ware,
And, heaven knows! not half so polish'd.

But still receive the young, the gay,
The few who know the rare delight
Of reading Grammont every day,
And acting Grammont every night.

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THE DEVIL AMONG THE SCHOLARS,

A FRAGMENT.

Τι κακον ὁ γελως;
CHRYSOST. *Homil. in Epist. ad Hebraeos.*

* * *

BUT, whither have these gentle ones,
These rosy nymphs and black-eyed nuns,
With all of Cupid's wild romancing,
Led my truant brains a dancing?
Instead of studying tomes scholastic,
Ecclesiastic, or monastic,
Off I fly, careering far
In chase of Pollys, prettier far
Than any of their namesakes are, —
The Polymaths and Polyhistors,
Polyglots and all their sisters.
So have I known a hopeful youth
Sit down in quest of lore and truth,
With tomes sufficient to confound him,
Like Tohu Bohu, heap'd around him, —
Mamurra * stuck to Theophrastus,
And Galen tumbling o'er Bombastus. **

* Mamurra, a dogmatic philosopher, who never doubted about any thing, except who was his father. — "Nullâ de re unquam praeterquam de patre dubitavit." — *In Vit.* He was very learned — "Là-dedans, (that is, in his head when it was opened,) le Punique heurte le Persan, l'Hébreu choque l'Arabique, pour ne point parler de la mauvaise intelligence du Latin avec le Grec," &c. — See *L'Histoire de Montmaur*, tom. ii. p. 91.

** Bombastus was one of the names of that great scholar and quack Paracelsus. — "Philippus Bombastus latet sub splendido tegmine Aureoli Theophrasti Paracelsi," says Stadelius the circumforaneâ Literatorum vanitate. — He used to fight the devil every night with a broadsword, to the no small terror of his pupil Oporinus, who has recorded the circumstance. (Vide Oporin. Vit. apud Christian. Gryph. Vit. Select. quorundam Eruditissimorum, &c.) Paracelsus had but a poor opinion of Galen: — "My very beard (says he in his Paragraenum) has more learning in it than either Galen or Avicenna."

When lo! while all that 's learn'd and wise
Absorbs the boy, he lifts his eyes,
And through the window of his study
Beholds some damsel fair and ruddy,
With eyes, as brightly turn'd upon him as
The angel's * were on Hieronymus.
Quick fly the folios, widely scatter'd,
Old Homer's laurel'd brow is batter'd,
And Sappho, headlong sent, flies just in
The reverend eye of St Augustin.
Raptur'd he quits each dozing sage,
Oh woman, for thy lovelier page:
Sweet book! — unlike the books of art, —
Whose errors are thy fairest part;
In whom the dear errata column
Is the best page in all the volume! **

But to begin my subject rhyme —
'T was just about this devilish time,

* The angel, who scolded St. Jerom for reading Cicero, as Gratian tells the story in his "Concordantia discordantium Canonum," and says, that for this reason bishops were not allowed to read the Classics: "Episcopus Gentilium libros non legat." — *Distinct.* 37. But Gratian is notorious for lying — besides, angels, as the illustrious pupil of Pantenus assures us, have got no tongues. *Οὐχ ὡς ἡμιν τα ωτα, οὑτως εκεινοις ἡ γλωττα· ουδ' αν οργανα τις δωη φωνης αγγελοις.* — *Clem. Alexand. Stromat.*

** The idea of the Rabbins, respecting the origin of woman, is not a little singular. They think that man was originally formed with a tail, like a monkey, but that the Deity cut off this appendage, and made woman of it. Upon this extraordinary supposition the following reflection is founded: —

If such is the tie between women and men,
The ninny who weds is a pitiful elf,
For he takes to his tail like an idiot again,
And thus makes a deplorable ape of himself.

Yet, if we may judge as the fashions prevail,
Every husband remembers th' original plan,
And, knowing his wife is no more than his tail,
Why he — leaves her behind him as much as he can.

When scarce there happen'd any frolics
That were not done by Diabolics,
A cold and loveless son of Lucifer,
Who woman scorn'd, nor saw the use of her,
A branch of Dagon's family,
(Which Dagon, whether He or She,
Is a dispute that vastly better is
Referr'd to Scaliger * *et caeteris*,)
Finding that, in this cage of fools,
The wisest sots adorn the schools,
Took it at once his head Satanic in,
To grow a great scholastic manikin, —
A doctor, quite as learn'd and fine as
Scotus John or Tom Aquinas, **
Lully, Hales Irrefragabilis,
Or any doctor of the rabble is.
In languages, *** the Polyglots,
Compar'd to him, were Babel sots;

* Scaliger. de Emendat. Tempor. — Dagon was thought by others to be a certain sea-monster, who came every day out of the Red Sea to teach the Syrians husbandry. — See Jaques Gaffarel (Curiosités Inouies, chap. i.), who says he thinks this story of the sea-monster "carries little show of probability with it."

** I wish it were known with any degree of certainty whether the Commentary on Boethius attributed to Thomas Aquinas be really the work of this Angelic Doctor. There are some bold assertions hazarded in it: for instance, he says that Plato kept school in a town called Academia, and that Alcibiades was a very beautiful woman whom some of Aristotle's pupils fell in love with: — "Alcibiades mulier fuit pulcherrima, quam videntes quidam discipuli Aristotelis," &c. — See *Freytag Adparat. Litterar.* art. 86. tom. i.

*** The following compliment was paid to Laurentius Valla, upon his accurate knowledge of the Latin language: —

Nunc postquam manes defunctus Valla petivit,
Non audet Pluto verba Latina loqui.
Since Val arriv'd in Pluto's shade,
His nouns and pronouns all so pat in,
Pluto himself would be afraid
To say his soul 's his own, in Latin!

See for these lines the "Auctorum Censio" of Du Verdier (page 29.).

He chatter'd more than ever Jew did; —
Sanhedrim and Priest included,
Priest and holy Sanhedrim
Were one-and-seventy fools to him.
But chief the learned demon felt a
Zeal so strong for gamma, delta,
That, all for Greek and learning's glory,*
He nightly tippled "Græco more,"
And never paid a bill or balance
Except upon the Grecian Kalends: —
From whence your scholars, when they want tick,
Say, to be Attic's to be *on* tick,
In logics, he was quite Ho Panu; **
Knew as much as ever man knew.

* It is much to be regretted that Martin Luther, with all his talents for reforming, should yet be vulgar enough to laugh at Camerarius for writing to him in Greek. "Master Joachim (says he) has sent me some dates and some raisins, and has also written me two letters in Greek. As soon as I am recovered, I shall answer them in Turkish, that he too may have the pleasure of reading what he does not understand." "Graeca sunt, legi non possunt," is the ignorant speech attributed to Accursius; but very unjustly: — for, far from asserting that Greek could not be read, that worthy juris-consult upon the Law 6. D. de Bonor. Possess. expressly says, "Graecae literae *possunt* intelligi et legi." (Vide Nov. Libror. Rarior. Collection. Fascic. IV.) — Scipio Carteromachus seems to have been of opinion that there is no salvation out of the pale of Greek Literature: "Via prima salutis Graiâ pandetur ab urbe:" and the zeal of Laurentius Rhodomannus cannot be sufficiently admired, when he exhorts his countrymen, "per gloriam Christi, per salutem patriae, per reipublicae decus et emolumentum," to study the Greek language. Nor must we forget Phavorinus, the excellent Bishop of Nocera, who, careless of all the usual commendations of a Christian, required no further eulogium on his tomb than "Here lieth a Greek Lexicographer."

** *Ὁ πανυ.* — The introduction of this language into English poetry has a good effect, and ought to be more universally adopted. A word or two of Greek in a stanza would serve as ballast to the most "light o' love" verses. Ausonius, among the ancients, may serve as a model: —

Ου γαρ μοι θεμις εστιν in hac regione *μενοντι*
Αξιον ab nostris *επιδευεα* esse *καμηναις.*

Ronsard, the French poet, has enriched his sonnets and odes with many an exquisite morsel from the Lexicon. His "chère Entelechie," in ad-

He fought the combat syllogistic
With so much skill and art eristic,
That though you were the learned Stagyrite,
At once upon the hip he had you right.
In music, though he had no ears
Except for that amongst the spheres,
(Which most of all, as he averr'd it,
He dearly loved, 'cause no one heard it,)
Yet aptly he, at sight, could read
Each tuneful diagram in Bede,
And find, by Euclid's corollaria,
The ratios of a jig or aria.
But, as for all your warbling Delias,
Orpheuses and Saint Cecilias,
He own'd he thought them much surpass'd
By that redoubted Hyaloclast *
Who still contriv'd by dint of throttle,
Where'er he went to crack a bottle.

Likewise to show his mighty knowledge, he,
On things unknown in physiology,
Wrote many a chapter to divert us,
(Like that great little man Albertus,)
Wherein he show'd the reason why,
When children first are heard to cry,
If boy the baby chance to be,
He cries OA! — if girl, OE! —
Which are, quoth he, exceeding fair hints
Respecting their first sinful parents;
"Oh Eve!" exclaimeth little madam,
While little master cries "Oh Adam!" **

dressing his mistress, can only be equalled by Cowley's "Antiperistasis."

* Or Glass-Breaker — Morhofius has given an account of this extraordinary man, in a work, published 1682, — "De vitreo scypho fracto," &c.

** Translated almost literally from a passage in Albertus de Secretis, &c.

But, 't was in Optics and Dioptrics,
Our dæmon play'd his first and top tricks.
He held that sunshine passes quicker
Through wine than any other liquor;
And though he saw no great objection
To steady light and clear reflection,
He thought the aberrating rays,
Which play about a bumper's blaze,
Were by the Doctors look'd, in common, on,
As a more rare and rich phenomenon.
He wisely said that the sensorium
Is for the eyes a great emporium,
To which these noted picture-stealers
Send all they can and meet with dealers.
In many an optical proceeding
The brain, he said, show'd great good breeding;
For instance, when we ogle women
(A trick which Barbara tutor'd him in),
Although the dears are apt to get in a
Strange position on the retina,
Yet instantly the modest brain
Doth set them on their legs again! *

Our doctor thus, with "stuff'd sufficiency"
Of all omnigenous omnisciency,
Began (as who would not begin
That had, like him, so much within?)
To let it out in books of all sorts,
Folios, quartos, large and small sorts;
Poems, so very deep and sensible
That they were quite incomprehensible **

* Alluding to that habitual act of the judgment, by which, notwithstanding the inversion of the image upon the retina, a correct impression of the object is conveyed to the sensorium.

** Under this description, I believe "the Devil among the Scholars" may be included. Yet Leibnitz found out the uses of incomprehensibility, when he was appointed secretary to a society of philosophers at Nuremberg, chiefly for his ingenuity in writing a cabalistical letter, not

Prose, which had been at learning's Fair,
And bought up all the trumpery there,
The tatter'd rags of every vest,
In which the Greeks and Romans drest,
And o'er her figure swoll'n and antic
Scatter'd them all with airs so frantic,
That those, who saw what fits she had,
Declar'd unhappy Prose was mad!
Epics he wrote and scores of rebusses,
All as neat as old Turnebus's;
Eggs and altars, cyclopædias,
Grammars, prayer-books—oh! 't were tedious,
Did I but tell thee half, to follow me:
Not the scribbling bard of Ptolemy,
No — nor the hoary Trismegistus,
(Whose writings all, thank heaven! have miss'd us,)
E'er fill'd with lumber such a wareroom
As this great "porcus literarum!"

* * * *

one word of which either they or himself could interpret. See the Eloge Historique de M. de Leibnitz, l'Europe Savante. — People in all ages have loved to be puzzled. We find Cicero thanking Atticus for having sent him a work of Serapion "ex quo (says he) quidem ego (quod inter nos liceat dicere) millesimam partem vix intelligo." Lib. ii. epist. 4. And we know that Avicen, the learned Arabian, read Aristotle's Metaphysics forty times over for the mere pleasure of being able to inform the world that he could not comprehend one syllable throughout them. (Nicolas Massa in Vit. Avicen.)

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POEMS

RELATING TO

AMERICA.

TO

FRANCIS, EARL OF MOIRA,

GENERAL IN HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES, MASTER-GENERAL OF THE ORDONANCE, CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER, &c.

My Lord,

It is impossible to think of addressing a Dedication to your Lordship without calling to mind the well-known reply of the Spartan to a rhetorician, who proposed to pronounce an eulogium on Hercules. "On Hercules!" said the honest Spartan, "who ever thought of blaming Hercules?" In a similar manner the concurrence of public opinion has left to the panegyrist of your Lordship a very superfluous task. I shall, therefore, be silent on the subject, and merely entreat your indulgence to the very humble tribute of gratitude which I have here the honour to present.

I am, my Lord,
With every feeling of attachment
and respect,
Your Lordship's very devoted Servant,
THOMAS MOORE.

27. *Bury Street, St. James's,*
April 10. 1806.

PREFACE.*

THE principal poems in the following collection were written during an absence of fourteen months from Europe. Though curiosity was certainly not the motive of my voyage to America, yet it happened that the gratification of curiosity was the only advantage which I derived from it. Finding myself in the country of a new people, whose infancy had promised so much, and whose progress to maturity has been an object of such interesting speculation, I determined to employ the short period of time, which my plan of return to Europe afforded me, in travelling through a few of the States, and acquiring some knowledge of the inhabitants.

The impression which my mind received from the character and manners of these republicans, suggested the Epistles which are written from the city of Washington and Lake Erie. ** How far I was right, in thus assuming the tone of a satirist against a people whom I viewed but as a stranger and a visitor, is a doubt which my feelings did not allow me time to investigate. All I presume to answer for is the fidelity of the picture which I have given; and though prudence might have dictated gentler language, truth, I think, would have justified severer.

I went to America with prepossessions by no means unfavourable, and indeed rather indulged in many of those illusive ideas, with respect to the purity of the government and the primitive happiness of the people, which I had early imbibed in my native country, where, unfortunately, discontent at home enhances every distant temptation, and the western world has long been looked to as a retreat from real or imaginary oppression; as, in short, the elysian Atlantis, where persecuted patriots might find their visions realized, and be welcomed by kindred spirits to liberty and repose. In all these flattering expectations I found myself completely dis-

* This Preface, as well as the Dedication which precedes it, were prefixed originally to the miscellaneous volume entitled "Odes and Epistles," of which, hitherto, the poems relating to my American tour have formed a part.

** Epistles VI. VII. and VIII.

appointed, and felt inclined to say to America, as Horace says to his mistress, "intentata nites." Brissot, in the preface to his travels, observes, that "freedom in that country is carried to so high a degree as to border upon a state of nature;" and there certainly is a close approximation to savage life, not only in the liberty which they enjoy, but in the violence of party spirit and of private animosity which results from it. This illiberal zeal imbitters all social intercourse; and, though I scarcely could hesitate in selecting the party, whose views appeared to me the more pure and rational, yet I was sorry to observe that, in asserting their opinions, they both assume an equal share of intolerance; the Democrats, consistently with their principles, exhibiting a vulgarity of rancour, which the Federalists too often are so forgetful of their cause as to imitate.

The rude familiarity of the lower orders, and indeed the unpolished state of society in general, would neither surprise nor disgust if they seemed to flow from that simplicity of character, that honest ignorance of the gloss of refinement which may be looked for in a new and inexperienced people. But, when we find them arrived at maturity in most of the vices, and all the pride of civilization, while they are still so far removed from its higher and better characteristics, it is impossible not to feel that this youthful decay, this crude anticipation of the natural period of corruption, must repress every sanguine hope of the future energy and greatness of America.

I am conscious that, in venturing these few remarks, I have said just enough to offend, and by no means sufficient to convince; for the limits of a preface prevent me from entering into a justification of my opinions, and I am committed on the subject as effectually as if I had written volumes in their defence. My reader, however, is apprised of the very cursory observation upon which these opinions are founded, and can easily decide for himself upon the degree of attention or confidence which they merit.

With respect to the poems in general, which occupy the following pages, I know not in what manner to apologize to the public for intruding upon their notice such a mass of unconnected trifles, such a world of epicurean atoms as I have here brought in conflict

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together. * To say that I have been tempted by the liberal offers of my bookseller, is an excuse which can hope for but little indulgence from the critic; yet I own that, without this seasonable inducement, these poems very possibly would never have been submitted to the world. The glare of publication is too strong for such imperfect productions: they should be shown but to the eye of friendship, in that dim light of privacy which is as favourable to poetical as to female beauty, and serves as a veil for faults, while it enhances every charm which it displays. Besides, this is not a period for the idle occupations of poetry, and times like the present require talents more active and more useful. Few have now the leisure to read such trifles, and I most sincerely regret that I have had the leisure to write them.

TO

LORD VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

ABOARD THE PHAETON FRIGATE, OFF THE AZORES, BY MOONLIGHT.

SWEET Moon! if, like Crotona's sage, **
By any spell my hand could dare
To make thy disk its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my wishes there;
How many a friend, whose careless eye
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
Should smile, upon thy orb to meet
The recollection, kind and sweet,
The reveries of fond regret,
The promise, never to forget,
And all my heart and soul would send
To many a dear-lov'd, distant friend.

How little, when we parted last,
I thought those pleasant times were past,

* See the foregoing Note, p. 316.

** Pythagoras; who was supposed to have a power of writing upon the Moon by the means of a magic mirror. — See *Bayle*, art. *Pythag.*

For ever past, when brilliant joy
Was all my vacant heart's employ:
When, fresh from mirth to mirth again,
  We thought the rapid hours too few;
Our only use for knowledge then
  To gather bliss from all we knew.
Delicious days of whim and soul!
  When, mingling lore and laugh together,
We lean'd the book on Pleasure's bowl,
  And turn'd the leaf with Folly's feather.
Little I thought that all were fled,
That, ere that summer's bloom was shed,
My eye should see the sail unfurl'd
That wafts me to the western world.

  And yet, 't was time; — in youth's sweet days,
To cool that season's glowing rays,
The heart awhile, with wanton wing,
May dip and dive in Pleasure's spring;
But, if it wait for winter's breeze,
The spring will chill, the heart will freeze.
And then, that Hope, that fairy Hope, —
  Oh! she awak'd such happy dreams,
And gave my soul such tempting scope
  For all its dearest, fondest schemes,
That not Verona's child of song,
  When flying from the Phrygian shore,
With lighter heart could bound along,
  Or pant to be a wanderer more! *

  Even now delusive hope will steal
Amid the dark regrets I feel,
Soothing, as yonder placid beam
  Pursues the murmurers of the deep,

* Alluding to these animated lines in the 44th Carmen of Catullus: —

Jam mens praetrepidans avet vagari,
Jam laeti studio pedes vigescunt!

And lights them with consoling gleam,
  And smiles them into tranquil sleep.
Oh! such a blessed night as this,
  I often think, if friends were near,
How we should feel, and gaze with bliss
  Upon the moon-bright scenery here!
The sea is like a silvery lake,
  And, o'er its calm the vessel glides
Gently, as if it fear'd to wake
  The slumber of the silent tides.
The only envious cloud that lowers
  Hath hung its shade on Pico's height, *
Where dimly, mid the dusk, he towers,
  And scowling at this heav'n of light,
Exults to see the infant storm
Cling darkly round his giant form!

Now, could I range those verdant isles,
  Invisible, at this soft hour,
And see the looks, the beaming smiles,
  That brighten many an orange bower;
And could I lift each pious veil,
  And see the blushing cheek it shades, —
Oh! I should have full many a tale,
  To tell of young Azorian maids. **
Yes, Strangford, at this hour, perhaps,
  Some lover (not too idly blest,
Like those, who in their ladies' laps
  May cradle every wish to rest,)
Warbles, to touch his dear one's soul,
  Those madrigals, of breath divine,

* A very high mountain on one of the Azores, from which the island derives its name. It is said by some to be as high as the Peak of Teneriffe.

** I believe it is Guthrie who says, that the inhabitants of the Azores are much addicted to gallantry. This is an assertion in which even Guthrie may be credited.

Which Camoens' harp from Rapture stole
  And gave, all glowing warm, to thine. *
Oh! could the lover learn from thee,
  And breathe them with thy graceful tone,
Such sweet, beguiling minstrelsy
  Would make the coldest nymph his own.

But, hark! — the boatswain's pipings tell
'T is time to bid my dream farewell:
Eight bells: — the middle watch is set;
Good night, my Strangford! — ne'er forget
That, far beyond the western sea
Is one, whose heart remembers thee.

STANZAS.

Θυμος δε ποτ' εμος — — —
— — — με προσφωνει ταδε·
Γινωσκε τανθρωπεια μη σεβειν αγαν.
ÆSCHYL. *Fragment.*

A BEAM of tranquillity smil'd in the west,
  The storms of the morning pursued us no more;
And the wave, while it welcom'd the moment of rest,
  Still heav'd, as remembering ills that were o'er.

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,
  Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the dead;
And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd their power,
  As the billow the force of the gale that was fled.

I thought of those days, when to pleasure alone
  My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh;
When the saddest emotion my bosom had known,
  Was pity for those who were wiser than I.

I reflected, how soon in the cup of Desire
  The pearl of the soul may be melted away;

* These islands belong to the Portuguese.

How quickly, alas, the pure sparkle of fire
We inherit from heav'n, may be quench'd in the clay;

And I pray'd of that Spirit who lighted the flame,
That Pleasure no more might its purity dim;
So that, sullied but little, or brightly the same,
I might give back the boon I had borrow'd from Him.

How blest was the thought! it appeared as if Heaven
Had already an opening to Paradise shown;
As if, passion all chasten'd and error forgiven,
My heart then began to be purely its own.

I look'd to the west, and the beautiful sky
Which morning had clouded, was clouded no more:
"Oh! thus," I exclaimed, "may a heavenly eye
"Shed light on the soul that was darken'd before."

TO

THE FLYING-FISH.*

When I have seen thy snow-white wing
From the blue wave at evening spring,
And show those scales of silvery white,
So gaily to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were form'd to rise,
And live amid the glorious skies;
Oh! it has made me proudly feel,
How like thy wing's impatient zeal
Is the pure soul, that rests not, pent
Within this world's gross element,

* It is the opinion of St. Austin upon Genesis, and I believe of nearly all the Fathers, that birds, like fish, were originally produced from the waters; in defenco of which idea they have collected every fanciful circumstance which can tend to prove a kindred similitude between them; *συγγενειαν τοις πετομενοις προς τα νηκτα.* With this thought in our minds, when we first see the Flying-Fish, we could almost fancy, that we are present at the moment of creation, and witness the birth of the first bird from the waves.

But takes the wing that God has given,
And rises into light and heaven!

But, when I see that wing, so bright,
Grow languid with a moment's flight,
Attempt the paths of air in vain,
And sink into the waves again;
Alas! the flattering pride is o'er;
Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,
But erring man must blush to think,
Like thee, again the soul may sink.

Oh Virtue! when thy clime I seek,
Let not my spirit's flight be weak:
Let me not, like this feeble thing,
With brine still dropping from its wing,
Just sparkle in the solar glow
And plunge again to depths below;
But, when I leave the grosser throng
With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,
Let me, in that aspiring day,
Cast every lingering stain away,
And, panting for thy purer air,
Fly up at once and fix me there.

TO

MISS MOORE.

FROM NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA, NOVEMBER, 1803.

In days, my Kate, when life was new,
When, lull'd with innocence and you,
I heard, in home's beloved shade,
The din the world at distance made;
When, every night my weary head
Sunk on its own unthorned bed,

And, mild as evening's matron hour,
Looks on the faintly shutting flower,
A mother saw our eyelids close,
And bless'd them into pure repose;
Then, haply if a week, a day,
I linger'd from that home away,
How long the little absence seem'd!
How bright the look of welcome beam'd,
As mute you heard, with eager smile,
My tales of all that pass'd the while!

Yet now, my Kate, a gloomy sea
Rolls wide between that home and me;
The moon may thrice be born and die,
Ere ev'n that seal can reach mine eye,
Which used so oft, so quick to come,
Still breathing all the breath of home, —
As if, still fresh, the cordial air
From lips belov'd were lingering there.
But now, alas, — far different fate!
It comes o'er ocean, slow and late,
When the dear hand that fill'd its fold
With words of sweetness may lie cold.

But hence that gloomy thought! at last,
Beloved Kate, the waves are past:
I tread on earth securely now,
And the green cedar's living bough
Breathes more refreshment to my eyes
Than could a Claude's divinest dyes.
At length I touch the happy sphere
To liberty and virtue dear,
Where man looks up, and, proud to claim
His rank within the social frame,
Sees a grand system round him roll,
Himself its centre, sun, and soul!
Far from the shocks of Europe — far
From every wild, elliptic star

That, shooting with a devious fire,
Kindled by heaven's avenging ire,
So oft hath into chaos hurl'd
The systems of the ancient world.

The warrior here, in arms no more,
Thinks of the toil, the conflict o'er,
And glorying in the freedom won
For hearth and shrine, for sire and son,
Smiles on the dusky webs that hide
His sleeping sword's remember'd pride.
While Peace, with sunny cheeks of toil,
Walks o'er the free, unlorded soil,
Effacing with her splendid share
The drops that war had sprinkled there.
Thrice happy land! where he who flies
From the dark ills of other skies,
From scorn, or want's unnerving woes,
May shelter him in proud repose:
Hope sings along the yellow sand
His welcome to a patriot land;
The mighty wood, with pomp, receives
The stranger in its world of leaves,
Which soon their barren glory yield
To the warm shed and cultur'd field;
And he, who came, of all bereft,
To whom malignant fate had left
Nor home nor friends nor country dear,
Finds home and friends and country here.

Such is the picture, warmly such,
That Fancy long, with florid touch,
Had painted to my sanguine eye
Of man's new world of liberty.
Oh! ask me not, if Truth have yet
Her seal on Fancy's promise set;
If ev'n a glimpse my eyes behold
Of that imagin'd age of gold; —

Alas, not yet one gleaming trace! *
Never did youth, who lov'd a face
As sketch'd by some fond pencil's skill,
And made by fancy lovelier still,
Shrink back with more of sad surprise,
When the live model met his eyes,
Than I have felt, in sorrow felt,
To find a dream on which I 've dwelt
From boyhood's hour, thus fade and flee
At touch of stern reality!

But, courage, yet, my wavering heart!
Blame not the temple's meanest part, **
Till thou hast trac'd the fabric o'er: —
As yet, we have beheld no more
Than just the porch to Freedom's fane;
And, though a sable spot may stain
The vestibule, 't is wrong, 't is sin
To doubt the godhead reigns within!
So here I pause — and now, my Kate,
To you, and those dear friends, whose fate
Touches more near this home-sick soul
Than all the Powers from pole to pole,
One word at parting, — in the tone
Most sweet to you, and most my own.

* Such romantic works as "The American Farmer's Letters," and the account of Kentucky by Imlay, would seduce us into a belief, that innocence, peace, and freedom had deserted the rest of the world for Martha's Vineyard and the banks of the Ohio. The French travellers, too, almost all from revolutionary motives, have contributed their share to the diffusion of this flattering misconception. A visit to the country is, however, quite sufficient to correct even the most enthusiastic prepossession.

** Norfolk, it must be owned, presents an unfavourable specimen of America. The characteristics of Virginia in general are not such as can delight either the politician or the moralist, and at Norfolk they are exhibited in their least attractive form. At the time when we arrived the yellow fever had not yet disappeared, and every odour that assailed us in the streets very strongly accounted for its visitation.

The simple strain I send you here,*
Wild though it be, would charm your ear,
Did you but know the trance of thought
In which my mind its numbers caught.
'T was one of those half-waking dreams,
That haunt me oft, when music seems
To bear my soul in sound along,
And turn its feelings all to song.
I thought of home, the according lays
Came full of dreams of other days;
Freshly in each succeeding note
I found some young remembrance float,
Till following, as a clue, that strain,
I wander'd back to home again.

Oh! love the song, and let it oft
Live on your lip, in accents soft.
Say that it tells you, simply well,
All I have bid its wild notes tell, —
Of Memory's dream, of thoughts that yet
Glow with the light of joy that 's set,
And all the fond heart keeps in store
Of friends and scenes beheld no more.
And now, adieu! — this artless air,
With a few rhymes, in transcript fair,
Are all the gifts I yet can boast
To send you from Columbia's coast;
But when the sun, with warmer smile,
Shall light me to my destin'd isle,**
You shall have many a cowslip-bell,
Where Ariel slept, and many a shell,
In which that gentle spirit drew
From honey flowers the morning dew.

* A trifling attempt at musical composition accompanied this Epistle.
** Bermuda.

A BALLAD.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

WRITTEN AT NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA.

"They tell of a young man, who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."— *Anon.*

"La Poésie a ses monstres comme la nature." — D'ALEMBERT.

"THEY made her a grave, too cold and damp
"For a soul so warm and true;
"And she 's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,*
"Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
"She paddles her white canoe.

"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
"And her paddle I soon shall hear;
"Long and loving our life shall be,
"And I 'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
"When the footstep of death is near."

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds —
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.

And, when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the brake,
And the copper-snake breath'd in his ear,

* The Great Dismal Swamp is ten or twelve miles distant from Norfolk, and the Lake in the middle of it (about seven miles long) is called Drummond's Pond.

Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
"And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface play'd —
"Welcome," he said, "my dear-one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far, far he follow'd the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat return'd no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

TO THE

MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGALL.

FROM BERMUDA, JANUARY, 1804.

LADY! where'er you roam, whatever land
Woos the bright touches of that artist hand;
Whether you sketch the valley's golden meads,
Where mazy Linth his lingering current leads;*
Enamour'd catch the mellow hues that sleep,
At eve, on Meillerie's immortal steep;
Or musing o'er the Lake, at day's decline,
Mark the last shadow on that holy shrine,**

* Lady Donegall, I had reason to suppose, was at this time still in Switzerland, where the well-known powers of her pencil must have been frequently awakened.

** The chapel of William Tell on the Lake of Lucerne.

Where, many a night, the shade of Tell complains
Of Gallia's triumph and Helvetia's chains;
Oh! lay the pencil for a moment by,
Turn from the canvass that creative eye,
And let its splendour, like the morning ray
Upon a shepherd's harp, illume my lay.

Yet, Lady, no — for song so rude as mine,
Chase not the wonders of your art divine;
Still, radiant eye, upon the canvass dwell;
Still, magic finger, weave your potent spell;
And, while I sing the animated smiles
Of fairy nature in these sun-born isles,
Oh, might the song awake some bright design,
Inspire a touch, or prompt one happy line,
Proud were my soul, to see its humble thought
On painting's mirror so divinely caught;
While wondering Genius, as he lean'd to trace
The faint conception kindling into grace,
Might love my numbers for the spark they threw,
And bless the lay that lent a charm to you.

Say, have you ne'er, in nightly vision, stray'd
To those pure isles of ever-blooming shade,
Which bards of old, with kindly fancy, plac'd
For happy spirits in th' Atlantic waste?*
There listening, while, from ear, each breeze that came
Brought echoes of their own undying fame,
In eloquence of eye, and dreams of song,
They charm'd their lapse of nightless hours along: —
Nor yet in song, that mortal ear might suit,
For every spirit was itself a lute,

* M. Gebelin says, in his *Monde Primitif*, "Lorsque Strabon crût que les anciens théologiens et poëtes plaçoient les champs élysées dans les isles de l'Océan Atlantique, il n'entendit rien à leur doctrine." M. Gebelin's supposition, I have no doubt, is the more correct; but that of Strabo is, in the present instance, most to my purpose.

Where Virtue waken'd, with elysian breeze,
Pure tones of thought and mental harmonies.

Believe me, Lady, when the zephyrs bland
Floated our bark to this enchanted land, —
These leafy isles upon the ocean thrown,
Like studs of emerald o'er a silver zone, —
Not all the charm, that ethnic fancy gave
To blessed arbours o'er the western wave,
Could wake a dream, moore soothing or sublime,
Of bowers ethereal, and the Spirit's clime.

Bright rose the morning, every wave was still,
When the first perfume of a cedar hill
Sweetly awak'd us, and, with smiling charms,
The fairy harbour woo'd us to its arms.*
Gently we stole, before the whispering wind,
Through plaintain shades, that round, like awnings, twin'd
And kiss'd on either side the wanton sails,
Breathing our welcome to these vernal vales;
While, far reflected o'er the wave serene,
Each wooded island shed so soft a green
That the enamour'd keel, with whispering play,
Through liquid herbage seem'd to steal its way.

Never did weary bark more gladly glide,
Or rest its anchor in a lovelier tide!
Along the margin, many a shining dome,
White as the palace of a Lapland gnome,
Brighten'd the wave; — in every myrtle grove
Secluded bashful, like a shrine of love,
Some elfin mansion sparkled through the shade;
And, while the foliage interposing play'd,

* Nothing can be more romantic than the little harbour of St. George's. The number of beautiful islets, the singular clearness of the water, and the animated play of the graceful little boats, gliding for ever between the islands, and seeming to sail from one cedar-grove into another, formed altogether as lovely a miniature of nature's beauties as can well be imagined.

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Lending the scene an ever-changing grace,
Fancy would love, in glimpses vague, to trace
The flowery capital, the shaft, the porch,*
And dream of temples, till her kindling torch
Lighted me back to all the glorious days
Of Attic genius; and I seem'd to gaze
On marble, from the rich Pentelic mount,
Gracing the umbrage of some Naiad's fount.

Then thought I, too, of thee, most sweet of all
The spirit race that come at poet's call,
Delicate Ariel! who, in brighter hours,
Liv'd on the perfume of these honied bowers,
In velvet buds, at evening, lov'd to lie,
And win with music every rose's sigh.
Though weak the magic of my humble strain
To charm your spirit from its orb again,
Yet, oh, for her, beneath whose smile I sing,
For her (whose pencil, if your rainbow wing
Were dimm'd or ruffled by a wintry sky,
Could smooth its feather and relume its dye,)
Descend a moment from your starry sphere,
And, if the lime-tree grove that once was dear,
The sunny wave, the bower, the breezy hill;
The sparkling grotto can delight you still,
Oh cull their choicest tints, their softest light,
Weave all these spells into one dream of night,

* This is an illusion which, to the few who are fanciful enough to indulge in it, renders the scenery of Bermuda particularly interesting. In the short but beautiful twilight of their spring evenings, the white cottages, scattered over the islands, and but partially seen through the trees that surround them, assume often the appearance of little Grecian temples; and a vivid fancy may embellish the poor fisherman's hut with columns such as the pencil of a Claude might imitate. I had one favourite object of this kind in my walks, which the hospitality of its owner robbed me of, by asking me to visit him. He was a plain good man, and received me well and warmly, but I could never turn his house into a Grecian temple again.

And, while the lovely artist slumbering lies,
Shed the warm picture o'er her mental eyes;
Take for the task her own creative spells,
And brightly show what song but faintly tells.

TO

GEORGE MORGAN, ESQ.

OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.*

FROM BERMUDA, JANUARY, 1804.

Κεινη δ' ηνεμοεσσα και ατροπος, οια θ' ἁλιπληξ,
Αιθυιης και μαλλον επιδρομος ηεπερ ἱπποις,
Ποντῳ ενεστηρικται.

CALLIMACH. *Hymn, in Del.* v. 11.

OH, what a sea of storm we 've pass'd! —
High mountain waves and foamy showers,
And battling winds whose savage blast
But ill agrees with one whose hours
Have passed in old Anacreon's bowers.
Yet think not poesy's bright charm
Forsook me in this rude alarm: ** —

* This gentleman is attached to the British consulate at Norfolk. His talents are worthy of a much higher sphere; but the excellent dispositions of the family with whom he resides, and the cordial repose he enjoys amongst some of the kindest hearts in the world, should be almost enough to atone to him for the worst caprices of fortune. The consul himself, Colonel Hamilton, is one among the very few instances of a man, ardently loyal to his king, and yet beloved by the Americans. His house is the very temple of hospitality, and I sincerely pity the heart of that stranger who, warm from the welcome of such a board, could sit down to write a libel on his host, in the true spirit of a modern philosophist. See the Travels of the Duke de la Rouchefoucault Liancourt, vol. ii.

** We were seven days on our passage from Norfolk to Bermuda, during three of which we were forced to lay-to in a gale of wind. The Driver sloop of war, in which I went, was built at Bermuda of cedar, and is accounted an excellent sea-boat. She was then commanded by my very regretted friend Captain Compton, who in July last was killed

When close they reef'd the timid sail,
  When, every plank complaining loud,
We labour'd in the midnight gale,
  And ev'n our haughty main-mast bow'd,
Even then, in that unlovely hour,
The Muse still brought her soothing power,
And, midst the war of waves and wind,
In song's Elysium lapp'd my mind.
Nay, when no numbers of my own
Responded to her wakening tone,
She open'd, with her golden key,
  The casket where my memory lays
Those gems of classic poesy,
  Which time has sav'd from ancient days.

  Take one of these, to Lais sung, —
I wrote it while my hammock swung,
As one might write a dissertation
Upon "Suspended Animation!"

  Sweet* is your kiss, my Lais dear,
But, with that kiss I feel a tear

aboard the Lilly in an action with a French privateer. Poor Compton! he fell a victim to the strange impolicy of allowing such a miserable thing as the Lilly to remain in the service; so small, crank, and unmanageable, that a well-manned merchant-man was at any time a match for her.

* This epigram is by Paul the Silentiary, and may be found in the Analecta of Brunck. vol. iii. p. 72. As the reading there is somewhat different from what I have followed in this translation, I shall give it as I had it in my memory at the time, and as it is in Heinslus, who, I believe, first produced the epigram. See his Poemata.

Ἡδυ μεν εστι φιλημα το Λαιδος· ἡδυ δε αυτων
  Ηπιοδινητων δακρυ χεεις βλεφαρων,
Και πολυ κιχλιζουσα σοβεις ευβοστρυχον αιγλην,
  Ἡμετερα κεφαλην δηρον ερεισαμενη.
Μυρομενην δ' εφιλησα· τα δ' ὡς δροσερης απο πηγης,
  Δακρυα μιγνυμενων πιπτε κατα στοματων·
Ειπε δ' ανειρομενῳ, τινος οὑνεκα δακρυα λειβεις;
  Δειδια μη με λιπης· εστε γαρ ὑρκαπαται.

Gush from your eyelids, such as start
When those who 've dearly lov'd must part.
Sadly you lean your head to mine,
And mute those arms around me twine,
Your hair adown my bosom spread,
All glittering with the tears you shed.
In vain I 've kiss'd those lids of snow,
For still, like ceaseless founts they flow,
Bathing our cheeks, whene'er they meet.
Why is it thus? do, tell me, sweet!
Ah, Lais! are my bodings right?
Am I to lose you? is to-night
Our last — go, false to heaven and me!
Your very tears are treachery.

SUCH, while in air I floating hung,
  Such was the strain, Morgante mio!
The muse and I together sung,
  With Boreas to make out the trio.
But, bless the little fairy isle!
  How sweetly after all our ills,
We saw the sunny morning smile
  Serenely o'er its fragrant hills;
And felt the pure, delicious flow
Of airs, that round this Eden blow
Freshly as ev'n the gales that come
O'er our own healthy hills at home.

Could you but view the scenery fair,
  That now beneath my window lies,
You 'd think, that nature lavish'd there
  Her purest wave, her softest skies,
To make a heaven for love to sigh in,
For bards to live and saints to die in.
Close to my wooded bank below,
  In glassy calm the waters sleep,

And to the sunbeam proudly show
  The coral rocks they love to steep.*
The fainting breeze of morning fails;
  The drowsy boat moves slowly past,
And I can almost touch its sails
  As loose they flap around the mast.
The noontide sun a splendour pours
That lights up all these leafy shores;
While his own heav'n, its clouds and beams,
  So pictured in the waters lie,
That each small bark, in passing, seems
  To float along a burning sky.

Oh for the pinnace lent to thee, **
  Blest dreamer, who, in vision bright,
Didst sail o'er heaven's solar sea
  And touch at all its isles of light.
Sweet Venus, what a clime he found
Within thy orb's ambrosial round! ** —

* The water is so clear around the island, that the rocks are seen beneath to a very great depth; and, as we entered the harbour, they appeared to us so near the surface that it seemed impossible we should not strike on them. There is no necessity, of course, for heaving the lead; and the negro pilot, looking down at the rocks from the bow of the ship, takes her through this difficult navigation, with a skill and confidence which seem to astonish some of the oldest sailors.

** In Kircher's "Ecstatic Journey to Heaven," Cosmiel, the genius of the world, gives Theodidactus a boat of asbestos, with which he embarks into the regions of the sun. "Vides (says Cosmiel) hanc asbestinam naviculam commoditati tuae praeparatam.' — *Itinerar.* I. Dial. i. cap. 5. This work of Kircher abounds with strange fancies.

*** When the Genius of the world and his fellow-traveller arrive at the planet Venus, they find an island of loveliness, full of odours and intelligences, where angels preside, who shed the cosmetic influence of this planet over the earth; such being, according to astrologers, the "vis influxiva" of Venus. When they are in this part of the heavens, a casuistical question occurs to Theodidactus, and he asks, "Whether baptism may be performed with the waters of Venus?" — "An aquis globi Veneris baptismus institui possit?" to which the Genius answers, "Certainly."

There spring the breezes, rich and warm,
  That sigh around thy vesper car;
And angels dwell, so pure of form
  That each appears a living star.*
These are the sprites, celestial queen!
  Thou sendest nightly to the bed
Of her I love, with touch unseen
   Thy planet's brightening tints to shed;
To lend that eye a light still clearer,
   To give that cheek one rose-blush more,
And bid that blushing lip be dearer,
  Which had been all too dear before.

But, whither means the muse to roam?
'T is time to call the wanderer home.
Who could have thought the nymph would perch her
Up in the clouds with Father Kircher?
So, health and love to all your mansion!
  Long may the bowl that pleasures bloom in,
The flow of heart, the soul's expansion,
  Mirth and song, your board illumine.
At all your feasts, remember too,
  When cups are sparkling to the brim,
That here is one who drinks to you,
  And, oh! as warmly drink to him.

LINES,

WRITTEN IN A STORM AT SEA.

THAT sky of clouds is not the sky
To light a lover to the pillow
      Of her he loves —
The swell of yonder foaming billow
Resembles not the happy sigh
      That rapture moves.

* This idea is Father Kircher's. "Tot animatos soles dixisses." — *Itinerar.* I. Dial. i. cap. 5.

Yet do I feel more tranquil far
Amid the gloomy wilds of ocean,
In this dark hour,
Than when, in passion's young emotion,
I 've stolen, beneath the evening star,
To Julia's bower.

Oh! there 's a holy calm profound
In awe like this, that ne'er was given
To pleasure's thrill;
'T is as a solemn voice from heaven,
And the soul, listening to the sound,
Lies mute and still.

'T is true, it talks of danger nigh,
Of slumbering with the dead to-morrow
In the cold deep,
Where pleasure's throb or tears of sorrow
No more shall wake the heart or eye,
But all must sleep.

Well! — there are some, thou stormy bed,
To whom thy sleep would be a treasure;
Oh! most to him,
Whose lip hath drain'd life's cup of pleasure,
Nor left one honey drop to shed
Round sorrow's brim.

Yes — *he* can smile serene at death:
Kind heaven, do thou but chase the weeping
Of friends who love him;
Tell them that he lies calmly sleeping
Where sorrow's sting or envy's breath
No more shall move him.

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ODES TO NEA;

WRITTEN AT BERMUDA.

ΝΕΑ τυραννει.
EURIPID. *Medea*, v. 967.

NAY, tempt me not to love again,
  There was a time when love was sweet;
Dear Nea! had I known thee then,
  Our souls had not been slow to meet.
But, oh, this weary heart hath run,
  So many a time, the rounds of pain,
Not ev'n for thee, thou lovely one,
  Would I endure such pangs again.

  If there be climes, where never yet
The print of beauty's foot was set,
Where man may pass his loveless nights,
Unfever'd by her false delights,
Thither my wounded soul would fly,
Where rosy cheek or radiant eye
Should bring no more their bliss, or pain,
Nor fetter me to earth again.
Dear absent girl! whose eyes of light,
  Though little priz'd when all my own,
Now float before me, soft and bright
  As when they first enamouring shone, —
What hours and days have I seen glide,
While fix'd, enchanted, by thy side,
Unmindful of the fleeting day,
I 've let life's dream dissolve away.
O bloom of youth profusely shed!
O moments! simply, vainly sped,

Yet sweetly too — for Love perfum'd
The flame which thus my life consum'd;
And brilliant was the chain of flowers,
In which he led my victim-hours.

Say, Nea, say, couldst thou, like her,
When warm to feel and quick to err,
Of loving fond, of roving fonder,
This thoughtless soul might wish to wander, —
Couldst thou, like her, the wish reclaim,
Endearing still, reproaching never,
Till ev'n this heart should burn with shame,
And be thy own more fix'd than ever?
No, no — on earth there 's only one
Could bind such faithless folly fast;
And sure on earth but one alone
Could make such virtue false at last!

Nea, the heart which she forsook,
For thee were but a worthless shrine —
Go, lovely girl, that angel look
Must thrill a soul more pure than mine.
Oh! thou shalt be all else to me,
That heart can feel or tongue can feign;
I 'll praise, admire, and worship thee,
But must not, dare not, love again.

— Tale iter omne cave.
PROPERT. lib. iv. eleg. 8.

I PRAY you, let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore,
Where late we thoughtless stray'd;
'T was not for us, whom heaven intends
To be no more than simple friends,
Such lonely walks were made.

That little Bay, where turning in
From ocean's rude and angry din,
  As lovers steal to bliss,
The billows kiss the shore, and then
Flow back into the deep again,
  As though they did not kiss.

Remember, o'er its circling flood
In what a dangerous dream we stood —
  The silent sea before us,
Around us, all the gloom of grove,
That ever lent its shade to love,
  No eye but heaven's o'er us!

I saw you blush, you felt me tremble,
In vain would formal art dissemble
  All we then look'd and thought;
'T was more than tongue could dare reveal,
'T was ev'ry thing that young hearts feel,
  By Love and Nature taught.

I stopp'd to cull, with faltering hand,
A shell that, on the golden sand,
  Before us faintly gleam'd;
I trembling rais'd it, and when you
Had kist the shell, I kist it too —
  How sweet, how wrong it seem'd!

Oh, trust me, 't was a place, an hour,
The worst that e'er the tempter's power
  Could tangle me or you in;
Sweet Nea, let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore,
  Such walks may be our ruin.

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You read it in these spell-bound eyes,
  And there alone should love be read;
You hear me say it all in sighs,
  And thus alone should love be said.

Then dread no more; I will not speak;
  Although my heart to anguish thrill,
I 'll spare the burning of your cheek,
  And look it all in silence still.

Heard you the wish I dar'd to name,
  To murmur on that luckless night,
When passion broke the bonds of shame,
  And love grew madness in your sight?

Divinely through the graceful dance,
  You seem'd to float in silent song,
Bending to earth that sunny glance,
  As if to light your steps along.

Oh! how could others dare to touch
  That hallow'd form with hand so free,
When but to look was bliss too much,
  Too rare for all but Love and me!

With smiling eyes, that little thought
  How fatal were the beams they threw,
My trembling hands you lightly caught,
  And round me, like a spirit, flew.

Heedless of all, but you alone, —
  And *you*, at least, should not condemn,
If, when such eyes before me shone,
  My soul forgot all eyes but them, —

I dar'd to whisper passion's vow, —
  For love had ev'n of thought bereft me, —
Nay, half-way bent to kiss that brow,
  But, with a bound, you blushing left me.

Forget, forget that night's offence,
  Forgive it, if, alas! you can;

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'T was love, 't was passion — soul and sense —
  'T was all that 's best and worst in man.

That moment, did th' assembled eyes
  Of heaven and earth my madness view,
I should have seen, through earth and skies,
  But you alone — but only you.

Did not a frown from you reprove,
  Myriads of eyes to me were none;
Enough for me to win your love,
  And die upon the spot, when won.

A DREAM OF ANTIQUITY.

I JUST had turn'd the classic page,
  And trac'd that happy period over,
When blest alike were youth and age,
And love inspired the wisest sage,
  And wisdom graced the tenderest lover.

Before I laid me down to sleep
  Awhile I from the lattice gaz'd
Upon that still and moonlight deep,
  With isles like floating gardens rais'd,
For Ariel there his sports to keep;
While, gliding 'twixt their leafy shores
The lone night-fisher plied his oars.

I felt, — so strongly fancy's power
Came o'er me in that witching hour, —
As if the whole bright scenery there
  Were lighted by a Grecian sky,
And I then breath'd the blissful air
  That late had thrill'd to Sappho's sigh.

Thus, waking, dreamt I, — and when Sleep
  Came o'er my sense, the dream went on;
Nor, through her curtain dim and deep,
  Hath ever lovelier vision shone.

I thought that, all enrapt, I stray'd
Through that serene, luxurious shade,*
Where Epicurus taught the Loves
  To polish virtue's native brightness, —
As pearls, we're told, that fondling doves
  Have play'd with, wear a smoother whiteness.**
'T was one of those delicious nights
  So common in the climes of Greece,
When day withdraws but half its lights,
  And all is moonshine, balm, and peace.
And thou wert there, my own belov'd,
And by thy side I fondly rov'd
Through many a temple's reverend gloom,
And many a bower's seductive bloom,
Where Beauty learn'd what Wisdom taught,
And sages sigh'd and lovers thought;
Where schoolmen conn'd no maxims stern,
  But all was form'd to soothe or move,
To make the dullest love to learn,
  To make the coldest learn to love.

And now the fairy pathway seem'd
  To lead us through enchanted ground,
Where all that bard has ever dream'd
  Of love or luxury bloom'd around.
Oh! 't was a bright, bewildering scene —
Along the alley's deepening green
Soft lamps, that hung like burning flowers,
And scented and illum'd the bowers,

* Gassendi thinks that the gardens, which Pausanias mentions, in his first book, were those of Epicurus; and Stuart says, in his Antiquities of Athens, "Near this convent (the convent of Hagios Asomatos) is the place called at present Kepoi, or the Gardens; and Ampelos Kepos, or the Vineyard Garden: these were probably the gardens which Pausanias visited." Vol. i. chap. 2.

** This method of polishing pearls, by leaving them awhile to be played with by doves, is mentioned by the fanciful Cardanus, de Rerum Varietat. lib. vii. cap. 34.

Seem'd, as to him, who darkling roves
Amid the lone Hercynian groves,
Appear those countless birds of light,
That sparkle in the leaves at night,
And from their wings diffuse a ray
Along the traveller's weary way.*
'T was light of that mysterious kind,
  Through which the soul perchance may roam,
When it has left this world behind,
  And gone to seek its heavenly home.
And, Nea, thou wert by my side,
Through all this heav'n-ward path my guide.

But, lo, as wand'ring thus we rang'd
That upward path, the vision chang'd;
And now, methought, we stole along
  Through halls of more voluptuous glory
Than ever liv'd in Teian song,
  Or wanton'd in Milesian story.**
And nymphs were there, whose very eyes
Seem'd soften'd o'er with breath of sighs;
Whose ev'ry ringlet, as it wreath'd,
A mute appeal to passion breath'd.
Some flew, with amber cups, around,
  Pouring the flowery wines of Crete;***
And, as they pass'd with youthful bound,
  The onyx shone beneath their feet.†

* In Hercynio Germaniae saltu inusitata genera alitum accepimus, quarum plumae, ignium modo, colluceant noctibus. — *Plin.* lib. x. cap. 47.

** The Milesiacs, or Milesian fables, had their origin in Miletus, a luxurious town of Ionia. Aristides was the most celebrated author of these licentious fictions. See *Plutarch* (in Crasso), who calls them *ακολαστα βιβλια.*

*** "Some of the Cretan wines, which Athenaeus calls *οινος ανθοσμιας*, from their fragrancy resembling that of the finest flowers." — *Barry on Wines*, chap. vii.

† It appears that in very splendid mansions, the floor or pavement

While others, waving arms of snow
  Entwin'd by snakes of burnish'd gold,*
And showing charms, as loth to show,
  Through many a thin Tarentian fold,**
Glided among the festal throng
Bearing rich urns of flowers along.
Where roses lay, in languor breathing,
And the young beegrape,*** round them wreathing,
Hung on their blushes warm and meek,
Like curls upon a rosy cheek.

Oh, Nea! why did morning break
  The spell that thus divinely bound me?
Why did I wake? how *could* I wake
  With thee my own and heaven around me!

WELL — peace to thy heart, though another's it be,
And health to that cheek, though it bloom not for me!
To-morrow I sail for those cinnamon groves,†
Where nightly the ghost of the Carribee roves,
And, far from the light of those eyes, I may yet
Their allurements forgive and their splendour forget.

was frequently of onyx. Thus Martial: "Calcatusque tuo sub pede lucet onyx." Epig. 50. lib. xii.

* Bracelets of this shape were a favourite ornament among the women of antiquity. *Οἱ επικαρπιοι οφεις και αἱ χρυσαι πεδαι Θαιδος και Αρισταγορας και Λαιδος φαρμακα.* *Philostrat.* Epist. xl. Lucian, too, tells us of the *βραχιοισι δρακοντες.* See his Amores, where he describes the dressing-room of a Grecian lady, and we find the "silver vase," the rouge, the tooth-powder, and all the "mystic order" of a modern toilet.

** *Ταραντινιδιον, διαφανες ενδυμα, ωνομασμενον απο της Ταραντινων χρησεως και τρυφης.* — *Pollux.*

*** Apiana, mentioned by Pliny, lib. xiv. and "now called the Muscatell (a muscarum telis)," says Pancirollus, book i. sect 1. chap. 17.

† I had, at this time, some idea of paying a visit to the West Indies.

Farewell to Bermuda,* and long may the bloom
Of the lemon and myrtle its valleys perfume;
May spring to eternity hallow the shade,
Where Ariel has warbled and Waller** has stray'd.
And thou — when, at dawn, thou shalt happen to roam
Through the lime-cover'd alley that leads to thy home,
Where oft, when the dance and the revel were done,
And the stars were beginning to fade in the sun,
I have led thee along, and have told by the way
What my heart all the night had been burning to say —
Oh! think of the past — give a sigh to those times,
And a blessing for me to that alley of limes.

If I were yonder wave, my dear,
And thou the isle it clasps around,
I would not let a foot come near
My land of bliss, my fairy ground.

If I were yonder conch of gold,
And thou the pearl within it plac'd,
I would not let an eye behold
The sacred gem my arms embrac'd.

* The inhabitants pronounce the name as if it were written Bermooda. See the commentators on the words "still-vex'd Bermoothes," in the Tempest. — I wonder it did not occur to some of those all-reading gentlemen that, possibly, the discoverer of this "island of hogs and devils" might have been no less a personage than the great John Bermudez, who, about the same period (the beginning of the sixteenth century), was sent Patriarch of the Latin church to Ethiopia, and has left us most wonderful stories of the Amazons and the Griffins which he encountered. — *Travels of the Jesuits*, vol. i. I am afraid, however, it would take the Patriarch rather too much out of his way.

** Johnson does not think that Waller was ever at Bermuda; but the "Account of the European Settlements in America" affirms it confidently. (Vol. ii.) I mention this work, however, less for its authority than for the pleasure I feel in quoting an unacknowledged production of the great Edmund Burke.

If I were yonder orange-tree,
  And thou the blossom blooming there,
I would not yield a breath of thee
  To scent the most imploring air.

Oh! bend not o'er the water's brink,
  Give not the wave that odorous sigh,
Nor let its burning mirror drink
  The soft reflection of thine eye.

That glossy hair, that glowing cheek,
  So pictur'd in the waters seem,
That I could gladly plunge to seek
  Thy image in the glassy stream.

Blest fate! at once my chilly grave
  And nuptial bed that stream might be;
I 'll wed thee in its mimic wave,
  And die upon the shade of thee.

Behold the leafy mangrove, bending
  O'er the waters blue and bright,
Like Nea's silky lashes, lending
  Shadow to her eyes of light.

Oh, my belov'd! where'er I turn,
  Some trace of thee enchants mine eyes;
In every star thy glances burn;
  Thy blush on every flow'ret lies.

Nor find I in creation aught
  Of bright, or beautiful, or rare,
Sweet to the sense, or pure to thought,
  But thou art found reflected there.

THE

SNOW SPIRIT.

No, ne'er did the wave in its element steep
  An island of lovelier charms;
It blooms in the giant embrace of the deep,
  Like Hebe in Hercules' arms.
The blush of your bowers is light to the eye,
  And their melody balm to the ear;
But the fiery planet of day is too nigh,
  And the Snow Spirit never comes here.

The down from his wing is as white as the pearl
  That shines through thy lips when they part,
And it falls on the green earth as melting, my girl,
  As a murmur of thine on the heart.
Oh! fly to the clime, where he pillows the death,
  As he cradles the birth of the year;
Bright are your bowers and balmy their breath,
  But the Snow Spirit cannot come here.

How sweet to behold him, when borne on the gale,
  And brightening the bosom of morn,
He flings, like the priest of Diana, a veil
  O'er the brow of each virginal thorn.
Yet think not the veil he so chillingly casts
  Is the veil of a vestal severe;
No, no, thou wilt see, what a moment it lasts,
  Should the Snow Spirit ever come here.

But fly to his region — lay open thy zone,
  And he 'll weep all his brilliancy dim,
To think that a bosom, as white as his own,
  Should not melt in the daybeam like him.
Oh! lovely the print of those delicate feet
  O'er his luminous path will appear —
Fly, my beloved! this island is sweet,
  But the Snow Spirit cannot come here.

Εντανθα δε καθωρμισται ἡμιν. και ὁ, τι μεν ονομα τῃ νησῳ, ουκ οιδα· χρυση δ' αν προς γε εμου ονομαζοιτο.

PHILOSTRAT. *Icon.* 17. lib. ii.

I STOLE along the flowery bank,
While many a bending seagrape* drank
The sprinkle of the feathery oar
That wing'd me round this fairy shore.

'T was noon; and every orange bud
Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,
Faint as the lids of maiden's eyes
When love-thoughts in her bosom rise.
Oh, for a naiad's sparry bower,
To shade me in that glowing hour!

A little dove, of milky hue,
Before me from a plantain flew,
And, light along the water's brim,
I steer'd my gentle bark by him;
For fancy told me, Love had sent
This gentle bird with kind intent
To lead my steps, where I should meet —
I knew not what, but something sweet.

And — bless the little pilot dove!
He had indeed been sent by Love,
To guide me to a scene so dear
As fate allows but seldom here;
One of those rare and brilliant hours,
That, like the aloe's** lingering flowers,
May blossom to the eye of man
But once in all his weary span.

Just where the margin's opening shade
A vista from the waters made,

* The seaside or mangrove grape, a native of the West Indies.

** The Agave. This, I am aware, is an erroneous notion, but it is quite true enough for poetry. Plato, I think, allows a poet to be "three removes from truth;" *τριτατος απο της αληθειας.*

My bird repos'd his silver plume
Upon a rich banana's bloom.
Oh vision bright! oh spirit fair!
What spell, what magic rais'd her there?
'T was Nea! slumbering calm and mild,
And bloomy as the dimpled child,
Whose spirit in elysium keeps
Its playful sabbath, while he sleeps.

The broad banana's green embrace
Hung shadowy round each tranquil grace;
One little beam alone could win
The leaves to let it wander in,
And, stealing over all her charms,
From lip to cheek, from neck to arms,
New lustre to each beauty lent, —
Itself all trembling as it went!

Dark lay her eyelid's jetty fringe
Upon that cheek whose roseate tinge
Mix'd with its shade, like evening's light
Just touching on the verge of night.
Her eyes, though thus in slumber hid,
Seem'd glowing through the ivory lid,
And, as I thought, a lustre threw
Upon her lip's reflecting dew, —
Such as a night-lamp, left to shine
Alone on some secluded shrine,
May shed upon the votive wreath,
Which pious hands have hung beneath.

Was ever vision half so sweet!
Think, think how quick my heart-pulse beat,
As o'er the rustling bank I stole; —
Oh! ye, that know the lover's soul,
It is for you alone to guess,
That moment's trembling happiness.

———

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A STUDY FROM THE ANTIQUE.

Behold, my love, the curious gem
  Within this simple ring of gold;
'T is hallow'd by the touch of them
  Who liv'd in classic hours of old.

Some fair Athenian girl, perhaps,
  Upon her hand this gem display'd,
Nor thought that time's succeeding lapse
  Should see it grace a lovelier maid.

Look, dearest, what a sweet design!
  The more we gaze, it charms the more;
Come — closer bring that cheek to mine,
  And trace with me its beauties o'er.

Thou seest, it is a simple youth
  By some enamour'd nymph embrac'd —
Look, as she leans, and say in sooth
  Is not that hand most fondly plac'd?

Upon his curled head behind
  It seems in careless play to lie, *
Yet presses gently, half inclin'd
  To bring the truant's lip more nigh.

Oh happy maid! too happy boy!
  The one so fond and little loath,
The other yielding slow to joy —
  Oh rare, indeed, but blissful both.

Imagine, love, that I am he,
  And just as warm as he is chilling;
Imagine, too, that thou art she,
  But quite as coy as she is willing:

* Somewhat like the symplegma of Cupid and Psyche at Florence, in which the position of Psyche's hand is finely and delicately expressive of affection. See the Museum Florentinum, tom. ii. tab. 43, 44. There are few subjects on which poetry could be more interestingly employed than in illustrating some of these ancient statues and gems.

So may we try the graceful way
In which their gentle arms are twin'd,
And thus, like her, my hand I lay
Upon thy wreathed locks behind:

And thus I feel thee breathing sweet,
As slow to mine thy head I move;
And thus our lips together meet,
And thus, — and thus, — I kiss thee, love.

— *λιβανοτω εικασεν, ὁτι απολλυμενον ευφραινει.*
ARISTOT. *Rhetor.* lib. iii. cap. 4.

THERE 's not a look, a word of thine,
My soul hath e'er forgot;
Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,
Nor giv'n thy locks one graceful twine
Which I remember not.

There never yet a murmur fell
From that beguiling tongue,
Which did not, with a lingering spell,
Upon my charmed senses dwell,
Like songs from Eden sung.

Ah! that I could, at once, forget
All, all that haunts me so —
And yet, thou witching girl, — and yet,
To die were sweeter than to let
The lov'd remembrance go.

No; if this slighted heart must see
Its faithful pulse decay,
Oh let it die, remembering thee,
And, like the burnt aroma, be
Consum'd in sweets away.

TO

JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ.

FROM BERMUDA.*

"THE daylight is gone — but, before we depart,
"One cup shall go round to the friend of my heart,
"The kindest, the dearest — oh! judge by the tear
"I now shed while I name him, how kind and how dear."

* Pinkerton has said that "a good history and description of the Bermudas might afford a pleasing addition to the geographical library;" but there certainly are not materials for such a work. The island, since the time of its discovery, has experienced so very few vicissitudes, the people have been so indolent, and their trade so limited, that there is but little which the historian could amplify into importance; and, with respect to the natural productions of the country, the few which the inhabitants can be induced to cultivate are so common in the West Indies, that they have been described by every naturalist who has written any account of those islands.

It is often asserted by the trans-Atlantic politicians that this little colony deserves more attention from the mother-country than it receives, and it certainly possesses advantages of situation, to which we should not be long insensible, if it were once in the hands of an enemy. I was told by a celebrated friend of Washington, at New York, that they had formed a plan for its capture towards the conclusion of the American War; "with the intention (as he expressed himself) of making it a nest of hornets for the annoyance of British trade in that part of the world." And there is no doubt it lies so conveniently in the track to the West Indies, that an enemy might with ease convert it into a very harassing impediment.

The plan of Bishop Berkeley for a college at Bermuda, where American savages might be converted and educated, though concurred in by the government of the day, was a wild and useless speculation. Mr. Hamilton, who was governor of the island some years since, proposed, if I mistake not, the establishment of a marine academy for the instruction of those children of West Indians, who might be intended for any nautical employment. This was a more rational idea, and for something of this nature the island is admirably calculated. But the plan should be much more extensive, and embrace a general system of education; which would relieve the colonists from the alternative to which they are reduced at present, of either sending their sons to England for instruction, or intrusting them to colleges in the states of

'T was thus in the shade of the Calabash Tree,
With a few, who could feel and remember like me,
The charm that, to sweeten my goblet, I threw
Was a sigh to the past and a blessing on you.

Oh! say, is it thus, in the mirth-bringing hour,
When friends are assembled, when wit, in full flower,
Shoots forth from the lip, under Bacchus's dew,
In blossoms of thought ever springing and new —
Do you sometimes remember, and hallow the brim
Of your cup with a sigh, as you crown it to him
Who is lonely and sad in these valleys so fair,
And would pine in elysium, if friends were not there!

Last night, when we came from the Calabash-Tree,
When my limbs were at rest and my spirit was free,
The glow of the grape and the dreams of the day
Set the magical springs of my fancy in play,
And oh, — such a vision as haunted me then
I would slumber for ages to witness again.
The many I like, and the few I adore,
The friends who were dear and beloved before,
But never till now so beloved and dear,
At the call of my Fancy, surrounded me here;
And soon, — oh, at once, did the light of their smiles
To a paradise brighten this region of isles;
More lucid the wave, as they look'd on it, flow'd,
And brighter the rose, as they gather'd it, glow'd.

America, where ideas, by no means favourable to Great Britain, are very sedulously inculcated.

The women of Bermuda, though not generally handsome, have an affectionate languor in their look and manner, which is always interesting. What the French imply by their epithet *aimante* seems very much the character of the young Bermudian girls — that predisposition to loving, which, without being awakened by any particular object, diffuses itself through the general manner in a tone of tenderness that never fails to fascinate. The men of the island, I confess, are not very civilized; and the old philosopher, who imagined that, after this life, men would be changed into mules, and women into turtle- doves, would find the metamorphosis in some degree anticipated at Bermuda.

Not the valleys Heræan (though water'd by rills
Of the pearliest flow, from those pastoral hills, *
Where the Song of the Shepherd, primeval and wild,
Was taught to the nymphs by their mystical child,)
Could boast such a lustre o'er land and o'er wave
As the magic of love to this paradise gave.

Oh magic of love! unembellish'd by you,
Hath the garden a blush or the landscape a hue?
Or shines there a vista in nature or art,
Like that which Love opes thro' the eye to the heart?

Alas, that a vision so happy should fade!
That, when morning around me in brilliancy play'd,
The rose and the stream I had thought of at night
Should still be before me, unfadingly bright;
While the friends, who had seem'd to hang over the stream,
And to gather the roses, had fled with my dream.

But look, where, all ready, in sailing array,
The bark that 's to carry these pages away, **
Impatiently flutters her wing to the wind,
And will soon leave these islets of Ariel behind.
What billows, what gales is she fated to prove,
Ere she sleep in the lee of the land that I love!
Yet pleasant the swell of the billows would be,
And the roar of those gales would be music to me.
Not the tranquillest air that the winds ever blew,
Not the sunniest tears of the summer-eve dew,
Were as sweet as the storm, or as bright as the foam
Of the surge, that would hurry your wanderer home.

* Mountains of Sicily, upon which Daphnis, the first inventor of bucolic poetry, was nursed by the nymphs. See the lively description of these mountains in Diodorus Siculus, lib. iv. *Ἡραια γαρ ορη κατα την Σικελιαν εστιν, ἁ φασι καλλει, κ. τ. λ.*

** A ship, ready to sail for England.

THE

STEERSMAN'S SONG,

WRITTEN ABOARD THE BOSTON FRIGATE 28TH APRIL.*

When freshly blows the northern gale,
And under courses snug we fly;
Or when light breezes swell the sail,
And royals proudly sweep the sky;
'Longside the wheel, unwearied still
I stand, and, as my watchful eye
Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,
I think of her I love, and cry,
Port, my boy! port.

When calms delay, or breezes blow
Right from the point we wish to steer;
When by the wind close-haul'd we go,
And strive in vain the port to near;
I think 't is thus the fates defer
My bliss with one that 's far away,
And while remembrance springs to her,
I watch the sails and sighing say,
Thus, my boy! thus.

But see the wind draws kindly aft,
All hands are up the yards to square,
And now the floating stu'n-sails waft
Our stately ship through waves and air.
Oh! then I think that yet for me
Some breeze of fortune thus may spring,
Some breeze to waft me, love, to thee —
And in that hope I smiling sing,
Steady, boy! so.

* I left Bermuda in the Boston about the middle of April, in company with the Cambrian and Leander, aboard the latter of which was the Admiral, Sir Andrew Mitchell, who divides his year between Halifax and Bermuda, and is the very soul of society and good-fellowship to both. We separated in a few days, and the Boston after a short cruise proceeded to New York.

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TO

THE FIRE-FLY.*

At morning, when the earth and sky
Are glowing with the light of spring,
We see thee not, thou humble fly!
Nor think upon thy gleaming wing.

But when the skies have lost their hue,
And sunny lights no longer play,
Oh then we see and bless thee too
For sparkling o'er the dreary way.

Thus let me hope, when lost to me
The lights that now my life illume,
Some milder joys may come, like thee,
To cheer, if not to warm, the gloom!

TO

THE LORD VISCOUNT FORBES.

FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

If former times had never left a trace
Of human frailty in their onward race,
Nor o'er their pathway written, as they ran,
One dark memorial of the crimes of man;
If every age, in new unconscious prime,
Rose, like a phenix, from the fires of time,
To wing its way unguided and alone,
The future smiling and the past unknown;
Then ardent man would to himself be new,
Earth at his foot and heaven within his view:

* The lively and varying illumination, with which these fire-flies light up the woods at night, gives quite an idea of enchantment. "Puis ces mouches se développant de l'obscurité de ces arbres et s'approchant de nous, nous les voyions sur les orangers voisins, qu'ils mettoient tout en feu, nous rendant la vue de leurs beaux fruits dorés que la nuit avoit ravie," &c. &c. — See *L'Histoire des Antilles*, art. 2. chap. 4. liv. i.

Well might the novice hope, the sanguine scheme
Of full perfection prompt his daring dream,
Ere cold experience, with her veteran lore,
Could tell him, fools had dreamt as much before.
But, tracing as we do, through age and clime,
The plans of virtue midst the deeds of crime,
The thinking follies and the reasoning rage
Of man, at once the idiot and the sage;
When still we see, through every varying frame
Of arts and polity, his course the same,
And know that ancient fools but died, to make
A space on earth for modern fools to take;
'T is strange, how quickly we the past forget;
That Wisdom's self should not be tutor'd yet,
Nor tire of watching for the monstrous birth
Of pure perfection midst the sons of earth!

Oh! nothing but that soul which God has given,
Could lead us thus to look on earth for heaven;
O'er dross without to shed the light within,
And dream of virtue while we see but sin.

Even here, beside the proud Potowmac's stream,
Might sages still pursue the flattering theme
Of days to come, when man shall conquer fate,
Rise o'er the level of his mortal state,
Belie the monuments of frailty past,
And plant perfection in this world at last!
"Here," might they say, "shall power's divided reign
"Evince that patriots have not bled in vain.
"Here godlike liberty's herculean youth,
"Cradled in peace, and nurtur'd up by truth
"To full maturity of nerve and mind,
"Shall crush the giants that bestride mankind.*

* Thus Morse. "Here the sciences and the arts of civilized life are to receive their highest improvements: here civil and religious liberty are to flourish, unchecked by the cruel hand of civil or ecclesiastical tyranny: here genius, aided by all the improvements of former ages,

"Here shall religion's pure and balmy draught
"In form no more from cups of state be quaff'd,
"But flow for all, through nation, rank, and sect,
"Free as that heaven its tranquil waves reflect.
"Around the columns of the public shrine
"Shall growing arts their gradual wreath intwine,
"Nor breathe corruption from the flowering braid,
"Nor mine that fabric which they bloom to shade.
"No longer here shall Justice bound her view,
"Or wrong the many, while she rights the few;
"But take her range through all the social frame,
"Pure and pervading as that vital flame
"Which warms at once our best and meanest part,
"And thrills a hair while it expands a heart!"

Oh golden dream! what soul that loves to scan
The bright disk rather than the dark of man,
That owns the good, while smarting with the ill,
And loves the world with all its frailty still, —
What ardent bosom does not spring to meet
The generous hope, with all that heavenly heat,
Which makes the soul unwilling to resign
The thoughts of growing, even on earth, divine!
Yes, dearest friend, I see thee glow to think
The chain of ages yet may boast a link
Of purer texture than the world has known,
And fit to bind us to a Godhead's throne.

But, is it thus? doth even the glorious dream
Borrow from truth that dim, uncertain gleam,
Which tempts us still to give such fancies scope,
As shock not reason, while they nourish hope?
No, no, believe me, 't is not so — ev'n now,
While yet upon Columbia's rising brow

is to be exerted in humanizing mankind, in expanding and enriching their minds with religious and philosophical knowledge," &c. &. — P. 569.

The showy smile of young presumption plays,
Her bloom is poison'd and her heart decays.
Even now, in dawn of life, her sickly breath
Burns with the taint of empires near their death;
And, like the nymphs of her own withering clime,
She 's old in youth, she 's blasted in her prime.*

Already has the child of Gallia's school
The foul Philosophy that sins by rule,
With all her train of reasoning, damning arts,
Begot by brilliant heads on worthless hearts,
Like things that quicken after Nilus' flood,
The venom'd birth of sunshine and of mud, —
Already has she pour'd her poison here
O'er every charm that makes existence dear;
Already blighted, with her blackening trace,
The opening bloom of every social grace,
And all those courtesies, that love to shoot
Round virtue's stem, the flow'rets of her fruit.

And, were these errors but the wanton tide
Of young luxuriance or unchasten'd pride;
The fervid follies and the faults of such
As wrongly feel, because they feel too much;
Then might experience make the fever less,
Nay, graft a virtue on each warm excess.
But no; 't is heartless, speculative ill,
All youth's transgression with all age's chill;
The apathy of wrong, the bosom's ice,
A slow and cold stagnation into vice.

* "What will be the old age of this government, if it is thus early decrepit!" Such was the remark of Fauchet, the French minister at Philadelphia, in that famous despatch to his government, which was intercepted by one of our cruisers in the year 1794. This curious memorial may be found in Porcupine's Works, vol. i. p. 279. It remains a striking monument of republican intrigue on one side and republican profligacy on the other; and I would recommend the perusal of it to every honest politician, who may labour under a moment's delusion with respect to the purity of American patriotism.

Long has the love of gold, that meanest rage,
And latest folly of man's sinking age,
Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
And dies, collecting lumber in the rear, —
Long has it palsied every grasping hand
And greedy spirit through this bartering land;
Turn'd life to traffic, set the demon gold
So loose abroad that virtue's self is sold,
And conscience, truth, and honesty are made
To rise and fall, like other wares of trade.*

Already in this free, this virtuous state,
Which, Frenchmen tell us, was ordain'd by fate,
To show the world, what high perfection springs
From rabble senators, and merchant kings, —
Even here already patriots learn to steal
Their private perquisites from public weal,
And, guardians of the country's sacred fire,
Like Afric's priests, let out the flame for hire.
Those vaunted demagogues, who nobly rose
From England's debtors to be England's foes,**
Who could their monarch in their purse forget,
And break allegiance, but to cancel debt,***

* "Nous voyons que, dans les pays où l'on n'est affecté que de l'esprit de commerce, on trafique de toutes les actions humaines et de toutes les vertus morales." — *Montesquieu, de l'Esprit des Lois*, liv. xx. chap. 2.

** I trust I shall not be suspected of a wish to justify those arbitrary steps of the English government which the colonies found it so necessary to resist; my only object here is to expose the selfish motives of some of the leading American demagogues.

*** The most persevering enemy to the interests of this country, amongst the politicians of the western world, has been a Virginian merchant, who, finding it easier to settle his conscience than his debts, was one of the first to raise the standard against Great Britain, and has ever since endeavoured to revenge upon the whole country the obligations which he lies under to a few of its merchants.

Have prov'd at length, the mineral's tempting hue
Which makes a patriot, can unmake him too.*
Oh! Freedom, Freedom, how I hate thy cant!
Not Eastern bombast, not the savage rant
Of purpled madmen, were they number'd all
From Roman Nero down to Russian Paul,
Could grate upon my ear so mean, so base,
As the rank jargon of that factious race,
Who, poor of heart and prodigal of words,
Form'd to be slaves, yet struggling to be lords,
Strut forth, as patriots, from their negro-marts,
And shout for rights, with rapine in their hearts.

Who can, with patience, for a moment see
The medley mass of pride and misery,
Of whips and charters, manacles and rights,
Of slaving blacks and democratic whites,**
And all the piebald polity that reigns
In free confusion o'er Columbia's plains?
To think that man, thou just and gentle God!
Should stand before thee with a tyrant's rod
O'er creatures like himself, with souls from thee,
Yet dare to boast of perfect liberty;
Away, away — I 'd rather hold my neck
By doubtful tenure from a sultan's beck,

* See Porcupine's account of the Pennsylvania Insurrection in 1794. In short, see Porcupine's works throughout, for ample corroboration of every sentiment which I have ventured to express. In saying this, I refer less to the comments of that writer than to the occurrences which he has related and the documents which he has preserved. Opinion may be suspected of bias, but facts speak for themselves.

** In Virginia the effects of this system begin to be felt rather seriously. While the master raves of liberty, the slave cannot but catch the contagion, and accordingly there seldom elapses a month without some alarm of insurrection amongst the negroes. The accession of Louisiana, it is feared, will increase this embarrassment; as the numerous emigrations, which are expected to take place, from the southern states to this newly acquired territory, will considerably diminish the white population, and thus strengthen the proportion of negroes, to a degree which must ultimately be ruinous.

In climes, where liberty has scarce been nam'd,
Nor any right but that of ruling claim'd,
Than thus to live, where bastard Freedom waves
Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves;
Where — motley laws admitting no degree
Betwixt the vilely slav'd and madly free —
Alike the bondage and the licence suit
The brute made ruler and the man made brute.

But, while I thus, my friend, in flowerless song,
So feebly paint, what yet I feel so strong,
The ills, the vices of the land, where first
Those rebel fiends, that rack the world, were nurst,
Where treason's arm by royalty was nerv'd,
And Frenchmen learn'd to crush the throne they serv'd —
Thou, calmly lull'd in dreams of classic thought,
By bards illumin'd and by ages taught,
Pant'st to be all, upon this mortal scene,
That bard hath fancied or that sage hath been.
Why should I wake thee? why severely chase
The lovely forms of virtue and of grace,
That dwell before thee, like the pictures spread
By Spartan matrons round the genial bed,
Moulding thy fancy, and with gradual art
Brightening the young conceptions of thy heart.

Forgive me, Forbes — and should the song destroy
One generous hope, one throb of social joy,
One high pulsation of the zeal for man,
Which few can feel, and bless that few who can, —
Oh! turn to him, beneath whose kindred eyes
Thy talents open and thy virtues rise,
Forget where nature has been dark or dim,
And proudly study all her lights in him.
Yes, yes, in him the erring world forget,
And feel that man *may* reach perfection yet.

TO

THOMAS HUME, ESQ. M. D.

FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

Διηγησομαι διηγηματα ισως απιστα. κοινωνα ων πεπονθα ουκ εχων.

XENOPHONT. *Ephes. Ephesiac.* lib. v.

'T is evening now; beneath the western star
Soft sighs the lover through his sweet segar,
And fills the ears of some consenting she
With puffs and vows, with smoke and constancy.
The patriot, fresh from Freedom's councils come,
Now pleas'd retires to lash his slaves at home;
Or woo, perhaps, some black Aspasia's charms,
And dream of freedom in his bondsmaid's arms.*

In fancy now, beneath the twilight gloom,
Come, let me lead thee o'er this "second Rome!"**
Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi bow,
And what was Goose-Creek once is Tiber now: ***—
This embryo capital, where Fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
Which second-sighted seers, ev'n now, adorn
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn,
Though nought but woods † and J—n they see,
Where streets should run and sages *ought* to be.

* The "black Aspasia" of the present ******** of the United States, inter Avernales haud ignotissima nymphas, has given rise to much pleasantry among the anti-democrat wits in America.

** "On the original location of the ground now allotted for the seat of the Federal City (says Mr. Weld) the identical spot on which the capitol now stands was called Rome. This anecdote is related by many as a certain prognostic of the future magnificence of this city, which is to be, as it were, a second Rome." — *Weld's Travels*, letter iv.

*** A little stream runs through the city, which, with intolerable affectation, they have styled the Tiber. It was originally called Goose-Creek.

† "To be under the necessity of going through a deep wood for one or two miles, perhaps, in order to see a next-door neighbour, and in

And look, how calmly in yon radiant wave,
The dying sun prepares his golden grave.
Oh mighty river! oh ye banks of shade!
Ye matchless scenes, in nature's morning made,
While still, in all th' exuberance of prime,
She pour'd her wonders, lavishly sublime,
Nor yet had learn'd to stoop, with humbler care,
From grand to soft, from wonderful to fair; —
Say, were your towering hills, your boundless floods,
Your rich savannas and majestic woods,
Where bards should meditate and heroes rove,
And woman charm, and man deserve her love, —
Oh say, was world so bright, but born to grace
Its own half-organized, half-minded race *

the same city, is a curious and, I believe, a novel circumstance." — *Weld*, letter iv.

The Federal City (if it must be called a city) has not been much increased since Mr. Weld visited it. Most of the public buildings, which were then in some degree of forwardness, have been since utterly suspended. The hotel is already a ruin; a great part of its roof has fallen in, and the rooms are left to be occupied gratuitously by the miserable Scotch and Irish emigrants. The President's house, a very noble structure, is by no means suited to the philosophical humility of its present possessor, who inhabits but a corner of the mansion himself, and abandons the rest to a state of uncleanly desolation, which those who are not philosophers cannot look at without regret. This grand edifice is encircled by a very rude paling, through which a common rustic stile introduces the visitors of the first man in America. With respect to all that is within the house, I shall imitate the prudent forbearance of Herodotus, and say, *τα δε εν απορρητω*.

The private buildings exhibit the same characteristic display of arrogant speculation and premature ruin; and the few ranges of houses which were begun some years ago have remained so long waste and unfinished that they are now for the most part dilapidated.

* The picture which Buffon and De Pauw have drawn of the American Indian, though very humiliating, is, as far as I can judge, much more correct than the flattering representations which Mr. Jefferson has given us. See the Notes on Virginia, where this gentleman endeavours to disprove in general the opinion maintained so strongly by some philosophers that nature (as Mr. Jefferson expresses it) *be-littles* her productions in the western world. M. de Pauw attributes the imperfection of animal life in America to the ravages of a very recent deluge, from

Of weak barbarians, swarming o'er its breast,
Like vermin gender'd on the lion's crest?
Were none but brutes to call that soil their home,
Where none but demigods should dare to roam?
Or worse, thou wondrous world! oh! doubly worse,
Did heaven design thy lordly land to nurse
The motley dregs of every distant clime,
Each blast of anarchy and taint of crime
Which Europe shakes from her perturbed sphere,
In full malignity to rankle here?

But hold, — observe yon little mount of pines,
Where the breeze murmurs and the fire-fly shines.
There let thy fancy raise, in bold relief,
The sculptur'd image of that veteran chief *
Who lost the rebel's in the hero's name,
And climb'd o'er prostrate loyalty to fame;
Beneath whose sword Columbia's patriot train
Cast off their monarch, that their mob might reign.

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page?
Thou more than soldier and just less than sage!
Of peace too fond to act the conqueror's part,
Too long in camps to learn a statesman's art,
Nature design'd thee for a hero's mould,
But, ere she cast thee, let the stuff grow cold.

While loftier souls command, nay, make their fate
Thy fate made thee and forc'd thee to be great.
Yet Fortune, who so oft, so blindly sheds
Her brightest halo round the weakest heads,
Found *thee* undazzled, tranquil as before,
Proud to be useful, scorning to be more;
Less mov'd by glory's than by duty's claim,
Renown the meed, but self-applause the aim;

whose effects upon its soil and atmosphere it has not yet sufficiently recovered. — *Recherches sur les Américains*, part i. tom. i. p. 102.

* On a small hill near the capitol there is to be an equestrian statue of General Washington.

All that thou *wert* reflects less fame on thee,
Far less, than all thou didst *forbear to be.*
Nor yet the patriot of one land alone, —
For, thine 's a name all nations claim their own;
And every shore, where breath'd the good and brave,
Echo'd the plaudits thy own country gave.

Now look, my friend, where faint the moonlight falls
On yonder dome, and, in those princely halls, —
If thou canst hate, as sure that soul must hate,
Which loves the virtuous, and reveres the great, —
If thou canst loathe and execrate with me
The poisonous drug of French philosophy,
That nauseous slaver of these frantic times,
With which false liberty dilutes her crimes, —
If thou hast got, within thy freeborn breast,
One pulse that beats more proudly than the rest,
With honest scorn for that inglorious soul,
Which creeps and winds beneath a mob's control,
Which courts the rabble's smile, the rabble's nod,
And makes, like Egypt, every beast its god,
There, in those walls — but, burning tongue, forbear!
Rank must be reverenc'd, even the rank that 's there:
So here I pause — and now, dear Hume, we part:
But oft again, in frank exchange of heart,
Thus let us meet, and mingle converse dear
By Thames at home, or by Potowmac here.
O'er lake and marsh, through fevers and through fogs,
Midst bears and yankees, democrats and frogs,
Thy foot shall follow me, thy heart and eyes
With me shall wonder, and with me despise. *

* In the ferment which the French revolution excited among the democrats of America, and the licentious sympathy with which they shared in the wildest excesses of jacobinism, we may find one source of that vulgarity of vice, that hostility to all the graces of life, which distinguishes the present demagogues of the United States, and has become indeed too generally the characteristic of their countrymen. But there is another cause of the corruption of private morals, which, encouraged

While I, as oft, in fancy's dream shall rove,
With thee conversing, through that land I love,
Where, like the air that fans her fields of green,
Her freedom spreads, unfever'd and serene;
And sovereign man can condescend to see
The throne and laws more sovereign still than he.

LINES

WRITTEN ON LEAVING PHILADELPHIA.

— Τηνδε την πολιν φιλως
Ειπων· επαξια γαρ.
SOPHOCL. *Oedip. Colon.* v. 758.

ALONE by the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd,
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye;
But far, very far were the friends that he lov'd,
And he gaz'd on its flowery banks with a sigh.

Oh Nature, though blessed and bright are thy rays,
O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown,
Yet faint are they all to the lustre that plays
In a smile from the heart that is fondly our own.

Nor long did the soul of the stranger remain
Unblest by the smile he had languish'd to meet;
Though scarce did he hope it would soothe him again,
Till the threshold of home had been prest by his feet.

But the lays of his boyhood had stol'n to their ear,
And they lov'd what they knew of so humble a name;

as it is by the government, and identified with the interests of the community, seems to threaten the decay of all honest principle in America. I allude to those fraudulent violations of neutrality to which they are indebted for the most lucrative part of their commerce, and by which they have so long infringed and counteracted the maritime rights and advantages of this country. This unwarrantable trade is necessarily abetted by such a system of collusion, imposture, and perjury, as cannot fail to spread rapid contamination around it.

And they told him, with flattery welcome and dear,
That they found in his heart something better than fame.

Nor did woman — oh woman! whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue;
Whether sunn'd in the tropics or chill'd at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too: —

Nor did she her enamouring magic deny, —
That magic his heart had relinquish'd so long, —
Like eyes he had lov'd was *her* eloquent eye,
Like them did it soften and weep at his song.

Oh, blest be the tear, and in memory oft
May its sparkle be shed o'er the wanderer's dream;
Thrice blest be that eye, and may passion as soft,
As free from a pang, ever mellow its beam!

The stranger is gone — but he will not forget,
When at home he shall talk of the toils he has known,
To tell, with a sigh, what endearments he met,
As he stray'd by the wave of the Schuylkill alone.

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE COHOS, OR FALLS OF THE MOHAWK RIVER.*

Gia era in loco ove s' udia 'l rimbombo
Dell' acqua —. DANTE.

FROM rise of morn till set of sun
I 've seen the mighty Mohawk run;

* There is a dreary and savage character in the country immediately about these Falls, which is much more in harmony with the wildness of such a scene than the cultivated lands in the neighbourhood of Niagara. See the drawing of them in Mr. Weld's book. According to him, the perpendicular height of the Cohos Fall is fifty feet; but the Marquis de Chastellux makes it seventy-six.

The fine rainbow, which is continually forming and dissolving, as the spray rises into the light of the sun, is perhaps the most interesting beauty which these wonderful cataracts exhibit.

And as I mark'd the woods of pine
Along his mirror darkly shine,
Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
Before the wizard's midnight glass;
And as I view'd the hurrying pace
With which he ran his turbid race,
Rushing, alike untir'd and wild,
Through shades that frown'd and flowers that smil'd,
Flying by every green recess
That woo'd him to its calm caress,
Yet, sometimes turning with the wind,
As if to leave one look behind, —
Oft have I thought, and thinking sigh'd,
How like to thee, thou restless tide,
May be the lot, the life of him
Who roams along thy water's brim;
Through what alternate wastes of woe
And flowers of joy my path may go;
How many a shelter'd, calm retreat
May woo the while my weary feet,
While still pursuing, still unblest,
I wander on, nor dare to rest;
But, urgent as the doom that calls
Thy water to its destin'd falls,
I feel the world's bewildering force
Hurry my heart's devoted course
From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
And the spent current cease to run.

One only prayer I dare to make,
As onward thus my course I take; —
Oh, be my falls as bright as thine!
May heaven's relenting rainbow shine
Upon the mist that circles me,
As soft as now it hangs o'er thee!

SONG

OF

THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.*

Qua via difficilis, quaque est via nulla.
Ovid. *Metam.* lib. iii. v. 227.

Now the vapour, hot and damp,
Shed by day's expiring lamp,
Through the misty ether spreads
Every ill the white man dreads;
Fiery fever's thirsty thrill,
Fitful ague's shivering chill!

Hark! I hear the traveller's song,
As he winds the woods along; —
Christian, 't is the song of fear;
Wolves are round thee, night is near,
And the wild thou dar'st to roam —
Think, 't was once the Indian's home!**

Hither, sprites, who love to harm,
Wheresoe'er you work your charm,
By the creeks, or by the brakes,
Where the pale witch feeds her snakes,
And the cayman*** loves to creep,
Torpid, to his wintry sleep:

* The idea of this poem occurred to me in passing through the very dreary wilderness between Batavia, a new settlement in the midst of the woods, and the little village of Buffalo upon Lake Erie. This is the most fatiguing part of the route, in travelling through the Genesee country to Niagara.

** "The Five Confederated Nations (of Indians) were settled along the banks of the Susquehannah and the adjacent country, until the year 1779, when General Sullivan, with an army of 4000 men, drove them from their country to Niagara, where, being obliged to live on salted provisions, to which they were unaccustomed, great numbers of them died. Two hundred of them, it is said, were buried in one grave, where they had encamped." — *Morse's American Geography.*

*** The alligator, who is supposed to lie in a torpid state all the winter, in the bank of some creek or pond, having previously swallowed a

Where the bird of carrion flits,
And the shuddering murderer sits, *
Lone beneath a roof of blood;
While upon his poison'd food,
From the corpse of him he slew
Drops the chill and gory dew.

Hither bend ye, turn ye hither,
Eyes that blast and wings that wither!
Cross the wandering Christian's way,
Lead him, ere the glimpse of day,
Many a mile of mad'ning error
Through the maze of night and terror,
Till the morn behold him lying
On the damp earth, pale and dying.
Mock him, when his eager sight
Seeks the cordial cottage-light;
Gleam then, like the lightning-bug,
Tempt him to the den that 's dug
For the foul and famish'd brood
Of the she-wolf, gaunt for blood;
Or, unto the dangerous pass
O'er the deep and dark morass,
Where the trembling Indian brings
Belts of porcelain, pipes, and rings,
Tributes, to be hung in air,
To the Fiend presiding there! **

large number of pine-knots, which are his only sustenance during the time.

* This was the mode of punishment for murder (as Charlevoix tells us) among the Hurons. "They laid the dead body upon poles at the top of a cabin, and the murderer was obliged to remain several days together, and to receive all that dropped from the carcass, not only on himself but on his food."

** "We find also collars of porcelain, tobacco, ears of maize, skins, &c. by the side of difficult and dangerous ways, on rocks, or by the side of the falls; and these are so many offerings made to the spi-

Then, when night's long labour past,
Wilder'd, faint, he falls at last,
Sinking where the causeway's edge
Moulders in the slimy sedge,
There let every noxious thing
Trail its filth and fix its sting;
Let the bull-toad taint him over,
Round him let musquitoes hover,
In his ears and eyeballs tingling,
With his blood their poison mingling,
Till, beneath the solar fires,
Rankling all, the wretch expires!

TO

THE HONOURABLE W. R. SPENCER.

FROM BUFFALO, UPON LAKE ERIE.

Nec venit ad duros musa vocata Getas.
OVID. *ex Ponto*, lib. I. ep. 5.

THOU oft hast told me of the happy hours
Enjoy'd by thee in fair Italia's bowers,
Where, lingering yet, the ghost of ancient wit
Midst modern monks frofanely dares to flit,
And pagan spirits, by the Pope unlaid,
Haunt every stream and sing through every shade
There still the bard who (if his numbers be
His tongue's light echo) must have talk'd like thee, —
The courtly bard, from whom thy mind has caught
Those playful, sunshine holydays of thought,
In which the spirit baskingly reclines,
Bright without effort, resting while it shines, —

rits which preside in these places." — See *Charlevoix's Letter on the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada.*

Father Hennepin too mentions this ceremony; he also says, "We took notice of one barbarian, who made a kind of sacrifice upon an oak at the Cascade of St. Antony of Padua, upon the river Mississippi." — See *Hennepin's Voyage into North America.*

There still he roves, and laughing loves to see
How modern priests with ancient rakes agree;
How, 'neath the cowl, the festal garland shines,
And Love still finds a niche in Christian shrines.

There still, too, roam those other souls of song,
With whom thy spirit hath commun'd so long,
That, quick as light, their rarest gems of thought,
By Memory's magic to thy lip are brought.
But here, alas! by Erie's stormy lake,
As, far from such bright haunts my course I take,
No proud remembrance o'er the fancy plays,
No classic dream, no star of other days
Hath left that visionary light behind,
That lingering radiance of immortal mind,
Which gilds and hallows even the rudest scene,
The humblest shed, where Genius once has been!

All that creation's varying mass assumes
Of grand or lovely, here aspires and blooms;
Bold rise the mountains, rich the gardens glow,
Bright lakes expand, and conquering* rivers flow;
But mind immortal mind, without whose ray,
This world 's a wilderness and man but clay,
Mind, mind alone, in barren, still repose,
Nor blooms, nor rises, nor expands, nor flows.
Take Christians, Mohawks, democrats, and all
From the rude wig-wam to the congress-hall,
From man the savage, whether slav'd or free,
To man the civiliz'd, less tame than he, —

* This epithet was suggested by Charlevoix's striking description of the confluence of the Missouri with the Mississippi. "I believe this is the finest confluence in the world. The two rivers are much of the same breadth, each about half a league; but the Missouri is by far the most rapid, and seems to enter the Mississippi like a conqueror, through which it carries its white waves to the opposite shore, without mixing them: afterwards it gives its colour to the Mississippi, which it never loses again, but carries quite down to the sea." — Letter xxvii.

'T is one dull chaos, one unfertile strife
Betwixt half-polish'd and half-barbarous life;
Where every ill the ancient world could brew
Is mix'd with every grossness of the new;
Where all corrupts, though little can entice,
And nought is known of luxury, but its vice!

Is this the region then, is this the clime
For soaring fancies? for those dreams sublime,
Which all their miracles of light reveal
To heads that meditate and hearts that feel?
Alas! not so — the Muse of Nature lights
Her glories round; she scales the mountain heights,
And roams the forests; every wond'rous spot
Burns with her step, yet man regards it not.
She whispers round, her words are in the air,
But lost, unheard, they linger freezing there,*
Without one breath of soul, divinely strong,
One ray of mind to thaw them into song.

Yet, yet forgive me, oh ye sacred few,
Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew;
Whom, known and lov'd through many a social eve,
'T was bliss to live with, and 't was pain to leave.**
Not with more joy the lonely exile scann'd
The writing traced upon the desert's sand,

* Alluding to the fanciful notion of "words congealed in northern air."

** In the society of Mr. Dennie and his friends, at Philadelphia, I passed the few agreeable moments which my tour through the States afforded me. Mr. Dennie has succeeded in diffusing through this cultivated little circle that love for good literature and sound politics, which he feels so zealously himself, and which is so very rarely the characteristic of his countrymen. They will not, I trust, accuse me of illiberality for the picture which I have given of the ignorance and corruption that surround them. If I did not hate, as I ought, the rabble to which they are opposed, I could not value, as I do, the spirit with which they defy it; and in learning from them what Americans *can be*, I but see with the more indignation what Americans *are*.

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Where his lone heart but little hop'd to find
One trace of life, one stamp of human kind,
Than did I hail the pure, th' enlighten'd zeal,
The strength to reason and the warmth to feel,
The manly polish and the illumin'd taste,
Which, — 'mid the melancholy, heartless waste
My foot has travers'd, — oh you sacred few!
I found by Delaware's green banks with you.

Long may you loathe the Gallic dross that runs
Through your fair country and corrupts its sons;
Long love the arts, the glories which adorn
Those fields of freedom, where your sires were born.
Oh! if America can yet be great,
If neither chain'd by choice, nor doom'd by fate
To the mob-mania which imbrutes her now,
She yet can raise the crown'd, yet civic brow
Of single majesty, — can add the grace
Of Rank's rich capital to Freedom's base,
Nor fear the mighty shaft will feebler prove
For the fair ornament that flowers above; —
If yet releas'd from all that pedant throng,
So vain of error and so pledged to wrong,
Who hourly teach her, like themselves, to hide
Weakness in vaunt, and barrenness in pride,
She yet can rise, can wreathe the Attic charms
Of soft refinement round the pomp of arms,
And see her poets flash the fires of song,
To light her warriors' thunderbolts along; —
It is to you, to souls that favouring heaven
Has made like yours, the glorious task is given: —
Oh! but for *such*, Columbia's days were done;
Rank without ripeness, quicken'd without sun,
Crude at the surface, rotten at the core,
Her fruits would fall, before her spring were o'er.

Believe me, Spencer, while I wing'd the hours
Where Schuylkill winds his way through banks of flowers,

Though few the days, the happy evenings few,
So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew,
That my charm'd soul forgot its wish to roam,
And rested there, as in a dream of home.
And looks I met, like looks I 'd lov'd before,
And voices too, which, as they trembled o'er
The chord of memory, found full many a tone
Of kindness there in concord with their own.
Yes, — we had nights of that communion free,
That flow of heart, which I have known with thee
So oft, so warmly; nights of mirth and mind,
Of whims that taught, and follies that refin'd.
When shall we both renew them? when, restor'd
To the gay feast and intellectual board,
Shall I once more enjoy with thee and thine
Those whims that teach, those follies that refine?
Even now, as, wandering upon Erie's shore,
I hear Niagara's distant cataract roar,
I sigh for home, — alas! these weary feet
Have many a mile to journey, ere we meet.

Ω ΠΑΤΡΙΣ, 'ΩΣ ΣΟΥ ΚΑΡΤΑ ΝΥΝ ΜΝΕΙΑΝ ΕΧΩ.
EURIPIDES.

BALLAD STANZAS.

I KNEW by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there 's peace to be found in the world,
"A heart that was humble might hope for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around
In silence repos'd the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And, "Here in this lone little wood," I exclaim'd,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,

"Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep if I blam'd,
"How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!

"By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
"In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
"And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
"Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine!"

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

WRITTEN ON

THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.*

Et remigem cantus hortatur.
QUINTILIAN.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.

* I wrote these words to an air which our boatmen sung to us frequently. The wind was so unfavourable that they were obliged to row all the way, and we were five days in descending the river from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day, and at night forced to take shelter from the dews in any miserable hut upon the banks that would receive us. But the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence repays all such difficulties.

Our *voyageurs* had good voices, and sung perfectly in tune together. The original words of the air, to which I adapted these stanzas, appeared to be a long, incoherent story, of which I could understand but little, from the barbarous pronunciation of the Canadians. It begins

Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré
Deux cavaliers très-bien montés;

And the *refrain* to every verse was,

A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais jouer,
A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais danser.

I ventured to harmonize this air, and have published it. Without that charm which association gives to every little memorial of scenes or feelings that are past, the melody may, perhaps, be thought common and trifling; but I remember when we have entered, at sunset, upon one of those beautiful lakes, into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and

Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We 'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.*
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight 's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we 'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight 's past.

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight 's past.

unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me; and now there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the Rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage.

The above stanzas are supposed to be sung by those *voyageurs* who go to the Grand Portage by the Utawas River. For an account of this wonderful undertaking, see Sir Alexander Mackenzie's General History of the Fur Trade, prefixed to his Journal.

* "At the Rapid of St. Ann they are obliged to take out part, if not the whole, of their lading. It is from this spot the Canadians consider they take their departure, as it possesses the last church on the island, which is dedicated to the tutelar saint of voyagers." — *Mackenzie, General History of the Fur Trade.*

TO THE

LADY CHARLOTTE RAWDON.

FROM THE BANKS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Not many months have now been dream'd away
Since yonder sun, beneath whose evening ray
Our boat glides swiftly past these wooded shores,
Saw me where Trent his mazy current pours,
And Donington's old oaks, to every breeze,
Whisper the tale of by-gone centuries; —
Those oaks, to me as sacred as the groves,
Beneath whose shade the pious Persian roves,
And hears the spirit-voice of sire, or chief,
Or loved mistress, sigh in every leaf. *
There, oft, dear Lady, while thy lip hath sung
My own unpolish'd lays, how proud I 've hung
On every tuneful accent! proud to feel
That notes like mine should have the fate to steal,
As o'er thy hallowing lip they sigh'd along,
Such breath of passion and such soul of song.
Yes, — I have wonder'd, like some peasant boy
Who sings, on Sabbath-eve, his strains of joy,
And when he hears the wild, untutor'd note
Back to his ear on softening echoes float,
Believes it still some answering spirit's tone,
And thinks it all too sweet to be his own!

I dreamt not then that, ere the rolling year
Had fill'd its circle, I should wander here
In musing awe; should tread this wondrous world,
See all its store of inland waters hurl'd
In one vast volume down Niagara's steep,
Or calm behold them, in transparent sleep,

* "Avendo essi per costume di avere in venerazione gli alberi grandi et antichi, quasi che siano spesso ricettaccoli di anime beate." — *Pietro della Valle*, part second., lettera 16 da i giardini di Sciraz.

Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed
Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed;
Should trace the grand Cadaraqui, and glide
Down the white rapids of his lordly tide
Through massy woods, mid islets flowering fair,
And blooming glades, where the first sinful pair
For consolation might have weeping trod,
When banish'd from the garden of their God.
Oh, Lady! these are miracles, which man,
Cag'd in the bounds of Europe's pigmy span,
Can scarcely dream of, — which his eye must see
To know how wonderful this world can be!

But lo, — the last tints of the west decline,
And night falls dewy o'er these banks of pine.
Among the reeds, in which our idle boat
Is rock'd to rest, the wind's complaining note
Dies like a half-breath'd whispering of flutes;
Along the wave the gleaming porpoise shoots,
And I can trace him, like a watery star, *
Down the steep current, till he fades afar
Amid the foaming breakers' silvery light,
Where yon rough rapids sparkle through the night.
Here, as along this shadowy bank I stray,
And the smooth glass-snake, ** gliding o'er my way,
Shows the dim moonlight through his scaly form,
Fancy, with all the scene's enchantment warm,
Hears in the murmur of the nightly breeze
Some Indian Spirit warble words like these: —

From the land beyond the sea,
Whither happy spirits flee;

* Anburey, in his Travels, has noticed this shooting illumination which porpoises diffuse at night through the river St. Lawrence. — Vol. i. p. 29.

** The glass-snake is brittle and transparent.

Where, transform'd to sacred doves, *
Many a blessed Indian roves
Through the air on wing, as white
As those wond'rous stones of light, **
Which the eye of morning counts
On the Apallachian mounts, —
Hither oft my flight I take
Over Huron's lucid lake,
Where the wave, as clear as dew,
Sleeps beneath the light canoe,
Which, reflected, floating there,
Looks as if it hung in air. ***

Then, when I have stray'd a while
Through the Manataulin isle, †
Breathing all its holy bloom,
Swift I mount me on the plume

* "The departed spirit goes into the Country of Souls, where, according to some, it is transformed into a dove." — *Charlevoix, upon the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada.* See the curious fable of the American Orpheus in Lafitau, tom. i. p. 402.

** "The mountains appeared to be sprinkled with white stones, which glistened in the sun, and were called by the Indians manetoe aseniah, or spirit-stones." — *Mackenzie's Journal.*

*** These lines were suggested by Carver's description of one of the American lakes. "When it was calm" he says, "and the sun shone bright, I could sit in my canoe, where the depth was upwards of six fathoms, and plainly see huge piles of stone at the bottom, of different shapes, some of which appeared as if they had been hewn; the water was at this time as pure and transparent as air, and my canoe seemed as if it hung suspended in that element. It was impossible to look attentively through this limpid medium, at the rocks below, without finding, before many minutes were elapsed, your head swim and your eyes no longer able to behold the dazzling scene."

† Après avoir traversé plusieurs isles peu considérables, nous en trouvâmes le quatrième jour une fameuse nommée l'Isle de Manitoualin. — *Voyages du Baron de Lahontan*, tom. i. let. 15. Manataulin signifies a Place of Spirits, and this island in Lake Huron is held sacred by the Indians.

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Of my Wakon-Bird,* and fly
Where, beneath a burning sky,
O'er the bed of Erie's lake
Slumbers many a water-snake,
Wrapt within the web of leaves,
Which the water-lily weaves. **
Next I chase the flow'ret-king
Through his rosy realm of spring;
See him now, while diamond hues
Soft his neck and wings suffuse,
In the leafy chalice sink,
Thirsting for his balmy drink;
Now behold him all on fire,
Lovely in his looks of ire,
Breaking every infant stem,
Scattering every velvet gem,
Where his little tyrant lip
Had not found enough to sip.

Then my playful hand I steep
Where the gold-thread *** loves to creep,
Cull from thence a tangled wreath,
Words of magic round it breathe,
And the sunny chaplet spread
O'er the sleeping fly-bird's head, †

* "The Wakon-Bird, which probably is of the same species with the bird of Paradise, receives its name from the ideas the Indians have of its superior excellence; the Wakon-Bird being, in their language, the Bird of the Great Spirit." — *Morse.*

** The islands of Lake Erie are surrounded to a considerable distance by the large pond-lily, whose leaves spread thickly over the surface of the lake, and form a kind of bed for the water-snakes in summer.

*** "The gold thread is of the vine kind, and grows in swamps. The roots spread themselves just under the surface of the morasses, and are easily drawn out by handfuls. They resemble a large entangled skein of silk, and are of a bright yellow." — *Morse.*

† "L'oiseau mouche, gros comme un hanneton, est de toutes couleurs, vives et changeantes: il tire sa subsistence des fleurs commes les abeilles; son nid est fait d'un cotton très-fin suspendu à une branche

Till, with dreams of honey blest,
Haunted, in his downy nest,
By the garden's fairest spells,
Dewy buds and fragrant bells,
Fancy all his soul embowers
In the fly-bird's heaven of flowers.

Oft, when hoar and silvery flakes
Melt along the ruffled lakes,
When the gray moose sheds his horns,
When the track, at evening, warns
Weary hunters of the way
To the wig-wam's cheering ray,
Then, aloft through freezing air,
With the snow-bird * soft and fair
As the fleece that heaven flings
O'er his little pearly wings,
Light above the rocks I play,
Where Niagara's starry spray,
Frozen on the cliff, appears
Like a giant's starting tears.
There, amid the island-sedge,
Just upon the cataract's edge,
Where the foot of living man
Never trod since time began,
Lone I sit, at close of day,
While, beneath the golden ray,
Icy columns gleam below,
Feather'd round with falling snow,
And an arch of glory springs,
Sparkling as the chain of rings
Round the neck of virgins hung, —
Virgins, ** who have wander'd young

d'arbre." — *Voyages aux Indes Occidentales, par M. Bossu*, seconde part, lett. xx.

* Emberiza hyemalis. — See *Imlay's Kentucky*, p. 280.

** Lafitau supposes that there was an order of vestals established

O'er the waters of the west
To the land where spirits rest!

Thus have I charm'd, with visionary lay,
The lonely moments of the night away;
And now, fresh daylight o'er the water beams!
Once more, embark'd upon the glittering streams,
Our boat flies light along the leafy shore,
Shooting the falls, without a dip of oar
Or breath of zephyr, like the mystic bark
The poet saw, in dreams divinely dark,
Borne, without sails, along the dusky flood, *
While on its deck a pilot angel stood,
And, with his wings of living light unfurl'd,
Coasted the dim shores of another world!

Yet, oh! believe me, mid this mingled maze
Of nature's beauties, where the fancy strays
From charm to charm, where every flow'ret's hue
Hath something strange, and every leaf is new, —
I never feel a joy so pure and still,
So inly felt, as when some brook or hill,
Or veteran oak, like those remember'd well,
Some mountain echo or some wild-flower's smell,
(For, who can say by what small fairy ties
The mem'ry clings to pleasure as it flies?)
Reminds my heart of many a silvan dream
I once indulg'd by Trent's inspiring stream;

among the Iroquois Indians. — *Moeurs des Sauvages Americains, &c.* tom. i. p. 173.

* Vedi che sdegna gli argomenti umani;
Si che remo non vuol, ne altro velo,
Che l' ale sue tra liti si lontani.

Vedi come l' ha dritte verso 'l cielo
Trattando l' aere con l' eterne penne;
Che non si mutan, come mortal pelo.

DANTE, *Purgator*, cant. ii.

Of all my sunny morns and moonlight nights
On Donington's green lawns and breezy heights.

Whether I trace the tranquil moments o'er
When I have seen thee cull the fruits of lore,
With him, the polish'd warrior, by thy side,
A sister's idol and a nation's pride!
When thou hast read of heroes, trophied high
In ancient fame, and I have seen thine eye
Turn to the living hero, while it read,
For pure and brightening comments on the dead; —
Or whether memory to my mind recalls
The festal grandeur of those lordly halls,
When guests have met around the sparkling board,
And welcome warm'd the cup that luxury pour'd;
When the bright future Star of England's throne,
With magic smile, hath o'er the banquet shone,
Winning respect, nor claiming what he won,
But tempering greatness, like an evening sun
Whose light the eye can tranquilly admire,
Radiant, but mild, all softness, yet all fire; —
Whatever hue my recollections take,
Even the regret, the very pain they wake
Is mix'd with happiness; — but, ah! no more —
Lady! adieu — my heart has linger'd o'er
Those vanish'd times, till all that round me lies,
Stream, banks, and bowers have faded on my eyes!

IMPROMPTU,

AFTER A VISIT TO MRS. —, OF MONTREAL.

'T WAS but for a moment — and yet in that time
She crowded th' impressions of many an hour:
Her eye had a glow, like the sun of her clime,
Which wak'd every feeling at once into flower.

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Oh! could we have borrow'd from Time but a day,
To renew such impressions again and again,
The things we should look and imagine and say
Would be worth all the life we had wasted till then.

What we had not the leisure or language to speak,
We should find some more spiritual mode of revealing,
And, between us, should feel just as much in a week
As others would take a millennium in feeling.

WRITTEN

ON PASSING DEADMAN'S ISLAND,*

IN THE

GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE,

LATE IN THE EVENING, SEPTEMBER, 1804.

See you, beneath yon cloud so dark,
Fast gliding along a gloomy bark?
Her sails are full, — though the wind is still,
And there blows not a breath her sails to fill!

Say, what doth that vessel of darkness bear?
The silent calm of the grave is there,
Save now and again a death-knell rung,
And the flap of the sails with night-fog hung.

* This is one of the Magdalen Islands, and, singularly enough, is the property of Sir Isaac Coffin. The above lines were suggested by a superstition very common among sailors, who call this ghost-ship, I think, "the flying Dutchman."

We were thirteen days on our passage from Quebec to Halifax, and I had been so spoiled by the truly splendid hospitality of my friends of the Phaeton and Boston, that I was but ill prepared for the miseries of a Canadian vessel. The weather, however, was pleasant, and the scenery along the river delightful. Our passage through the Gut of Canso, with a bright sky and a fair wind, was particularly striking and romantic.

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador;
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are tost.

Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck,
And the dim blue fire, that lights her deck,
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew
As ever yet drank the churchyard dew.

To Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
To Deadman's Isle, she speeds her fast;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furl'd,
And the hand that steers is not of this world!

Oh! hurry thee on — oh! hurry thee on,
Thou terrible bark, ere the night be gone,
Nor let morning look on so foul a sight
As would blanch for ever her rosy light!

TO

THE BOSTON FRIGATE,*

ON

LEAVING HALIFAX FOR ENGLAND,

OCTOBER, 1804.

Νοστου προφασις γλυκερου.
PINDAR. *Pyth.* 4.

WITH triumph this morning, oh Boston! I hail
The stir of thy deck and the spread of thy sail,
For they tell me I soon shall be wafted, in thee,
To the flourishing isle of the brave and the free,

* Commanded by Captain J. E. Douglas, with whom I returned to England, and to whom I am indebted for many, many kindnesses. In truth, I should but offend the delicacy of my friend Douglas, and, at the same time, do injustice to my own feelings of gratitude, did I attempt to say how much I owe to him.

And that chill Nova-Scotia's unpromising strand *
Is the last I shall tread of American land.
Well — peace to the land! may her sons know, at length,
That in high-minded honour lies liberty's strength,
That though man be as free as the fetterless wind,
As the wantonest air that the north can unbind,
Yet, if health do not temper and sweeten the blast,
If no harvest of mind ever sprung where it pass'd,
Then unblest is such freedom, and baleful its might, —
Free only to ruin, and strong but to blight!

Farewell to the few I have left with regret;
May they sometimes recall, what I cannot forget,
The delight of those evenings, — too brief a delight!
When in converse and song we have stol'n on the night;
When they 've ask'd me the manners, the mind, or the mien
Of some bard I had known or some chief I had seen,
Whose glory, though distant, they long had ador'd,
Whose name had oft hallow'd the wine-cup they pour'd;
And still as, with sympathy humble but true,
I have told of each bright son of fame all I knew,
They have listen'd, and sigh'd that the powerful stream
Of America's empire should pass, like a dream,
Without leaving one relic of genius, to say
How sublime was the tide which had vanish'd away!
Farewell to the few — though we never may meet
On this planet again, it is soothing and sweet
To think that, whenever my song or my name
Shall recur to their ear, they 'll recall me the same

* Sir John Wentworth, the Governor of Nova-Scotia, very kindly allowed me to accompany him on his visit to the College, which they have lately established at Windsor, about forty miles from Halifax, and I was indeed most pleasantly surprised by the beauty and fertility of the country which opened upon us after the bleak and rocky wilderness by which Halifax is surrounded. — I was told that, in travelling onwards, we should find the soil and the scenery improve, and it gave me much pleasure to know that the worthy Governor has by no means such an "inamabile regnum" as I was, at first sight, inclined to believe.

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I have been to them now, young, unthoughtful, and blest,
Ere hope had deceiv'd me or sorrow deprest.

But, Douglas! while thus I recall to my mind
The elect of the land we shall soon leave behind,
I can read in the weather-wise glance of thine eye,
As it follows the rack flitting over the sky,
That the faint coming breeze will be fair for our flight,
And shall steal us away, ere the falling of night.
Dear Douglas! thou knowest, with thee by my side,
With thy friendship to soothe me, thy courage to guide,
There is not a bleak isle in those summerless seas,
Where the day comes in darkness, or shines but to freeze,
Not a tract of the line, not a barbarous shore,
That I could not with patience, with pleasure explore!
Oh think then how gladly I follow thee now,
When Hope smooths the billowy path of our prow,
And each prosperous sigh of the west-springing wind
Takes me nearer the home where my heart is inshrin'd;
Where the smile of a father shall meet me again,
And the tears of a mother turn bliss into pain;
Where the kind voice of sisters shall steal to my heart,
And ask it, in sighs, how we ever could part? —

But see! — the bent top-sails are ready to swell —
To the boat — I am with thee — Columbia, farewell!

———

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